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## REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

### PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

"YOU are the very person I want," said Commodore Isaac Chauncey, in a letter dated February 1, 1813. The letter was addressed to Lieutenant Oliver Hazard Perry, at that time in command of a little fleet of gunboats at Newport, Rhode Island. The lieutenant was not yet twenty-seven. "I want you for a particular service," said Chauncey, "in which you may gain reputation for yourself and honor for your country."

Never was a message of like kind received with greater delight. For months previously Perry had been eagerly soliciting a command suitable to his ambitions. Now the way opened before him. He was, however, obliged to wait for formal orders. Not until the 17th of February did the secretary of the navy direct him to report to Commodore Chauncey, at Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario.

Fifty marines under Sailing-master Almy were sent forward by Perry on the very day of the receipt of his orders. On the 19th another division of fifty was dispatched, and two days afterwards a third company of the same number. The commander himself set out from Newport with his boy brother Alexander, and the two crossed Connecticut and New York in a sleigh, by way of Albany, to Sackett's Harbor, where they arrived on the 3d of March, 1813.

Who was this young naval officer whose name was now to be transmitted to history? The girlish love of Sarah Alexander, of County Down, Ireland, had brought her

heart, at the age of sixteen, to Captain Christopher Raymond Perry, of Newport. The girl-wife was an orphan, and the marriage was celebrated at the house of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Five sons, all destined to become reputable officers in the navy of the United States, were born of the union. The oldest was Oliver Hazard. He was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on the 23d of August, 1785, being not quite seventeen years younger than his mother. From his father he took his vocation, but from her came his inspiration and genius.

The Perry boys were educated in the private schools of Kingston, Tower Hill, and Newport. Oliver Hazard was precocious to a degree. He had Count Rochambeau for one of his teachers. Mathematics and navigation were the favorite studies of the young man, who before the completion of his fourteenth year was commissioned midshipman in the navy. Henceforth his life was the life of the sea. In 1806 he served on the ships *Constitution* and *Essex*, in the war with Tripoli; and on the 15th of the following January was made a lieutenant. His first command was that of the cruiser *Revenge*, which was lost in a storm off Watch Hill, Rhode Island, in 1811. Perry was then given the small flotilla at Newport, and there the summons of Commodore Chauncey found him.

Our second war with the Mother Country was now on. The conflict had broken out in a desultory way by both land and sea. To our own country the issue was sufficiently serious; but viewed from Europe the war

was only a feeble corollary of the tremendous struggle in which all the powers of the continent were engaged. Napoleon at the head of the Grand Army, commanded by kings, princes, and generals of the empire, was setting out on his Russian campaign. How small from that tremendous arena appeared the far-off American complication and outbreak of hostilities between our country and Great Britain!

The general feature of our War of 1812 was that it was a war of the coast and border. Far around, on many sides, the armies and navies of Great Britain, not indeed in great force, but sufficiently strong for frontier conquest, bore down upon the borders of the United States. Now it was on the Niagara frontier; now on the coast of New England; now in the country of the Chesapeake; always on the high sea; and finally at New Orleans.

On the north and northwest our country was seriously exposed. There lay the long and irregular line of the Great Lakes, and beyond them Canada. On the southern borders of the lakes civilization had barely established her outposts. Buffalo was a small frontier town. Cleveland and Erie were lake-shore villages of only a few houses. West of Erie there was no town or station of importance save only Detroit. The broad waters washing our northern boundary furnished an inviting field to Great Britain, not only for mastery by her fleets, but for the favorable embarkation of armies for our shores.

The Mother Country was pleased with the prospect. She had no doubt of her ability to clear the Great Lakes of every rival sail. She who was mistress of the sea might well believe herself invincible in our great inland waters. On our side, it was necessary for the protection of our northern border that the lake fleets of Great Britain should be at once confronted and kept at bay—a very serious business for whoever should attempt to do it. Therefore said Commodore Chauncey from his station on Lake Ontario—writing to Lieutenant Perry—"You are the very person I want for a particular service."

From Sackett's Harbor the young commander hastened on to Erie, at that time called Presque Isle—a name not unknown to history; for there General St. Pierre, commander of the French, had had his headquarters in 1753, when the young surveyor

George Washington came to him on foot through the forest. Here at Erie Lieutenant Perry placed himself as if to create out of nothing a fleet with which to confront the armament of Great Britain!

In a little old tavern known as Duncan's Hotel the commander made his headquarters. He had brought with him from Rhode Island and New York a company of shipwrights. Sailing-master Daniel Dobbins was there; also Sailing-masters Stephen Champlin and William Taylor, with many others—capable builders and officers. So the work was begun of building a fleet.

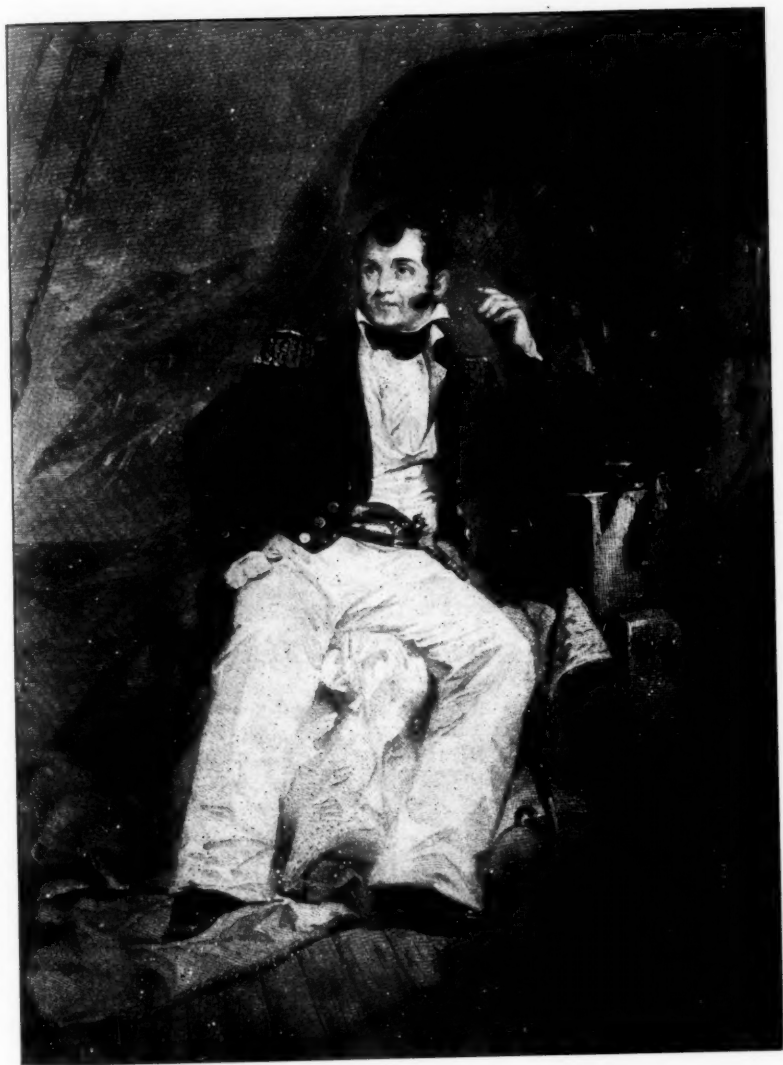
The forest round about Erie furnished the materials for many fleets. The great trees were quickly felled and dragged to the south bank of Erie Bay, at the mouth of Cascade Creek, and there the "shipyards" were established. In an incredibly short time two brigs and a clipper were framed and brought to completion. Perry himself made all haste across the country to Pittsburg, whence the supplies and equipment of his squadron were to be drawn.

While the building of the ships was still under way the commander was called away by Chauncey for an attack upon the British at the mouth of the Niagara River. In May Fort George and Fort Erie in that locality were taken from the enemy, and the Niagara frontier cleared of his presence. Stores and munitions might now be brought forward from Buffalo for the supply of Perry at Presque Isle. There his ships, ten in number, were completed in the early summer. Meanwhile the British gained information of what was going on, and from their headquarters at Malden, on the Canada side, made what they regarded as adequate preparations for the destruction of the American squadron as soon as it should expose itself on the open lake.

The commandant of the enemy's fleet was Captain Robert H. Barclay. He was a veteran of the British navy, an officer long disciplined in the naval warfare of Europe. He had served under Lord Nelson, was with that hero in his final battle, and lost an arm at Trafalgar. That a young American lieutenant, new-fledged into captaincy, could cope with him seemed more than either reason or folly might expect.

While the American vessels were brought to completion at Erie, the British fleet was collected at North Point, on the opposite side of the lake. Thence the squadron sailed for





Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry.

the American shore. At this time the British ship *Detroit* was building at Malden; but Captain Barclay sailed with the rest of his flotilla and came in sight of Erie, where for some time lying off he bantered, badgered, and bearded the young commander.

Perry was as yet unable to go out and engage his antagonist. He had not enough men or sufficient armament for his ships; and so his vexation was extreme.

"Conceive of my feelings [said he in a letter to Commodore Chauncey]: the enemy is within striking distance; my vessels are ready, and not men enough to man them. Going out with those I now have is out of the question. Think of my situation: the enemy in sight, the vessels in my command more than sufficient and ready to make sail, and yet obliged to bite my fingers for want of men!"

At length Barclay sailed leisurely away to Malden. The *Detroit* was soon completed and taken by the British commander for his flagship. By the last of July, Perry had increased his numbers to three hundred officers and men; and on the 9th of August Captain Jesse D. Elliott arrived at Erie with another company of more than a hundred. The American commander was thus enabled to man his fleet. Each of his ten vessels was equipped, and the marines distributed to the various decks for organization and drill. Much difficulty was experienced in getting the vessels out of the harbor. But on the 12th of August all were safely floated over the bar into the open lake. On the next day the ships rendezvoused at the harbor of Put-in-Bay, about ten miles distant from the Ohio shore off the peninsula of Port Clinton.

The first aim of Perry was to open communication with General Harrison. The latter with his army of eight thousand men was quartered at Camp Seneca. It was proposed to convey the army across to Canada, after which the land and naval forces would combine in a movement against the British. Harrison, however, was not ready for transportation, and Perry determined to operate alone against the enemy's fleet. In the latter part of August the young commander fell sick of a fever. On the 31st of that month he received another small reinforcement of men from General Harrison. As soon as he was able to go on deck he put his forces in training for the expected conflict. On the morning of the 9th of September he sailed out

from Put-in-Bay, and on the following forenoon the British fleet appeared from the direction of Malden.

The American squadron was composed of nine vessels. The *Ohio*, which would have constituted the tenth, had been sent back as a supply ship to Erie, and did not return in time for the battle. The first and best of Perry's vessels were the two brigs *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, each carrying twenty guns. The third ship was the small brig *Caledonia*, with three guns. The schooner *Ariel* had four guns, and the schooner *Scorpion* two mounted guns and two swivels. The little sloop *Trippe* had one gun, and the two small schooners, *Tigress* and *Porcupine*, one gun each. The total equipment of the fleet was fifty-four carriage guns and two swivels. Of these, fifteen were what were known as long guns; that is guns having range of more than a mile. Captain Barclay had thirty-five of these long guns; but in artillery of short range he was considerably inferior to his antagonist. Perry's forces numbered in all four hundred and ninety men; but of these more than a hundred were either enfeebled or altogether disabled by sickness. About one hundred were raw recruits who had never been out of sight of land. Nearly one hundred of the force, let us add, were negroes. Only about one fourth of the whole were experienced seamen. Perry, however, had carefully drilled his otherwise motley assemblage of men, and they were at the heat and pitch of battle.

The British fleet had, first of all, the new flagship of Captain Barclay, the *Detroit*, carrying nineteen guns. The second vessel, called the *Chippewa*, had an 18-pound pivot gun, with two howitzers. The brig *Hunter* carried ten guns; the *Queen Charlotte*, seventeen guns; the schooner *Lady Prevost*, thirteen; and the *Little Belt*, three guns. The squadron thus consisted of six vessels of 1,460 tons. They were manned by nearly five hundred men, and carried a total of sixty-three cannon. Perry's nine vessels were of 1,671 tons' burden, and carried fifty-four cannon. On the whole, the two fleets were about evenly matched. There on the warm September morning they lay on the smooth waters of the lake, ready for the grapple of death.

Perry from his flagship, the *Lawrence*, hung out his battle-flag inscribed with the dying words of the brave Lawrence, after whom the vessel was named. The banner bore the

memorable words, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" At the sight of the flag and its inspiring motto, the men of the fleet sent up a cheer. The two vessels *Scorpion* and *Ariel* moved forward a little in advance and to the left of the line. Just at the beginning the wind changed and blew from south-southeast—a circumstance most favorable to the Americans, who now had the breeze behind them. After the *Lawrence* came the *Caledonia*, and then the *Niagara*, the *Somers*, the *Porcupine*, the *Tigress*, and the *Trippe*, in the order named. The British squadron came to action with the *Chippewa* in the lead, followed by the flagship *Detroit*, the *Hunter*, the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Lady Prevost*, and the *Little Belt*.

It was nearly high noon when the bugle



Perry's Battle-Flag.

sounded from Barclay's flagship. Immediately a 34-pound shot from the *Detroit* boomed across the waters toward the *Lawrence*. The distance between the ships of the two commanders was a mile and a half, and the first shots of each fell short. It was clearly the plan of Barclay to fight at a distance, thus gaining for himself the full advantage of his long guns. Perry on the contrary, sought to come to closer range, where his shorter guns as well as the long would be available.

The wind favored the American commander's purpose. It blew up stiffly behind him, and he was able to bear down toward the *Detroit*. Thinking himself in range, he delivered his fire, but still his shot fell short, or did but little hurt to the enemy. The British guns, on the other hand, began to tell on the *Law-*

*rence*. Upon her not only the *Detroit*, but the *Chippewa* and the *Hunter* concentrated their fire. The British officers, neglecting the *Scorpion* and *Ariel*, directed their whole energies toward the American flagship, hoping to destroy that vessel and the gallant commander with it.

Perry had ordered the *Caledonia* to attack the *Hunter*, and this was done with spirit. The *Niagara*, however, which was on the whole the best of the American ships and certainly the best manned, held back from the *Queen Charlotte*, against which Perry had directed Captain Elliott to make his attack. The *Queen Charlotte* was thus able in a measure to assist the *Detroit* in her battle with the *Lawrence*. The latter ship began to suffer dreadfully under the concentrated fire of the enemy. First one gun and then another was dismounted. The masts were broken. The rigging of the vessel was rent away. The sails were torn to shreds. Soon she yielded no longer to the wind, but lay helpless on the water.

On the deck death held carnival. The American sailors lay dead and dying on every hand. In the two hours in which Perry confronted his antagonists, his men were reduced to a handful. Entering the action, the *Lawrence* had a crew of officers and men numbering a hundred and three. Of these, by two o'clock in the afternoon, eighty-three were either dead or wounded. Still Perry held out. Others fell around him, until only the commander and thirteen others were left uninjured.

Meanwhile all the ships had become engaged—but the *Niagara* only at long range and ineffectively. The captain of that vessel, perceiving that resistance from the *Lawrence* had ceased, now sailed ahead, believing perhaps that Perry had fallen and that the command had devolved on himself. It was at this juncture that Perry formed the resolve of that famous exploit which has made his name immortal. He pulled down his battle-flag, but left the Stars and Stripes still floating! Then with his brother Alexander and four of his remaining seamen he lowered himself into the boat. He flung his pennant and battle-flag over his arm and around his person, stepped into the boat, stood upright, and ordered the men to pull for the *Niagara*.

That vessel was more than a half mile distant. It required the oarsmen fully fifteen minutes to make the passage. The boat had



Transferring the Flag from the "Lawrence" to the "Niagara."

to pass in full exposure to the enemy's guns. The British at once perceived what was doing. As the smoke cleared from around the hull of the *Lawrence* they saw the daring act of the commander, transferring his flag from one ship to another. His own vessel was shattered to death; but there was the *Niagara*, hale and strong. Should he succeed in making her deck, the battle would be to fight over again. Victory or defeat was turning on the issue.

The British guns opened on the little boat. Discharge after discharge followed. Some of the shot struck the frail cockle, and the splinters flew; but the men were unhurt. Perry continued to stand up as a target until the faithful seamen refused to pull unless he would sink down to a position of greater

broke her rudder and became hopelessly entangled with that vessel. The two lay helpless, while the *Niagara* with double-shotted guns, poured upon them a merciless storm of iron and death. Within thirty minutes after the change of fortune in the battle the work was done. The *Detroit* was ruined, desolated. The *Hunter* and the *Lady Prevost* were badly shattered, and reduced to helplessness. The *Chippewa* and *Little Belt* attempted to escape, but were run down and captured by the *Scorpion* and the *Trippe*. The whole British fleet was *hors du combat*,\* and resistance was at an end. The flag of the *Detroit* was pulled down in token of surrender. For a moment Perry surveyed the field to make sure of his triumph.

Then it was that seeing the completeness

*We have met the enemy and they are ours:  
Two Ships, two Brigs one  
Schooner & one Sloop.  
Yours, with great respect and esteem  
O. H. Perry.*

Facsimile of Perry's Dispatch.

safety. The shot from the enemy's guns knocked the water into spray around them; but the boat reached the *Niagara* in safety, and Perry was taken up. A moment more, and his battle-flag was flying above the unhurt ship!

The commander immediately gave orders to Elliott to repair to the other ships and bring them close for the final struggle. He himself with the *Niagara* bore down at once upon the enemy's line. He cut through the midst, leaving part of the British vessels on one side and part on the other. Into both he delivered terrible broadsides as he ran between. Barclay had already fallen under a severe wound. Captain Finnis, of the *Queen Charlotte*, was killed. Several other British officers were wounded or dead. Meanwhile the *Queen Charlotte*, attempting to assist the *Detroit*,

and greatness of the victory he took out an old letter, laid it on his cap, and wrote to General Harrison that famous dispatch which will survive forever in the annals of our country:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

The victor did not in the elation of his triumph forget the situation around him. Perhaps there was a touch of the dramatic in his nature. He immediately ordered himself transferred from the still unhurt *Niagara* back to the bloody and desolated deck of the *Lawrence*. There, and not in some other place, would he receive the surrender of the enemy. The British officers as they came

\*Out of condition to fight. A French expression.



up to present their swords had to pick their way through dead and dying, slipping in pools of blood as they came before the victor. He signified to his antagonists to retain their swords, and immediately assumed the chivalrous bearing of one to whom the fortunes of war had given the power, but not the right, of insolence.

In the silence of the following night the dead sailors, British and American, were consigned to their last rest in the clear waters of Lake Erie. On the next day Perry brought back to Put-in-Bay his own and the captured fleet. Coming to the harbor, the dead officers of both commands were buried on the shore. The losses had been very great. On the American side twenty-seven were killed and ninety-six wounded—this out of a force of but little over four hundred effective men. The loss of the British was forty-one killed and ninety-four wounded. Captain Barclay had the misfortune to be injured in such a manner as to destroy the use of his remaining arm.

Great was the fame of the battle and of him who won it. It was the first time in history that a whole British fleet, great or small, had been taken in an open, equal conflict. Lake Erie was cleared. The way for the invasion

of Canada from the west was opened to General Harrison. The battle of the Thames might now be fought and won. The day of peace and reconciliation was brought nearer by the splendid achievement of the American navy. Perry was applauded throughout the land. Not only Congress, but the legislatures of many states and cities, voted him medals and honors. He became a national hero. Nor was his high place in the estimation of his countrymen ever lost or given to another unto the day of his death.

During the remaining seven years of his life Commodore Perry continued to uphold, alike in war and peace, the reputation which he had won. He served with great distinction in the Mediterranean squadron. In June of 1819 we see him last on a cruise in the West Indies. There he was attacked with yellow fever, and brought to his death, at Port Spain, in the island of Trinidad. He died on his thirty-fourth birthday, August 23, 1819. His body was first buried in the island; but in 1826 was by act of Congress brought home in a ship-of-war, and was reinterred with loving ceremony at Newport, in his native state. There he rests in peace and honor, with the monument reared by Rhode Island above him—not *him*, but his dust.



Medal struck in honor of Commodore Perry.

## THE BATTLE OF TICONDEROGA.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

THE French and Indian War, also called the Seven Years' War, had dragged along in distressing but indecisive fluctuations from the spring of 1754 to the summer of 1757.

Pitt, now becoming prime minister, sent additional ships and troops to America, and infused new vigor into preparations for the campaign of 1758, in which the various English colonial governors joined with more than usual heartiness and efficiency.

The plan contemplated three lines of attack upon New France: In the east a new expedition by sea was to capture Louisburg on the Island of Cape Breton, the citadel dominating the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the New England fisheries. In the west an expedition across the Alleghenies was to repair Braddock's disaster and open the Ohio Valley by capturing Fort Duquesne; and in the center the main expedition under command of General-in-Chief Abercrombie, was to capture Fort Ticonderoga. This, if successful, would open the way to Montreal and Quebec, for Ticonderoga stood between Lakes George and Champlain, and they formed part of the great natural highway of water communication up the Hudson to the Lakes, and from the Lakes down the Richelieu to the St. Lawrence.

Albany was made the center of preparation. Here guns, boats, and supplies were collected, and conveyed up the Hudson and across to the head of Lake George; and around the southernmost point of the lake, where lay the ruins of Fort William Henry, there gradually grew an army of more than 6,000 British regulars, and more than 9,000 colonial troops.

Half the year was already gone when on the evening of July 4, 1758, the embarkation of cannon and stores was completed. On the morning of July 5 the troops embarked, the entire flotilla counting more than a thousand whale boats, bateaux,† and flatboats. All was gaiety, exhilaration, and hope; as it

moved down the lake with flags and martial music, amid the loveliest scenery nature has spread for the eye of man, it must have seemed to appreciative participants more like a holiday festival than a movement of war. In its wider parts the flotilla appeared to cover the whole lake. Where the shores narrowed the procession was said to be six miles long. When twenty-five miles of the distance had been passed, a bivouac\* was made on the left side to permit lagging boats to come up; but during the night the troops were re-embarked, and the expedition passed over the remaining eleven miles of the distance, making an easy landing by noon of July 6.

The waters of Lake George find their outlet through a small river, four or five miles in length, which, during two thirds of its course, has a succession of rapids or falls, making a total descent of two hundred and forty feet to the level of Lake Champlain. The troops had landed on the left of this outlet. The portage around the falls was on the right bank, but the French had burned the bridge leading to it, as well as the bridge at the foot of the falls, where the road again crossed the river to a sawmill within two miles of Ticonderoga.

Without waiting to reconstruct the upper bridge Abercrombie formed his troops in four columns, with the design of marching along the left bank of the river, which turned in a strong curve to the right. The narrow ground between the river and the hills, the sharp descent, and the thick woods, uncleared of logs and bushes, soon threw these columns into a perplexing disorder. In the midst of their bewilderment a serious skirmish unexpectedly broke out between Abercrombie's advance guard, formed of provincials, and an outpost of nearly 400 French, who, in endeavoring to retreat to the fort had lost their way in the woods.

A serious panic was imminent among the English, avoided however by a decided success over the French, many of whom were

\*Special Course for C. I., S. C. Graduates.

†Light boats for river navigation which are long and narrow, widening in the center and tapering at the ends.

\*[Biv'wak.] An encampment in the open air without tents; a situation demanding close watchfulness.

killed, and 150 taken prisoners. The English suffered little in numbers, but sustained an irreparable loss in Brigadier-General Lord Howe, killed at the first fire. He was young, accomplished, of winning manners, and possessed the qualities which excite the enthusiastic admiration of soldiers. He voluntarily shared the hardships of the humblest, and, although commanding a regiment of regulars, had eagerly accepted and adopted the useful peculiarities of frontier fighting which his year's service in America had taught him. Pitt had expected much from his advice to Abercrombie; the army regarded him as a virtual second in command. Instead of an elation of victory the troops felt the despondency of defeat.

Hesitation and delay in the march ensued. The remainder of the day was wasted, and the troops were kept under arms all night; and next morning Abercrombie having learned from his prisoners that the French commander had a force of 6,000, and expected a reinforcement of 3,000 more, ordered his men back to the landing. It was a fatal retrograde, for on that day, the 7th, rose the French intrenchments, from behind which they inflicted on the English army a disastrous defeat. A detachment was ordered forward to repair the bridges and take possession of some heights near the sawmill, where the French had their camp the day before. That evening Abercrombie again moved his army forward to this advanced position, and resolved to lose no time, but to storm the works.

Montcalm, the French commander, had been in America but two years, but in that brief time had manifested extraordinary ability. He had been at Fort Carillon but a week, and had little present hope of defending his position. Instead of 6,000 as reported to the English, he had but 3,600 men, and thought of retreating to the foot of Lake Champlain. But having finally decided to make a stand, he bent all his energy to rendering his resistance formidable.

Where the river from Lake George enters Lake Champlain a high and bold narrow promontory pushes out between the head of the lake and the entering river curving around its front. On its top, and overlooking across its steep flanks, the river on one side, and the lake on the other, the French had built a small work, which in poetic recognition of the music of neighboring water-

falls, they christened Fort Carillon (Fort of the Chimes), but which the English knew as Fort Ticonderoga. It had neither capacity to hold Montcalm's force, nor walls sufficient to protect them; but half a mile back from the fort a transverse ridge crossed the promontory, and on this Montcalm resolved to erect his defenses.

The line had already been carefully traced by his engineers, and a slight beginning made on the work; and on the morning of the 7th he set his little army at the task of completing it in hot haste. Abundant forest trees stood on the very ground. These were felled by his skilled Canadian axmen, and a compact rampart of logs eight or nine feet high, was built up in an irregular line, but planned to afford effective cross and flanking fire. Behind this breastwork he placed his men, his left flank protected by a battery of six cannon, and on the following morning another battery of four pieces was put in position on his right, which, together with the guns of the fort, covered a possible approach from the river toward the rear of his intrenchments. The incomplete structure of the morning had by nightfall grown into a formidable wall of timber, proof against musket balls and difficult to mount, and was still further strengthened on the 8th before the attack.

But the most effective obstruction against the English approach lay just outside the new breastworks. It consisted in the great number of tree tops from which the trunks forming the log ramparts had been cut. An ordinarily expert axman cutting down a tree can usually make it fall in any direction he likes. The trees had been felled with their tops toward the enemy's approach. Laid thus with system and regularity, with foliage carefully trimmed off and limbs sharpened, they must have formed with but slight labor an almost impenetrable abatis covering a space, as may be inferred from the reports, of perhaps one hundred and fifty paces in front of the rampart.

On the morning of July 8, Abercrombie sent his engineer to reconnoiter the situation from a hill across the river overlooking the fort. The engineer returned, and, Abercrombie states, made "favorable reports of the practicability of carrying these works if attacked before they were finished." The opinion coincided with the feeling of the army, which, confident in its numbers, and,

whether elated by the first day's triumphant sail down the lake, or irritated by the second day's skirmish and burning to avenge the death of Lord Howe, was eager for an assault. Four 6-pounders had been brought from the landing to the foot of the falls. These were placed on rafts, and, supported by a detachment in bateaux, began floating down to assist in the attack. But they were beaten back by the cannon of the fort, and the English army moved against the intrenchments without a single piece of artillery. The English general evidently distrusted the provincials, and had an overweening confidence in the stubborn courage of his British regulars, for the result shows that they bore the brunt of the attack.

Some of the French troops were on the point of beginning additional work on the defenses, when heavy firing was heard, first on the left, then at the center, and next on the right. As this disclosed a general advance of the English a single gun from the fort was fired as the signal to man all the defenses. The French lined their breastworks three deep, and posted their reserves in a line of battle behind, to hasten wherever special danger might call.

The reports are too meager to indicate with any precision the course of the battle. Assault after assault (Montcalm says six) from the English at various points of the line, followed each other at irregular intervals, and were met and repulsed by the steady and unflinching fire of French musketry from behind the protection of their formidable breastworks. The English troops rushed forward only to be entangled and stopped with disordered ranks in the intricate abatis, a confused mass of men, their feet catching in the network of the severed twigs and branches on the ground, their muskets, lengthened by fixed bayonets, catching in the forks of the sharpened limbs, making unavailing struggles to get forward, where they were hopelessly mown down by the French bullets.

One account intimates that a report was sent to the commander, "that the intrenchment was impregnable, that the best course would be to withdraw us in order, but no positive answer was returned on this head; all the regiments were ordered to advance." Whether or not this statement is correct, the attacks continued with dogged determination from one o'clock in the afternoon, Abercrom-

bie says four hours; Montcalm says till eight o'clock at night. Then the English gave up the battle.

The French were by no means sure of their victory. "We even calculated," says Montcalm, "that they would attempt the next day to take their revenge"; and the French labored all night to finish their defenses.

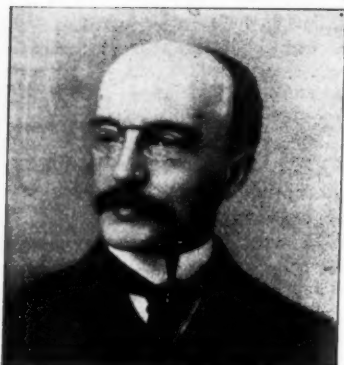
But the English general and apparently the English army had had enough of this one-sided carnage. Nearly 2,000 of their comrades had fallen, with a remarkable disproportion between the losses of the provincials and the regulars; the numbers being: 464 regulars killed, 1,117 wounded, 29 missing; and 87 provincials killed, 239 wounded, and 8 missing; officers of both included. The total French loss was 377.

The spirit of the English troops was evidently seriously shaken by their tremendous reverse, for, retiring at night, they constructed some hasty breastworks and abatis, apparently against pursuit, and brought away only part of their wounded. With more than 13,000 fighting men yet unhurt, they could have remained and captured the French within a fortnight by an easy siege; but this does not appear to have been proposed by the general or suggested by the officers. That same night they retreated, first to the saw-mill, and by morning to the landing at the foot of Lake George; and during July 9 re-embarked, and the flotilla of a thousand little vessels returned to Fort William Henry in a mood of disappointment and chagrin more easily imagined than described.

Two peculiarities marked the battle of Ticonderoga. The attacking forces were made up of a larger number of white soldiers than had, until then, ever been collected into one army in America. The second was that the battle was fought without the assistance of savage allies on either side. "It is a great battle," wrote Montcalm, "and perhaps the first that has been fought in Canada without Indians." But the circumstance was due entirely to accident. The French commander mentions, in a tone which smacks of regret, that he had none with whom to harass the retreat; and on the side of the English, a detachment of 300 was near by, but took no part in the engagement.

Severe as was the battle, and disastrous and discouraging as was the defeat of the British, its only effect was to delay for about two years the English conquest of Canada.

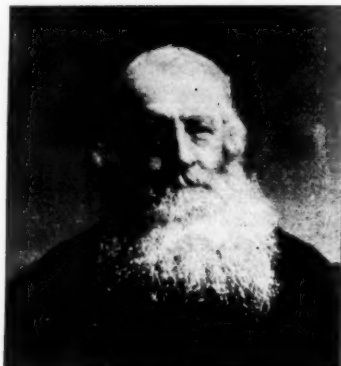
## THE CHAUTAUQUAN.



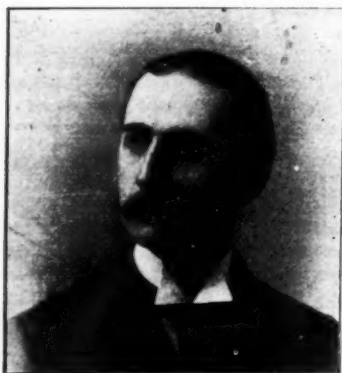
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## A GROUP OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.



## THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

BY HENRY WATTERSON.

### I.

#### A VISION OF ARCADIE.

THE conception of the Southern Confederacy was essentially bucolic. It was a vision of Arcadie. It was the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. That a great and powerful Republic, resting upon the corner-stones of African slavery and the production of cotton, could be successfully set up and maintained in the middle of the nineteenth century, and over the territory embraced by the slave states of America, was a figment of the imagination of a statesmanship which derived its inspiration rather from fairy-tales than from experience, observation, and travel.

It is true that there never appeared in the public life of America a mind more mathematical and logical and less fanciful than that of Mr. Calhoun. Underneath all that he uttered lay a fixed purpose, and, to every appearance, a practical, tangible idea. Grant his premise, and you must, perforce, grant the rest. But, after all, Mr. Calhoun was a dreamer; and his dreams were none the less Utopian because they were clad in language terse, cold, and exact.

The migrations of this truly great man had been literally between the blue bed and the brown. To him South Carolina was the universe. They who accepted South Carolina and the South Carolina policy as a fact, belonged to his hemisphere. All else was outer darkness. Fifty years he passed to and fro between the National Capital and his home in South Carolina; a man singularly pure in life and sweet of nature; stern only in moral character, in good works and thoughts; brave, simple, earnest; the most admirable and commanding figure, personally, of his time. He seemed a cross between the grand seignior and the Attic philosopher; the very ideal of a doctrinaire. He captivated all who came within the magic of his presence—enemies as well as friends. There is a portrait in the War Department at Washington which represents him at five-and-thirty; and it might be mistaken for a portrait of Robert Burns. Neither the grandiose rhetoric of Mr. Web-

ster nor the overwhelming rodomontade of Mr. Clay could put him down; and, if his ineffectual fires had to pale before the resistless force and glow of Andrew Jackson, his dignity did not suffer nor his prestige tarnish, even in that encounter and defeat.

Of Mr. Calhoun's sincerity there can be no more doubt than of his power. He loved his country. He was a friend, not an enemy, of the Union. But he could not see beyond the confines of his horizon, bounded on every side by slavery and cotton, and his plan for preserving both the integrity of the Union and the sectional autonomy of the South in the Union, was misleading and futile; and out of it grew the lines in which the future Southern Confederacy was laid. Mr. Calhoun died in 1850. But his spirit survived, and, ten years later, in 1860, and in the person of Mr. Yancey, it walked the earth again.

Mr. Yancey was an orator rather than a logician. But his oratory did not lack precision. He had learned the Calhoun lesson well. He believed it thoroughly. He reasoned it admirably. He advocated it eloquently. Like his great master, he was an untraveled dreamer, a richly endowed provincial. He studied everything except the signs of the times. He knew everything except the progress of events. The law of force against force was a sealed book to him. The currents of modern thought in the world outside the cotton states had not reached his lofty and somewhat disdainful isolation. The stars in their courses seemed to fight for the South, and he sought no other counselors or presages, rushing to the battle with the mad infatuation and intrepidity of a religious enthusiast of the Middle Ages. He would listen to nobody. He faithfully and confidently promised his followers everything. A man of exquisite organism, having the artistic temperament highly trained and strung, his genius affected real instead of ideal things, making him the most dangerous of leaders, because a master of delineation and impersonation, applied not to the uses of the studio and the stage, but to the serious and actual business of daily life.

Thus, Mr. Yancey appeared to be what he was not, a far-seeing man of affairs, an original, creative statesman, who had worked out in advance a feasible and a complete problem, to the development of which he stood ready with an entirely practical plan of campaign. On this account, the ascendancy which he gained proved most fatal to the South.

All this while, neither Mr. Yancey nor any of the group of enthusiasts who gathered about him had looked the situation squarely in the face. They had not measured the resources of the North or taken stock of the possible strength and unity of Northern sentiment and opinion. When it came to the pinch, they argued, the North would not fight; a delusion which received no little countenance from those Northern extremists who would have "the erring sisters depart in peace." They did not consider the simplest form of ways and means; where the munitions of war, if there should be war, were to come from; where the money was to come from. Cotton was king, and, as the world could not get on without it, the world would look to it that no harm should come to his Kingship. The public credit was thus based on a caprice. That the North, not the South, had the world to draw upon; that a blockade was inevitable, and above all that the institution of African slavery, which was opposed by the whole drift and tenor of modern civilization, offered an insuperable bar to foreign intervention on behalf of the South, did not enter into the calculation of the gentlemen whom Mr. Yancey personified, having previously brought them to his way of thinking. They were so vehement and uninformed, indeed, that they included in their original scheme of secession only the Gulf States. To a very late date there was a fad about Montgomery that the Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky "Yankees" were not particularly desirable; and it was not until the actual exigencies of war interposed to scatter the illusions of mere agitation and oratory, and force upon the realization of the Confederate leaders the geographic importance of the Potomac and the Ohio, that serious efforts were put forth to induce the Border States to make common cause with the Gulf States. But to the last, with Mr. Davis at their head, the extremists of the original secession movement had everything their own way in governmental councils; so that the final collapse was almost as spontaneous and

ill-considered as the first bursting of that gorgeous flora, which for a few months dazzled and amazed mankind.

Not long after the close of the struggle I stood beside a Southern woman, surveying a military review. The display was in every way imposing. Regiment after regiment passed in all the glory of perfect manhood and equipment. Battery after battery of artillery rolled by in the very majesty of war. The nation seemed to be marshaled before us. I saw that my companion was greatly moved. At length she looked up with eyes that were wet with tears and said simply: "Why did our people not know of this?" Poor lady! She had lost everything in that dire contest. She had known nothing of armies except in rags and tatters; nothing of soldiers except the ill-clad, ill-acquainted, ill-fed lads who had been lured into a combat so unequal and so hopeless. The spectacle of these troops, moving like a vast machine and covering the whole earth before her eyes, their brave uniforms flashing in the sun and their tread having something resistless about it, told to her mind and heart the tragic story, as nothing else could have told it. Why, indeed, did our people not know of this?

Yet were there those who did know it and who loudly proclaimed it. But their voices were unheeded. The bugles rang out over the beautiful bay. The odors of the magnolia filled the air. A puff of smoke!

"With cannon, mortar, and petard,  
We tender you our Beauregard."

Blood was at last sprinkled in the face of the people; and, amid the music of rejoicing, down went the tattered old Stars and Stripes, and up went the bright, new Bonny-Blue flag, and through four horrid years of suffering untold and courage unflinching, did the men and women of the South pour forth their all to maintain a position untenable from the first, and to replace a Union which had brought unexampled blessing to the country, by a Confederacy which, if it could have been realized, would have set the clock of civilization and liberty back a hundred years, repeating upon American soil the errors, and duplicating the losses of centuries of European misadventure.

## II.

### SOME CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Nothing is fuller of instruction or more suggestive of the peculiar character of the

Federal Union, as it then existed, and of the temper of the times, than the attitude of the Border States.

The people of Virginia and Tennessee, which states may be said to have held the key to the situation, were opposed to secession in overwhelming numbers. In Tennessee a convention to take the matter of secession into advisement was voted down by an incredible majority. In Virginia the convention that did assemble was largely Unionist. Yet Virginia was voted out of the Union, and Tennessee, which had refused to vote to consider the question at all, was dragged out by the sheer force of events; and, during the four years that followed, the Confederacy had no more constant or braver troops than those of Virginia and Tennessee, nor, since those states became the chief battle-ground, a people more universally heart-whole on the side of the South than those who had, with such unanimity, and so long, resisted the policy of secession.

The truth is, the statesmen of the South were not alone in underestimating the forces to the conflict. The statesmen of the North had dallied over-long with the subject of the constitutional rights of the states, and had, with no little perversity, refused to see that, whilst the doctrine of secession might not be generally claimed in the Border States, the sovereignty of statehood embraced a universal belief.

The whole issue was, in reality, still an open question. It had been left unsettled by the authors of the Constitution because they could not agree upon a settlement at once decisive and specific. In 1860-61 there were three parties: One that asserted the right of a state to secede from the Union, peacefully, and at its own will; another that asserted the right of the government, by force of arms, if need be, to coerce a state; and a third, which denied both propositions. A single cannon-shot in Charleston Harbor did more to decide the dispute than half a century of learned argument.

It was war. The debate was closed. Hair-splitting could avail no more now than violent assertion. It was North against South and South against North at last. For once the extremists on both sides had their will. The little knot of Northern disunionists, the larger, but still the little, knot of Southern disunionists, found themselves reinforced by great masses of men, who loved their country, C-May.

and who had labored earnestly, though ineffectually, to preserve its unity and peace. The waves of patriotism swept over individual preference and opinion everywhere. In the North, loyal devotion to the national honor became an overmastering sentiment. In the South, the call for troops by the government was universally accepted as forcing upon Southern men the issue of the defense of the fireside, the family, and the home. The one side was just as earnest, just as honest, and just as determined as the other. Indeed, as a rule, it came to pass that those who had held out longest against any resort to arms, made, North and South, the best soldiers.

The question is often raised whether the termination of this great sectional controversy could have been different; whether, if some one other than Mr. Davis had been at the head of the Confederacy; whether, if Albert Sidney Johnston had not fallen at the critical moment at Shiloh, or if Stonewall Jackson had lived; whether, if Confederate diplomacy had been more astute, or more prosperous, abroad, the Confederacy might not have achieved its independence. Such speculations are at best but vain and idle. It is certain that all the accidents of the war went against the South. If the hand of God ever appears visibly in the affairs of men, it showed itself on the side of the North from first to last. Indeed, as if to make the crowning defeat of the South thorough, and its humiliation complete, its one chance of closing the strife as a treaty-making power, was withheld from it by the refusal of Mr. Davis to accept the extraordinary terms offered by Mr. Lincoln only a few months before the final catastrophe.

"Write 'Union' at the top of this page," said Mr. Lincoln to Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, on the occasion of the famous Hampton Roads conference, "and you can write under it whatever you please."

It is inconceivable how a man in Mr. Davis' position, knowing what he knew of the state of the country and the military establishment of the South, could have refused such an offer. It would be incredible, except that it is true, that he declined it, ordering the fight to go on, and remanding Lee and his incomparable but inadequate forces to the unconditional surrender which was so surely and so speedily to follow. Here again it would seem that it was God's will to make

havoc and an end of slavery and secession in one dread obliteration, rather than, by a partial conclusion of the war, leave any of the questions involved by it open for future contention.

Once, in Paris, Mr. Slidell told me that Louis Napoleon had said to him, in substance: "France sincerely desires the success of the Confederacy. So does England. We have our interests with respect to Mexico. The English have their British American possessions. Both are menaced by the United States. But neither England nor France dare go before the world as the backers of a power based on African slavery. We do not ask or expect the Confederate government to abolish slavery. All that we require is the guarantee that in a term of years—say twenty—the institution shall pass out of existence by the process of gradual emancipation. Give us this, and we can call a Congress of the Nations with some assurance of co-operation in a general European plan of intervention. Otherwise, we could not rely even upon our own peoples." Mr. Slidell transmitted this proposal to Richmond and it was rejected.

The Confederacy was doomed in its cradle. The elements were arrayed against it. The casualties of battle were pitched against it. Illogical, it could not stand as an argument. Inadequate, it was bound to fall as a power. It was simply impossible. The wonder is how the planters of the South, who were so well-to do and who had so much to live for, could have risked so much upon the hazard of war. Slavery could only be perpetuated in the Union, and the interests of cotton were not imperiled by peace. The traveler who, thirty years after, passes through the Gulf States, notably through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, and beholds the remains of so much opulence and culture, cannot but marvel as he surveys the wreck and contemplates its meaning.

### III.

#### OUT OF DARKNESS, LIGHT.

Twenty-seven years have passed since the last gun was fired in the great sectional conflict. At least twelve of them, from '65 to '77, proved for the South years of travail hardly less trying than the four years of war which had preceded them. Except for the tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, it might have been otherwise.

The murder of Lincoln was a cruel bereavement to the North. It was a calamitous disaster to the South. He alone had the will and the power, the sagacity and the temper to deal with the Southern problem on lines at once far-reaching, patriotic, and humane; though, at the very best, it would have tested his genius and tact to their uttermost to dispose of the question upon the broader and higher plane of statesmanship. His assassination put for the time a stop to all good and generous feeling. It stirred the heart of the victor in the fight to its depths. It convulsed the country; and, removing from the scene the almost godlike spirit of the one American who will live for aye alongside of Washington, it placed in his stead a man little suited by nature and habit to the work of pacification, a man calculated to stir up strife, rather than to allay it, and, though unjustly, unhappily brought under suspicion alike by the circumstances of the case and the peculiarities of his origin and history.

I do not mean to impeach the character of Andrew Johnson. The impartial historian will allow that, when extremism, mounted upon the evil passions which the murder of Lincoln had called into being, was aiming deadly blows upon the foundations of our constitutional system, he made a courageous fight to save them, and, at the cost of vast agitation, and no little discredit to himself, did save them from destruction. Mr. Lincoln would have had to encounter no such opposition as assailed Mr. Johnson. Such as he did have to encounter he could have put aside with a gentler but more potent hand. Andrew Johnson did maintain the integrity of the Constitution from total degradation; but he could not secure the South from a radical scheme of reconstruction, which imposed ten years of rapine, with more or less of anarchy and ruin.

The general plan and scope of reconstruction, to which the death of Lincoln gave such an angry impetus, intensified by the honest but luckless perversity of Johnson, was shortsighted, vengeful, and narrow. It is not worth while, now, to quarrel with it. The South had fallen upon evil times, and everything that happened conspired to increase its troubles. I repeat, if Mr. Lincoln had lived, it might have been otherwise; because there was plenty of material for the work of restoration ready to respond to any governmental policy based in love and not in hate.



An eminent and eloquent Tennessean, the late Meredith P. Gentry, put the case of thousands of Southern men, when he said: "I adored the Union. The dearest aspirations of my youth and manhood were bound up in it. Through my whole life, both in and out of Congress, I fought for it. At last, in spite of all my pleading and all my struggles, the steamer *Secession* came along. I saw first one neighbor and then another get aboard. Finally, when I was left alone upon the shore, and they were about to haul in the gang-plank, I cried out, 'Hold on, boys! I will go with you, if you go to hell!'"

Men like this needed no reconstruction. The end of the war had only too fully verified their fears and vindicated their forecast. They had nothing to learn or to unlearn. They were ready to take up their line of march where it had been interrupted. But they were unheeded, and from that day to this not the least discrimination has been allowed by the more extreme of the Republican leaders; none for such honest, original secessionists as Lamar, the eulogist of Sumner, who had found reasons for a change of opinion; none for such original Unionists as Gentry, whose opinions were all confirmed; but only one verdict of condemnation for every Southern white man, who has been unable, conscientiously, to accept the gospel of Force and the doctrine of Protection from lips laden with malediction. There has been little cessation in this extremism. Its demands are as exacting now, and its denunciations as sweeping as they were in the beginning. We are even told that our children, born since the war, are worse than we are. In truth, as I see it, the extremists of 1890 have exchanged places with the extremists of 1860. Behold—in Mr. Doctrinaire McKinley, Mr. Doctrinaire Yancy; in Mr. Agitator Reed, Mr. Agitator Toombs; in the hauteur of the president—the grim egotism of Mr. Jefferson Davis! Behold—in the unyielding assertion of the constitutional right of the negro to vote and to have his vote counted—the unyielding assertion of the constitutional right of the master to call the muster-roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument! Behold—in the restrictive dogma of protection—the short-sighted aims and narrow spirit of the doctrine of secession!

I do not say these things with the least sectional or partisan feeling. If I sought an illustration from common life which seems to

me to cover the case of the North and South, it would be found in the two brothers typified by Thackeray's delightful adaptation. The triumph of the Northern brother was so conclusive that he could have well afforded to treat his unfortunate Southern brother with a less exacting spirit.

The notion that we are not brothers is untrue. The notion that there are any radical differences between us is false. It does not take more than six months to turn a Vermonter into a Texan. The original idea about the Puritan and the Cavalier, which did so much to distract us, was in its origin an artful device of sectional demagogues to inflame a kindred people one against the other, and never had any foundation in fact to sustain it. The heroes who sought these shores when there was naught to welcome them except the tempest and the savage, were Englishmen, and so were the heroes who struck the coast a little farther south; and the ships that brought them were English ships; and all of them, ships and heroes, brought with them hearts of English oak.

That Washington whom the South sent North to lead New England's Revolutionary army, was as typical a Puritan as could be found among the men he was come to command, whilst that Nathanael Greene whom New England sent to lead the Southern army, was as gallant a Cavalier as Marion and Sumter, going back to the South after the war to found a dynasty, who served the Southern Confederacy as bravely as he had served the Continental Congress. I never heard of a Cavalier more hot-headed and intrepid than old Israel Putnam, or Mad Anthony Wayne; and, from that day to this, personal examples have multiplied to bear witness to our homogeneity. Maine sent to Mississippi a young collegian who became the apple of Mississippi's eye, that most entrancing of orators, Sergeant S. Prentiss; and for an entire generation two statesmen of Northern birth and education, Robert J. Walker and John A. Quitman, were the accepted representatives and recognized party leaders of that same state of Mississippi. John Slidell went to New Orleans from New York, where he had been born and reared. Finally, the Prince Rupert of the South, the beau ideal of the Cavalier's conception of knighthood, the rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy, Albert Sidney Johnston,



had not a drop of Southern blood in his veins, but sprung from a Yankee father and mother, who emigrated from Connecticut to Kentucky a little while before he was born there; whilst our Cavalier, John C. Breckenridge, reached us lineally from the Puritan John Knox.

The only typical Puritan soldier of our war, Stonewall Jackson, was a Confederate soldier.

I need not recall my own illustrious predecessor, the late George D. Prentice, a Yankee from Preston, Connecticut, who quickly developed into an ideal Kentuckian. Even at this moment there is in New England a representative man whose power and fame are equaled by none other, who went from the Virginia border by way of Kentucky, with two at least of the bad qualities the North is wont to ascribe to us—impetuosity and magnetism—in fact, warm-blooded and adventurous enough to wear a snake for a hat-band, and to emulate any gentleman on Bitter Creek; and, really, it seems to me, as it seems to have seemed to New England, that Mr. Blaine is a pretty good sort of a Yankee, as Yankees go now-a-days!

In a word, and in fine, the old notion about Mason and Dixon's line was a creation of the disordered fancy of a sectionalism made rampant by partisan appeals. There is not, nor ever was, any air line, or water line, or isothermal line in this great land parceling

out the good and bad; all on this side one thing, and all on the other side something else.

But a truce to moralizing, and a truce to reflections of the shadier sort. The world is all before us where to choose and how to choose; and in the sum of the ages, a century is but a span. The Southern Confederacy is a thing of the past. In 1861 Mr. Yancey was sent abroad as Confederate ambassador. For the first time he saw the world. He measured the forces of the contest. He was an able man, with a mind eager to see and quick to know. He realized the hopelessness of the struggle, which he, more than any other living man, had precipitated, and he came home with a broken heart to die. It seemed, indeed, the will of God!

Truly, the purposes of the Creator are past conjecture. Yet is there some compensation in all things. Out of that vast destruction and sorrow, the Nation is having a new birth of freedom, and the people, baptized by fire, a new spiritual life, with manlier aims, broader ideas, and a larger perspective. War is a great educator. The boys of to-day will make better men than their fathers made good soldiers. Let us look ahead and go ahead. What is done is done, what is writ is writ, and we shall not mend it either by canting or by crying.

## THE NORTH IN THE WAR.

BY PROF. JOHN BACH McMASTER.

Of the University of Pennsylvania.

**N**O sooner was the election of 1860 over than disunion, so often threatened, began. So well had it been planned, so determined were the leaders, so enthusiastic were the people of the South, that between the day whereon Mr. Lincoln was elected president, and the day whereon he took the oath of office, seven states passed ordinances of secession, formed a confederacy, set up a provisional government at Montgomery, framed a provisional constitution, chose Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens to be president and vice president for the time being, seized the forts, the arsenals, the custom houses, the navy yards, and property of the United States, and

named commissioners to treat with the president for a formal recognition of the Confederacy and the beginning of diplomatic relations.

The policy Mr. Lincoln proposed to follow in this crisis was clearly stated in his inaugural address. A state could not, he said, of its own mere motion, go out of the Union. Resolutions and ordinances to that effect were null and void, and the acts of violence within any state or states against the authority of the United States were either insurrectionary or revolutionary according to circumstances. To his mind, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union was still unbroken, and he should, therefore, take

care that the Constitution and the laws of the Union were executed in all the states. This was not a threat. It was a declared purpose; a simple duty, and need not be accompanied with bloodshed.

"In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," said he, "and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

But his dissatisfied countrymen were determined to be the aggressors, and, on April 12, 1861, fired on the flag then waving over Sumter. The overt act having been committed, Lincoln at once proceeded to make good his promise that the laws should be maintained, and, April 15, issued a call for seventy-five thousand troops. Taking the position that a state could not secede, and that, in the seven states which claimed to have seceded, government had merely been temporarily seized upon by combinations of disloyal men too powerful to be suppressed by judges and marshals, he called on the persons forming such combinations to disperse within twenty days, declared that the first service of the troops would be to recover the forts, places, and property seized from the Federal government, and summoned Congress to meet in special session on July 4. The governors of Virginia and North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas sent back positive refusals to comply; but the free states responded heartily, and in forty hours bands of troops were on their way to Washington, which soon put on the aspect of a fortified city.

The line of separation between the Union and the Confederacy thus became the Potomac River, the Ohio River, and a line through Southern Missouri and Indian Territory to New Mexico. Along this the troops of the Union were drawn up in many places and under many commanders; yet there were, in the main, but three great armies, that of the east or Potomac under General McClellan; that of the center or the Ohio under General Buell; that of the west or Missouri under General Halleck. In command of all, as lieutenant general, was Winfield Scott.

Until this time the capital of the Confed-

eracy had been at Montgomery, Alabama. But the bombardment of Sumter and the call to arms were immediately followed by the secession of Virginia, by the capture of Harper's Ferry, by the abandonment and destruction of the Government Navy Yard at Gosport, and Virginia having thus committed herself to the cause of the South, the Confederate government was at once moved to Richmond and the Confederate Congress bidden to meet there on July 20.

Two consequences quickly followed. The people of the forty-eight counties of Virginia west of the mountains repudiated the ordinance of secession, refused to leave the Union, formed the new state of Kanawha, and, in time, were admitted to the Union as the state of West Virginia. The people of the North, impatient of delay and eager to avenge the insult at Sumter, raised the cry of "On to Richmond," and demanded the capture of the Confederate capital before the Confederate Congress could meet therein.

It was the opinion of General Winfield Scott, who then commanded the army of the United States, that the seventy-five thousand three months' men should not be used for any such purpose. They might be employed to garrison Fortress Monroe, defend Washington, hold Arlington Heights and Alexandria, and, perhaps, recover Harper's Ferry and Norfolk. But for the fighting which it was now clear must soon be done, reliance must be placed on an army to serve for the war. A battle, however, had become a political necessity; Scott was overruled, and the volunteers, some thirty-eight thousand strong, were led forth in high hopes by Irvin McDowell to the ever memorable field of Bull Run.

No battle of the war was better planned; none was worse fought; and none produced results more beneficial to the loyal people. It was a great object lesson, and from the Monday morning in July, 1861, when the motley crowd of soldiers and sightseers came streaming into Washington, all thought of suppressing the insurrection in the South with a handful of men in a few weeks was abandoned by the people. Men well informed in military affairs had long given up the idea, and the very day after the battle Lincoln signed a bill which empowered him to accept the services of five hundred thousand volunteers for a term not less than six months nor longer than three years.

Congress had assembled on July 4 and de-

voted the session of five weeks solely to the transaction of such business as was concerned with the prosecution of the war. The regular army was increased; a new tariff was framed; a direct tax of twenty millions of dollars a year was laid; an income tax was assessed; the secretary of the treasury was authorized to borrow two hundred and fifty millions of dollars on bonds and notes; and a long list of miscellaneous bills was passed, of which not the least in importance was that to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, or, in plain words, negro slaves.

The war had not been long under way before the question, "What shall be done with the slaves?" became most embarrassing and complicated. In the first place, they were being used to erect batteries and earth works, to drive teams, and in many ways to contribute to the prosecution of the war and the comfort of the Confederacy; yet they could not, as they were regarded as property, be treated as belligerents. In the second place, they were escaping from service and coming in great numbers to the Union lines. The law for the confiscation of property used for insurrectionary purposes settled the first point, by declaring that, if slaves were employed in hostility to the United States the right of the owner to their service should be forfeited and the negroes set free. But the disposition to be made of fugitives from labor remained to be settled.

The war as prosecuted by the government had been declared to be, and was, a war for the preservation of the constitutional rights of the states, and of the citizens of the states in the Union. One of these constitutional rights promised the return of fugitives from labor. In Delaware, in Maryland, in West Virginia, in such parts of Kentucky and Missouri as were still considered to be within the Union, this constitutional right was unquestionably unimpaired. But to say that every negro slave who fled from an insurrectionary state should be caught and sent back, even when he came from a loyal master, was simply to assert that the government was bound by the Constitution to aid and abet its enemies—for each slave so returned was one more laborer added to the working force of the Confederacy. The duty of the government was clearly to weaken that working force, and, holding this view, Lincoln ordered that slaves coming from the

rebellious states, whether they fled from loyal or disloyal masters, should be held, taken into the service of the Union, and a strict account kept of the labor they performed and of the cost of maintaining them, that the question of compensating their owners might be settled after the return of peace.

Not long after the issuing of these orders to General B. F. Butler at Fortress Monroe, General Fremont at St. Louis proclaimed martial law and announced that the slaves of persons who took up arms against the United States should be set free. Lincoln promptly commanded him to change this part of his proclamation to suit the law, and from that time forth, invading generals were careful to assure the people of the Confederacy that the rights of person and property would be respected. In the early months of 1862 some of the Union officers went so far as to return fugitives on the demand of their owners, and on one occasion even allowed the camp to be searched. This was too much for the soldiers, who gave such signs of indignation that the searching party was sent without the lines. No more cases occurred, for by that time Congress had adopted a new article of war forbidding the return of fugitive slaves under penalty of court martial.

Since the meeting of Congress in December, 1861, no matter had been pressed on its attention so persistently and in so many ways as the question, what should be done with slavery. A thousand signs made it clear that the public sentiment was setting strongly in the direction of abolition, and under the pressure of public sentiment Congress began to give way. Passing by the many bills and resolutions which were little heeded or soon rejected, we find that by one act of that session the new article of war was added to the army regulations. By another the confiscation act was amended. A third put into effect a treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave trade. A fourth recognized the independence of Hayti and Liberia. Two more abolished slavery in the territories and in the District of Columbia. A new confiscation act limited the benefits of the fugitive slave law to such as would take the oath of allegiance, and declared the slaves captured from the enemy or deserted by them, or escaping from them and found in places ever held by the enemy and afterwards occupied by the Union troops should be free.

A joint resolution expressed the readiness of the United States to co-operate with any state toward the gradual abolishment of slavery with compensation. This was particularly near to Lincoln's heart. He recommended it to Congress, and twice before the close of the session assembled the Congressmen from the Border States and urged them to recommend it to their states and their people. Some gave a qualified refusal. Twenty signed a paper which expressed many reasons why they could not comply. Nine promised to urge it. With this Lincoln had to be content, for he had no power to coerce the loyal states. But there were slave owners whom he did have a right to coerce, and, turning his attention to them, he surprised his Cabinet a week after Congress adjourned, with the draft of a proclamation declaring the slaves free in all such communities as, on the first of January, 1863, should still be in arms against the United States. As to this he told his Cabinet his mind was fully made up. He had assembled them not to discuss the merits of the proclamation, but the form and time of its publication.

Taking him at his word, Seward replied that no time could be worse chosen; that the public mind was greatly depressed by the long series of defeats and humiliations; that such a proclamation at such a time would surely be viewed as a cry for help, as the last shriek of an expiring government. Lincoln saw the wisdom of the criticism and laid the draft aside for brighter days.

But the prospect was by no means so gloomy as it seemed. A year had seen great changes in the line which parted the forces of the Union from the forces of the Confederacy. The occupation of Richmond and the demonstration against Washington had indeed checked the advance of that part of it which lay east of the Alleghenies. But, turning on Pittsburg as a center, the whole line west of the mountains had swept far to the southward. Fort Henry and Fort Donelson had fallen; Shiloh had been fought; Corinth had been captured; Island No. 10 was in Union hands; Fort Pillow had been abandoned; and Farragut, passing Forts Jackson and Saint Phillip, had taken New Orleans.

But the importance of the meaning of these victories was lost to the people for the time being. All eyes were turned on the Army of the Potomac, and for the Army of the Potomac nothing but disaster seemed to

be in store. The Peninsular Campaign was a failure. The second battle of Bull Run was a defeat so crushing that Lee ventured to cross the Potomac, entered Maryland, and encountered McClellan on the field of Antietam. When the two hosts were approaching for battle, Lincoln, in his own mind, staked emancipation on the results, and solemnly vowed to God that if the Union arms prevailed, the proclamation should surely issue. The Union arms did prevail, Lee was defeated and driven back to Virginia, and, five days later, in the midst of the popular rejoicings, the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation was given to the world. In it three things were promised: It promised, in the first place, that Congress should be asked to make compensation to any slave state, the citizens thereof not being in rebellion, which should emancipate its slaves gradually or at once. It promised in the second place, that the effort to colonize free blacks on this continent or elsewhere should be continued. It promised in the third place that on the first day of January, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free."

The north received the announcement with mingled feelings of anger and delight. The governors of seventeen free states heartily endorsed it. The Democrats denounced it and used it to secure many votes in the autumn elections. Even among Republicans a belief was prevalent that the act was untimely and a dangerous exercise of doubtful power. But Lincoln was right. Congress when it met in December, voted the act constitutional, timely, and just, and as no Confederate state returned to its allegiance, Lincoln on the afternoon of January 1, 1863, signed his Emancipation Proclamation, and sent it to the Department of State to be attested by the great seal and deposited among the archives. On the morrow it was published far and wide and announced to the world that, in parts of Virginia, in North Carolina, in South Carolina, in Georgia, in Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, in parts of Louisiana, in Texas, and in Arkansas, every person held as a slave was and henceforth should be free. From this decree the forty-eight counties which made West Virginia, seven counties of Virginia, and thirteen parishes of Louisiana were excepted and declared to be, "for the present left pre-



cisely as if this proclamation were not issued."

The next six months were the darkest in the whole history of the war. The victory at Antietam in September, 1862, had been followed by the removal of McClellan. The removal of McClellan had been followed by the appointment of Burnside, who led the Army of the Potomac to the Rappahannock, where, on December 13, 1862, he fought and lost the battle of Fredericksburg. For this he was replaced by Hooker, who led the army over the Rapidan and May 1-4, 1863, fought and lost the battle of Chancellorsville. Lee now assumed the offensive, crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania. The Union Army on January 1, 1863, numbered 698,802 men "present" and under arms. The cost of maintaining these men and supplying the ravages and waste of war was to the men of thirty years ago enormous. When Chase became secretary of the treasury, the national debt was \$90,000,000 and the annual expenses of the government \$75,000,000. From the day war began both the debt and the annual expenditure increased with portentous rapidity.

Chase had estimated that \$318,500,000 would be enough for 1861, and to furnish this great sum, Congress, in July, authorized a loan of \$250,000,000, and laid a direct tax on the states of \$20,000,000, and increased the duties. But when it met again in December, 1861, the secretary told it that even this was not enough; that at least \$350,000,000, would be needed to pay expenses to July, 1862, and that the national debt which on July 1, 1861, was \$90,000,000, would, on July 1, 1862, very possibly be \$517,000,000.

It was now clear that there was not currency enough in the country to meet the requirements of such enormous expenditures, and the banks, fearing a crisis, unanimously agreed to suspend specie payments on December 28, 1861. The government followed the banks, and the year opened with the new era of paper money close at hand. First came the legal tender act which became a law February 25, 1862. This ordered the printing and distribution of United States notes in denominations not less than \$5. They bore no interest, were to be exchanged at par for government bonds, and were legal tender in payment of all debts public and private, except interest on the national debt and duties on imports, both of which were to be paid in specie. It was thought

that \$150,000,000 of such notes would be enough. But again the secretary was mistaken, and in June, 1862, \$150,000,000 more were issued, of which \$35,000,000 were in denominations less than \$5. Even this was not enough, and before the war ended \$1,250,000,000 in legal tender notes had been authorized by Congress.

The moment these notes began to appear, the old story began to be repeated; depreciation set in and the expression of that depreciation was the premium on specie. Driven out of circulation by the paper medium, gold became a favorite article for speculation, and, in February, 1863, sold at a premium of 72½%. The victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg on July 4, reduced this to 23½%; but it rose again to 56¾ in October, and during 1864 fluctuated wildly between 88 and 185, the highest figure reached. The cost of the war was now not far from \$2,000,000 per day. Sometimes expenditure was as low as \$30,000,000 a month. Sometimes it was as high as \$90,000,000. But the average, one year with another, was \$2,000,000 each day. This sum, which sufficed to keep in the field an army of a million men, and on the water a splendid navy, seemed at that time almost wasteful. Yet now, in a time of profound peace, when the army does not number 23,000 men, nor the navy twenty ships, the government spends each four and twenty hours, not far from \$1,250,000.

With the victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg the tide of war turned in favor of the Union. Who were the great commanders was now fully determined, and, under the efforts of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, Porter, Farragut, and Foote, the bounds of the Confederacy grew more and more contracted. As regions where the people had renounced allegiance to the Federal government thus again passed under its control, a new problem rose for solution. This problem was, Have the communities lately in rebellion any rights under the Constitution? At the opening of the war Lincoln had declared that the Union could not be broken by any ordinance of secession; that it was not the states of the Confederacy, but the people of those states that were in rebellion. From this view it followed that the loyal people of such communities, if any there were, had in no wise incurred the penalty for rebellion; that their rights were in no wise affected by the war; and that the moment insurrection was suppressed in their



states the government must pass again into their hands. This theory Lincoln never abandoned, and now, when the opportunity served, he made ready to carry it out.

Asserting his right under the Constitution to grant reprieves and pardon offenses against the United States, he offered forgiveness to every person engaged, directly or indirectly, in rebellion, provided such person would take a prescribed oath and had not left a seat in the United States Congress nor a place on the United States bench nor resigned from the army or navy to aid in the rebellion nor been a civil or diplomatic agent of the Confederacy nor held a rank above colonel in the army, or lieutenant in the navy of the Confederate States. Asserting his theory that some of the people, not the states, were engaged in rebellion he promised that whenever in Arkansas or in Texas or in Louisiana or in Mississippi or in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, in the Carolinas or Virginia, persons, equal in number to one tenth the votes cast in such states at the presidential election of 1860, should take the oath and re-establish a Republican state government he would recognize it as the true government of the state.

Encouraged by these gracious promises the people in Arkansas and Louisiana at once began the work of reconstruction and, in a few weeks' time, senators and representatives were seeking admission to Congress. And now began that difference between the Executive and the Legislature which, after Lincoln's death ended in an open breach, in vituperation, recrimination, and impeachment. Until the December day, 1863, when the Proclamation of Amnesty appeared, the views of Congress and the views of the president on the status of the Confederate states did not differ. Each regarded the states still members of the Union. Each regarded the machinery of the state governments as intact but operated for evil purposes by evil men. Each looked on the war as an effort on the part of loyal men to put down insurrection. When, therefore, in July, 1861, Congress formally recognized a state of war, the president was authorized to declare intercourse suspended with "the inhabitants" of certain states. When by another act the direct tax was laid, each one of the Confederate states was assured a proportionate share. Even the Supreme Court took this view and, in certain prize cases which came before it, declared that

Congress had no power to make war on a state or any number of states. It could merely aid in suppressing insurrection. But now when the people of two of these insurrectionary communities were actively testing this theory, Congress receded. The Senate refused the application of Arkansas. The House after listening to a report of a committee gave the request no further heed.

The application of Arkansas having been rejected a bill was passed which laid on the states conditions of reconstruction far more stringent than those imposed by Lincoln. They were now for the first time regarded as having lost their governments, and it was made the duty of Congress, not the president, to say on what terms and when these overthrown governments should be reconstructed.

The bill reached Lincoln in July, 1864, scarcely an hour before Congress adjourned. To the plan in the main he had little objection. But declining to commit himself finally to any one scheme, he suffered the bill to fail by pocket veto, and embodied the substance of it in a proclamation.

At the same session of Congress, the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution was passed by the Senate and rejected by the House. The House had been elected in the fall of 1862 when the disasters in the field and the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation had greatly increased the Democratic representation, and, as a body, it was opposed to abolition, except as a war measure. In this respect it was, most happily, out of sympathy with the people. In them the events of two years had produced a marked change. The feeling now was widespread that slavery must be abolished, and at the election in the autumn of 1864, a House of Representatives strongly bent on such a mission was chosen.

When, therefore, in December, Lincoln met the 38th Congress for a second time, he was able with a good grace to urge on it a reconsideration of the Thirteenth Amendment. He reminded the members of the result of the election; he told them plainly that the next Congress would send out the amendment, if they did not, and asked, as the question was now one of time, not of expediency, that it go at once. His request was gladly granted, and on January 31, 1864, the House passed the joint resolution. Three months later Lincoln was dead, the war was over, the Confederacy had passed into history, and the era of reconstruction had begun.

## AMERICAN MORALS.\*

BY H. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

### II.

IT is the theory of the ascetic school that luxury begets vice. It may be held with almost equal force that necessity promotes virtue. But when luxury is the direct reward of industry and knowledge, the cause of good morals should be safe in its hands. It is bequeathed and accidental luxury that human nature falls prey to. According to the ascetics, America should to-day be the most immoral nation in all history. Perhaps she would be if her luxury were combined with sloth, instead of with almost unparalleled industry and energy. No country ever before enjoyed such marvelous fruits of civilization so bountifully bestowed.

We have reached almost the end of a generation of peace. Its material and intellectual achievements are the greatest marvel in history. Its religious, or rather theological, change and development have been correspondingly rapid. But what has been the moral record? The period has almost marked an epoch in all things else. It cannot be honestly said, I fear, that virtue has marched on with the same giant strides. Neither will I admit that as a nation we have morally retrograded.

It can hardly be gainsaid that war is a promoter of patriotism and peace is apt to bring a sad neglect of the duties of citizenship. It might even be possible to advance some plausible arguments in support of the proposition that vice is a child of peace and war is an agent of virtue. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler is quoted as believing that war is the inevitable, periodical purifier of the race. I am not one of those who believe that the angel of peace has come to abide henceforth with the civilized nations of the earth. Behold in the memory of the last few months how small a thing may rouse bitter animosity between nations bound by the closest ties. I refer not to the trouble with Chili, but to the hot resentment aroused by the unjust criticisms by the English press of our course in that matter.

There are strong evidences of a cumulative

spirit of combativeness in the human mind, or a tidelike ebbing and flowing of surplus vigor. A man will take serious offense one day at some trifle which another time will not cause a frown. The same thing is true of nations. These variations of disposition are not periodic. The American people are not quarrelsome, and never less so than now, but I have an impression that it would not be a safe experiment for any near or distant neighbor to impose upon our good nature in the next few years. The children of the war are now become the vigor of the nation and they have inherited a martial spirit.

But while the hardships and even the horrors of an honorable war tend to strengthen the moral character of a nation, it does not follow that the insidious and demoralizing temptations of peace are without their compensations. New dangers are bringing new remedies even in the world of morals. The evolution has not been as swift during the past generation as that in the realm of science and theology, and the new theories with their experimental application are not as well known. Society is familiar with most of the methods of the church in dealing with the whole question of morals, and I do not propose to discuss that phase of the subject.

I know the danger in attempting to wage the warfare of virtue against vice with strictly non-religious weapons. It is a mission which in the past the church has claimed as almost exclusively its own. The duty of the state as a conservator of morals has been narrowly circumscribed. For the protection of society it has punished its enemies (with no attempt to make them its friends) and it has educated its children in everything but morality. The jail, the schoolhouse, and the church were until this last generation almost the only important moral agencies outside of the family. To-day the institutions seeking in one way or another to purify public morals are too numerous to catalogue. Most of them are semi-religious in character, and their methods and achievements are so well known that it would be waste of time to review them. Amid the dazzling, beguiling

\* Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

luxuries and temptations of a sensuous civilization they are doing a divine work of warning and rescue.

Neither society nor the church can afford to reject or ignore any potent agency for the promotion of true morality and better living. I do not believe the best Christian thought of the day will reject such an agency even though it seeks to promote virtue to the exclusion or rather to the neglect of all forms of theology. Most of us are ready to abide by the test when applied to any method,—does it make men and women better? Any plan that submits itself successfully to that test commands our earnest attention.

One such plan I have watched in its recent development until it has become one of the most fascinating marvels of this metaphysical age. It has been worked out not under the auspices of a private society or philanthropical institution, but in a prison of twelve hundred inmates. The experiment which is being tried there has however a vaster significance than its relation to penology.\* The institution is the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, and the man who has wrought out the wonderful system there applied is Z. R. Brockway. It is to our discredit that Europe knows much more about the innovations in educational morality practiced at Elmira than do our own people. Nowhere, I venture to say, can there be found a more fruitful field of study for the social economist, the public moralist, in fact for public-spirited men and women generally. The inquirer will be confronted at the outset by theories which few will readily accept.

The system practiced by Mr. Brockway, the general superintendent, it may almost be said is based upon Bellamy's theory that vice and crime are manifestations of disease and that their treatment should have cure and never retribution for its object. He believes that society's enemies may be made its friends, not by compulsion but by choice. He believes that the principal cause of vice and crime is ignorance or rather lack of development, and that if by training and treatment the deficiency can be supplied the subject will no longer turn to sin. The past fifteen years have yielded him a significant array of facts in support of his theory.

The inmates of the Elmira Reformatory are

all felons. None are more than thirty years old when admitted, and they are sent there only on first conviction of a felony. Their sentences are all indeterminate—they may be held until they have paid the maximum legal penalty of their respective crimes unless they sooner earn their liberty. Most of the men sent to Elmira are prisoners, who if committed to a state prison would receive the minimum penalty. Even the maximum limitation is sometimes a disadvantage. Mr. Brockway believes that criminals should be sent to a reformatory just as a sick man goes to a hospital to remain until cured.

The unique features are brought to bear upon a man the moment he enters the Elmira institution. He goes before the superintendent for a "talk." It may be he is just from the society of New York toughs, and without any conception of social and moral obligations. The superintendent looks at the commitment warrant.

"Five years," he remarks reflectively. The prisoner utterly fails to comprehend the span of time which he may be compelled to spend within the walls of the prison. He looks rather unconcernedly out of the window. The superintendent notices this and goes on meditatively:

"The trees out there are just beginning to bud. It'll get warmer by and by, but it will be a long time before the Fourth of July comes, and even then midsummer isn't here. There will be long hot days in August and they won't take the crops in till late in September. Then there's the Indian summer and the leaves will change color when the first frost comes. Do you know how far off Thanksgiving is?" And he goes on from point to point in the calendar until spring comes around again. Then, picking up the warrant:

"But that is only one year. This says five years."

The young man probably never gave a thought before to the value or meaning of time. The superintendent's soliloquy, the quiet, impressive manner of it more than the words, brings to him like a sudden shock a revelation of the prospect before him. His indifference deserts him. The liberty he has lost becomes suddenly the only thing in life worth regaining. He listens for what may come next with more earnestness than he ever felt in any decision of fate before.

Then the superintendent gives him hope.

\*[Pé-nol-o-gy.] "The study of punishment for crime, both in its deterrent and in its reformatory aspect; the study of the management of prisons."

He tells him he may earn his liberty by proving his fitness to enjoy it. Some of the conditions of early release are explained to him. He is questioned about his antecedents, his associations, his education, everything in fact that will assist in making a diagnosis of his mental and moral condition. Then his treatment is prescribed. A sound body is first insisted upon and those who need it are assigned to a course in physical training. The prisoner's wishes are consulted in the selection of a trade, but he is not always allowed to choose. If an ignorant young Hercules thinks it will be a nice easy task to learn stenography, the superintendent is quite likely to say to him, "Nonsense, blacksmith," and away he goes to a forge.

The prisoners are divided into three grades or classes. On entering, the inmate is placed in the second or intermediate grade. From this he advances to the first or falls to the third or convict grade. The shortest time in which a prisoner can advance from the second to the first or from the first to liberty on parole is six months. One year is therefore the shortest period that a prisoner is in confinement. As a matter of fact the average term is nearly two years.

It is impossible in a single paper to describe the wonderfully complete system of education and development which has been created at Elmira. Let no one imagine that the twelve hundred young men confined there are pampered victims of unfortunate circumstances. Few inmates of an ordinary state prison would envy them. They work harder and some of them live better than most prisoners. Greater privileges are the reward of faithfulness and industry. It is Mr. Brockway's conviction that idleness is one of the most prolific incubators of vice and crime even when the subject is in confinement. In no institution is the discipline more rigid and the administration of justice more uncompromising. The military system prevails and the reformatory regiment is probably one of the best drilled in the country.

The newcomers sometimes resent being made subject to the authority of men themselves prisoners both in the ranks and in the shops, for most of the shops are officered by paroled, or first grade, men. The resentment always disappears when the analogy is explained between the system of the reformatory and the application of republican principles in civil life.

But it is the direct instruction in morals that is the most interesting feature of the Elmira system, and it is a feature which has a far broader bearing than its relation to the duty of society to criminals alone. There is no chaplain of the reformatory, and instead of religious services on Sunday morning there assembles a class in practical ethics. Only those inmates who have sufficiently advanced in school studies are admitted to this class, but it is always a large one. Professor J. R. Monks of Elmira is now its conductor. The student of human nature would find at its sessions a more fascinating unveiling of the genuine processes of mental and moral development than exists anywhere else. Problems and theories in morals are there discussed with a naked honesty that would sometimes startle a delicately nurtured moral organism. Principles of ethics are tested by an intense practicality, born of sharp experience with both statutory and moral law breaking. There is however, no reaching for self-justification, no dodging of conclusions forced by the logic of an argument. Let nobody imagine that the sessions of such a class are dull, that its members are of a low grade of intellect. The teacher, himself one of the ablest instructors in the state, is often cornered by his pupils.

When the class in practical ethics was first organized and for several years thereafter, Professor Charles Collin was its instructor. I quote from one of his intensely interesting reports:

"I set to work dryly, but cheerily and heartily, to discuss on a low plane the most comfortable methods of living. At the outset I ignored all authority, the Bible included, and took up the problem of life as though for the first time. Bodily comfort and physical health quickly brought up the general topic of temperance. Upon the special application of temperance to stimulants and narcotics, with a reckless indulgence in intellectual honesty, I gave a fair exposition of the argument for temperance as opposed to total abstinence. My pupils had hitherto listened with dubious interest, but now began to scent rank heresy.

"I was rebuked for encouraging intemperance, and we had some very forcible total abstinence lectures from members of the class. I took my castigations meekly, and conceded that total abstinence was possibly the only true rule for any one, and was cer-



tainly the only safe rule for very many. By this time my pupils had decided that their teacher was not smart, nor particularly good. They could not see how they were to pass their examinations in such a study. The practical morality class became decidedly unpopular, and was known throughout the institution as the class in 'practical rascality.'

"The discussions naturally passed from physical health to the health and diseases of the soul. Here I was met by a spirit of skepticism, of which the following extract from a note sent to me was one of the manifestations:

"DEAR SIR—I think the man who said last Sunday that he knew he had a soul made a very strong assertion, and I am not near as sure as he is about the matter, and I would like to be convinced of the fact."

"Strange to say, the proposition that man has a soul, troubled me for several Sundays, in spite of the assistance of the orthodox majority of the class. I finally clinched the proposition as follows: 'If I called you a fool you would say I insulted you. Then there is something of you besides body, and this something can be happy or suffering, healthy or diseased. Let us call this something, whatever it is, soul, without regard to whether it continues to exist after the death of the body.' John Doe, the leader of the skeptics, a bright young burglar about eighteen years old, said to me privately as we were walking out of the class room: 'Well, I see that in the sense in which you use the word soul, man has a soul; but whether man has a soul in the religious sense or not, I don't know, and I am going to wait and see what I can make out of it.'

"The topic of revenge was quickly reached in discussing the diseases of the soul. A recklessly honest discussion of the utility of revenge put the general superintendent on tenterhooks. This was further heresy, and was more strenuously resisted by the class. 'Revenge was what brought me here,' said some members frankly. I presented the other side by reading some selected passages from the Socratic dialogue of Plato, with running comments, elaborating the proposition that doing injustice is a greater misfortune than suffering injustice. I was quite satisfied with my argument, but John Doe was not. He sent me the following note:

"I have attended up till now only two lectures, and therefore do not know what may have been said in the other three. But in the lecture on the 24th I think you go a little off the line. You say that if a man from pure cussedness strikes you it is better to let him alone. Reason: Because a man in doing so hurts what we have agreed to call his soul, and if he continues to hurt it in such a way he will find in the end that he has hurt himself more than you. This is hardly 'practical morality.' That which is unnatural can hardly be called practical. Revenge is not only gratification of a desire but also a mode of protection. All our legal punishments are based on a spirit of revenge for the purpose of protection. A fine country we should have if the government were to let men go on doing all the wrongs they pleased, consoling themselves by the knowledge that men were injuring themselves more than anybody else.

"To show you that revenge is instinctive and a natural protection: A man strikes you one blow, and your impulse is to strike him two, so as to let him see that it does not pay to strike you, and to make him, from impulses of fear, quit. Therefore revenge in such a case is a natural protection, the impulses of which are instinctive, and so universal, that they must contain some good. Further on you say that a man in striking you has only hurt the flesh. Let us see. Suppose he has struck you on the cheek. It hurts. The organic matter has been bruised. But is that all? What makes your hands close, and your teeth come together? Ah, then, another source of feeling has been touched, and let's see what it is. Look at yourself and then see if the man who struck you is not the better off. Besides, what kind of forgiveness do you call that, where you allow a man to strike you, when you believe by so doing the man will in time pay dearly for his action? You will have the world think you turn to him the left cheek, while in your heart you expect your pound of flesh. Please excuse my freedom, and look upon me as your attentive and respectful scholar."

"I frankly acknowledged to the class the superiority of my pupil's moral reasoning.

"The membership gradually increased to about 300. The popularity of the class had become established, as might be inferred from the following note received by the general superintendent, given verbatim:

"GENL SUPT.: Please helow me to attend the lectures on Practical Morality sundays forenoon. I gess I can pas examination. I would much like it, as I think morality is my weakest point."



"I soon went floundering into the *terra incognita* of business morality, with unaffected ignorance, hunting for some standard of right and wrong whereby to test the morality of business methods. I took positions confidently and abandoned them freely. Some called me Socialist and Communist; but they soon found that names did not trouble me in my search after substance; and that I was desirous only to follow my intellect wherever it might lead, wholly regardless of my landing place, so great was my faith that the truth will bear the keenest investigation without damage either to the truth or to the investigator. Finally, we are plunged together into the unstable waters of doubt and inquiry, but after a time we come slowly scrambling out again into the solid ground of New Testament doctrine.

"The suggestions from the class were of wonderful assistance to me in my own pursuit of the truth. Indeed, I doubt if anywhere a club could have been formed, capable of discussing this special line of topics with such freedom from conventional prejudgment, such unguardedness of expression, with such genuineness and sincerity. Their strong practical tendency, coming from a hard and narrow mature experience, held their leader down to the ground, and often took the nonsense out of his idealistic theories.

"I must skip a longer period without telling how I came to read selected passages from the *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*, giving the dramatic story of the trial, imprisonment, and death of Socrates. I would not voluntarily have gone on to undertake the difficult and delicate task of comparing the life and teachings of Socrates and Jesus, but the class

forced me into it. It would have done you good to hear Jews and agnostics joining with the rest of the class in literally and sincerely praising Jesus as they had formerly been praising Moses and Socrates."

I have said that the Elmira system of inculcating moral principles was non-religious. Such it aims to be, but as a matter of fact it has been found impossible to keep true religion out of it. Professor Collin found that a discussion of the fundamental propositions of religion could not be avoided. He confined the discussion as closely as possible to the points in which the principal religions agree; and, strange to say, the only fundamental beliefs which do not admit of critical intellectual treatment—the existence of God and the life hereafter—were not once questioned.

It is hardly necessary to point out the practical lessons and suggestions contained in the history of the Elmira experiment which is here outlined in briefest form. Its value is based upon the application of the principle of education in its broadest sense. The public educational system already covers a wide field and it is ever the question what shall be abandoned to make room for something of greater practical utility. I have attempted to do little more than to state the problem and to call attention to some of its less familiar features. There is no great body of men and women in all the land who will respond so earnestly and so unitedly as the members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle to an appeal to promote the cause of practical morality by educational means. They have it in their power to create the public sentiment which will surely bring practical results in the uplifting of humanity.

(The end.)

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[May 1.]

THE Teachers in the Temple.—By the fourth day, the greater part of the festival was over, and in the gray morning before the first rays of the sun had touched the Temple's golden roof, the band from Nazareth was wending its way homeward over the quiet Mount of Olives. Jesus, being a strong and quick boy, had been al-

lowed, during the festival days, to come and go from the Temple as He wished, and He did not care to go anywhere else.

The Nazareth people, having far to go, left at the beginning of the half-holidays, and, marching down the steep road to the plains near Jericho, they were about to stop for the first night when Mary recollected that she had not seen Jesus since morning, and asked

His father if he had seen Him; but Joseph answered that he had not. Mary did not doubt, however, that Jesus was with the other children, and made inquiry for Him, but every one she asked said they had not seen the boy since they started. Alarmed, she ran through the whole company of the people, asking for Him, but could not find Him anywhere. At once all sorts of wild fears rushed into her mind, and Mary wept, as Joseph and she hurried back to look for their boy. They asked every person they met if they had seen Jesus, but no one knew anything about Him.

Next day His father and mother were back at Jerusalem, searching among the tents and in the city, sorrowing as they went; but they could get no tidings of Jesus. They went up to the Temple and inquired among the stalls where things were sold, among the crowds who watched the priests or listened to the Levites and the white-robed boys singing on the steps of the priests' court, but Jesus was not there. Another anxious day went past, and on the third day they were again in the Temple, seeking Him among the richly ornamented porches where the old teachers sat on bright carpets, looking out upon the court of the Gentiles, and teaching all who came. Mary's heart beat fast. There He was, standing among a group of men, listening with beautiful, earnest face to all that was being said.

She drew near and listened, and to her surprise heard His voice putting earnest questions to the old teachers, questions which seemed to puzzle and annoy them as He stood with His ruddy face and clear dark eyes waiting for an answer. And when the teachers did reply, it was with many words in very long sentences, to which Jesus listened quietly until they were done, when to her amazement He put more short, simple questions, which these greatest teachers in the land seemed to find it difficult to answer, for they whispered together, and looked at slips of paper, and opened large rolls of old brown parchment which were carried about on sticks, and still they could not satisfy Him.

And all who stood by were astonished at the answers of Jesus whenever the old teachers asked Him a question, for they had never met any one with such wisdom and understanding. Mary was deeply moved with what she saw, and stood looking earnestly at Jesus, till at length He saw her, and at a sign came over to her.

"Son, why hast Thou done so with us?" she said in a low earnest voice. "Thy Father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." She thought He would know of all their fears and sorrows. But He answered innocently:

"How is it that you have looked for Me? Do you not know that I must be in my Heavenly Father's house?" But He came away with her, leaving the old teachers whispering over their parchments and papers, wondering who He was.

His mother did not quite understand His answer, for He meant that they should have known to look for Him in His favorite place in the Temple; but she thought of the words of the angel long ago, and knew that her boy of twelve was already preparing for the great life which was before Him, and she pondered much over what she had seen that day. As they walked home to Nazareth, He told them that He had been to the Temple every day while they were away, and where He had slept at night. And, following the Nazareth band, they were home not many days after them.

What a memorable visit! He went away a country boy, and returned with a knowledge of the great Temple and its strange, grand services, and a feeling that for Him there was more learning out under the bright stars and among the calm green hills than in that crowded Temple and among its confused and unsatisfying teachers.

#### [May 8.]

He Learns to be a Carpenter.—Jesus had much to tell His brothers and sisters of what He saw at the great festival in Jerusalem, for they were all too young to go to a festival; of the silver trumpets, the white-robed singing boys, the smoking sacrifices, and something also of what He had heard from the old teachers during the three days when He was alone.

But now He had to study the Bible, and His daily task for the next year or two was to learn by heart the lessons which His teacher set Him. And so He got to know His Bible thoroughly. Children had to sing psalms at all times of rejoicing, and thus He learned to sing. He also learned to write, but His writing was in strange figures, practiced with a sharp stick on smooth sand on the ground, more like printing. And it is likely that before He finished learning, He knew something of three languages—He-

brew, Greek, and Aramaic; but Aramaic was the one which He spoke. His amusements were now those of the older boys,—hill-climbing, nest-finding, and games of strength and skill, and going messages for His parents.

But at length the time came when He had to give up the school and play, and begin to work. In that country boys soon grow up to be men, and in a year after His visit to Jerusalem Jesus was thirteen, and then He was looked upon as a young man, who had to choose what He would do, for every boy had to learn a trade. Thou mayest think that Jesus had no need for a trade or if He chose one it would be that of a teacher. But what trade did He choose? He chose to be what His father was, a carpenter. So, when He was about fourteen Jesus left school, and went to be His father's apprentice, to learn how to use the saw and the ax, the chisel and the hammer.

Take a peep into the open workshop at Nazareth on this warm summer day. Is it not a pleasant sight? The strong man and the beautiful youth, father and son, working cheerfully together, Jesus helping His father to make enough money to buy bread and clothes for the little brothers and sisters and gentle mother at home. In that shed they work until the evening, and when it grows too dark to see, the sound of the hammer ceases, the saw is laid aside, the work stops for another day, and they walk down the village street home to the evening meal which Mary has prepared. Work like this is good, and thou, whether thou art rich or poor, prince or peasant, shouldst learn to do rough work, nor think that working with thy hands, which is the hardest and commonest of work, is too mean for thee to do, for Jesus did it.

[May 15.]

Day after day, year after year, found Jesus at this work, out fresh and early in the morning, and returning tired at night, but happy with having done His best. When His father was not busy He had hours and days to Himself in which He went where He pleased. And once every year, in the spring time, He went again with His father to the great Passover festival at Jerusalem, where He would often meet His cousin John from Hebron, and when His brothers were old enough they went with Him. He also went

to some of the other festivals there, and never missed going to the Golden Temple. And every Sabbath day, and many Thursdays too, He went to the village church in Nazareth and took part in the worship.

When He had leisure from His work, He loved to walk among the gardens, fields, and vineyards in the valley of Nazareth, learning all He could. Year after year went by, the youth became a man, and at twenty years of age He had learned His trade of a carpenter, and was full-grown and strong. It is thought by some that His father died about this time. Then Jesus came to be called the Carpenter of Nazareth. And as He grew older He increased in wisdom.

Amid the quiet of the hills He meditated much upon the life that was before Him, and upon the ways of men. Many things perplexed, and some things grieved Him. He heard the religious teachers say that the people could only be good by believing their words and obeying their commands. And they laid so many rules upon the people that they were oppressed beyond endurance. He saw that these were false teachers, who made it quite impossible for men to be what they called good; and that they did not do themselves what they ordered the people to do. Jesus knew that to be good was a simple and lovely thing, and not a thing which had ten thousand rules to be remembered and kept, and He thought that He would like to banish these countless rules of men, and teach the simple way to be good that was in His heart. To do this, He would have to give up being a carpenter. And He thought of the Christ written about in the Bible and who the people believed would be the Savior of their nation. But He did not feel that He was ready for this great task.

As He grew older, the state of His fellow-men and their false priests and teachers almost constantly filled His mind and He prepared Himself in every way for the time when He should feel called upon to begin this great work as a teacher of the Truth, and He read and studied the Bible till He knew it all, and read other books also. He felt more than ever alone, and different from other people, and would sit thinking and praying to His Father in Heaven to make plain what He should do.

For fourteen years He worked as a village tradesman, among the hills and fields and country people of Nazareth, until He was

thirty, learning lessons from the clouds and wind, seedtime and harvest, and waiting on the will of God. And these are the best teachers a man can have, if only his mind is open to their deep influence, and he waits in silence upon his Father in Heaven to learn what He wishes him to do.

[May 22.]

Jesus Heals Them All.—The church of Capernaum at the lake was a very fine building of white marble, built on a high part of the town, the gift of a rich officer, and one Sabbath morning it was crowded, for Jesus was going to speak there. Sitting among the old teachers, on a bench at the head of the church, He faced the people, who stood between a double row of stone pillars. Behind Him were the box of books, the curtain, the seven-branched candlestick, the ever-burning lamp, with the reader's desk a little way off. After prayers, singing and reading, Jesus went forward and sat down on the raised seat in the middle of the church, and all the people stood up, and then He spoke to them, and they were astonished, for He did not repeat old sayings like the other teachers but spoke like one having authority from God.

Suddenly a loud cry interrupted Him, saying, "Ah, what have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee, who Thou art, Thou Holy One of God."

The cry came from a wild-looking man, a well-known maniac, who had come in with the crowd, and who was terrified at the words of Jesus; and the people shrank back from the man, but Jesus, looking calmly at him, said in a clear voice, "Be quiet, and come out of him."

Uttering loud cries the man fell down upon the white stone floor, but rose again; and the people coming near and talking to him found that he was healed of his dreadful trouble. They were amazed at what had happened, and the congregation soon broke up, and as they went home, some to distant parts of Galilee, they carried the news away, saying to each other, "What is this? A new teacher, who speaketh in His own authority; whom even the evil spirits in a maniac obey."

Walking through the sunny streets, Jesus went away with His disciples to have a mid-day meal and rest at Peter's house by the lake, the house which was henceforth to be His home. There He found Peter's wife's mother

ill with fever, and they asked Him to heal her. Going into her room, He stood beside her bed, and taking her hot hand, bade the fever leave her, and raised her up; and she rose from her bed well again, and helped to prepare the food for them. But the Pharisees of Capernaum told the priests of Jerusalem that Jesus had broken their Sabbath rules twice on that day, by healing two people, and they watched Him closely, for they said it was wrong to heal any one on the Sabbath. With the people, the Sabbath ended with sundown; and then they might work and walk again; and when the sun was setting that evening, the people brought their sick and laid them in the cool shade at the door of Peter's cottage. And there Jesus stood with His gentle voice, speaking to them and teaching them as they came, blind, lame, deaf, palsied, and sending them away whole; and as He healed the maniacs they cried out, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." But He stopped them. And fathers took away their sons healed, and mothers their babes, and in many a poor home there was joy that night, for He healed them all.

[May 29.]

Let Through the Roof.—Jesus was teaching one day in the open court of a large house, and the people came crowding in to hear Him. The house was built in the shape of a square, with a court open to the sky in the middle, into which the windows looked, so that it held a great many people. Jesus sat in the shaded gallery that ran round the court; and among the listeners were Pharisees and teachers of the law, who had been sent from Jerusalem to watch all that He said and did, and to tell their masters. But He spoke openly and freely to the people, who were glad to listen.

While he was speaking, a young man who had palsy was brought to the house, lying upon a mat; but his friends could not get even near the door, and, tying cords to each corner of his mat, and going up the outside stairs of the house, they drew him gently up to the flat roof. Then they carefully removed some of the red tiles, making a hole wide enough, and lowered their friend down to the floor at the feet of Jesus. The Pharisees were indignant at this interruption; but Jesus was not. He was touched with the faithfulness of the man and his friends, whose faces were peering down through the hole in the roof to see what would happen, and, looking kindly



on the young man, Jesus said these strange words: "Son, all thy wickedness is forgiven thee."

At first the people did not understand what Jesus meant, for only priests used these words in the name of God, but He was no priest, only a young carpenter.

"Forgive wickedness!" And the Pharisees began to speak to each other indignantly. "Why doth this man speak thus?" said one. "Who is this that speaketh blasphemies?" said another. "Who can forgive sins but God alone?" exclaimed a third. They thought Jesus was only pretending to forgive wickedness.

Looking with searching eyes at these sham-good men, Jesus said to them, "Why do you think so in your hearts?" but they did not answer, and He went on, "Whether is easier to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven,' or to say, 'Arise and walk?'" but still they did not answer; and He proceeded, "That you may know I have power to forgive sins," turning to the sick man, He said, "I say to thee, 'Rise, take up thy mat, and go home.'"

To the amazement of them all, the man rose, and, taking up his mat, walked out, thanking God for his recovery; and some of the people followed him, filled with awe, praising God for giving Jesus such power, and saying to the people outside, "We have seen strange things to-day, and have never before seen a teacher who could do such things."

The Pharisees also were astonished and offended, and while some of them believed in Jesus, most of them thought He should be punished for pretending to forgive sins. Now the punishment for this was to be stoned to death. And as the Pharisees walked away from the house with their long flowing robes and bright turbans, some of them said that any one who had such power from God was not likely to tell lies; but others said that to heal a man was no proof that he had power to forgive sins, and so they argued; and the common people, while believing in the power of Jesus, yet did not pay much heed to His teaching. And leaving this house, Jesus went back to Peter's cottage.—From "*Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth*."

## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

### IV.

#### LIGHT GYMNASTICS.

TO this division of the subject belong all movements with light dumb-bells and Indian clubs, of which nothing further need be said except that they have been found adequate to develop great strength. Contradictory as it may appear, regular practice with clubs not weighing more than three pounds and bells not weighing more than two, will put the muscles into such a condition that the swinging of a heavy sledge hammer will be comparatively easy. This has been explained upon the principle that increase of tension in habitual movements does not involve correspondingly increased effort. A man who walks ten miles a day without impedimenta can carry a heavy weight much more easily than one not accustomed to walking can do so without any burden. But there is something beyond that. Every man always possesses more strength than he uses, and whatever increases

strength of muscle and its subserviency to the will accumulates a large surplus.

*Roller skating* became a craze; a foe to home life, very bad in its effects upon children and youth, injurious to modesty, it was carried to great excess and gave rise to many scandals. The reaction was equal to the action, and only the rinks remain, a few used for public halls, and others for carriage repositories and all kinds of warehouses, as monuments of a short-lived fever. Roller skating is in moderation good exercise for children and youth. In excess it distorts the limbs, affects the joints unfavorably, and produces an ungainly walk.

The *parlor rowing* practice is recommended by Blaikie, who, after pointing out a few defects, says: "Used intelligently and sedulously this simple contrivance ought to bring almost any development a person might reasonably hope for."

For invalids, elderly persons, and students who wish some exercise not very severe,



close at hand, nothing is equal to the *Health Jolting Chair*. It is a curious contrivance, consisting of an ordinary armchair, connected with a complex system of springs. The person who uses it sits in the chair and grasps two handles, which are moved forward and backward with such swiftness and force as he sees fit to use. With every motion, by the operation of the springs he is thrown forward and dropped, producing the effect of riding a trotting horse. If it were our purpose to advertise any particular article, for none could we print so many commendations from persons who have used it for years. At times when one is too languid for any other exercise, the motion upon this produces all the effects of a slow or fast trot, and if the chair be placed beside an open window, twenty minutes of its use per day will make the difference between good and low spirits in many persons who do not believe that they can take any exercise. The minister preparing his sermons, pausing at the end of an hour for a five minutes' jolt, will return to his work refreshed, and will find himself much less fatigued at the close of the morning's work. Using it slowly before retiring for a few minutes promotes sleep. Throwing off a feeling of chilliness, the result of a low tone and slight decline in temperature or a diminished circulation of the blood, is also one of its benefits. Ever since becoming familiar with it I have been astonished that it is not generally known.

The system of *Swedish gymnastics* is the fruit of nearly a century of experiment. It was established as a state institution in Stockholm in 1813, and has progressed under the protection of the government. As a result, and parallel with it, a special branch called medical gymnastics is the system known generally as the Swedish movement cure. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 15, 1891, Fernand la Grange has an elaborate article on gymnastics in Stockholm. After showing what the two most celebrated French and German doctors have done since the beginning of the century, with which what he calls the renaissance of gymnastics began, he says, "It is to Sweden that we must go for teaching and examples, for it is the only country where the seed scattered at the beginning of the century has borne real scientific fruits"; and affirms that "since 1814, when Ling created his vast gymnastic system, not a day has

passed without his work having added to its perfection."

He expresses wonder that so much progress has been made in Scandinavia with no attempt on the part of France to associate herself with it.

As "free play" and movements regulated in advance are the two methods of physical education from which all varieties spring, the Swedish system belongs to the second. All its exercises are regulated with the strictest punctuality, and all movements executed at the word of command. One class of exercises is executed on "firm feet," and at command movements of the arms are taught. The other requires the help of diverse instruments, bar beams, ladders, ropes. The first may be called exercises on the floor, and the second with furniture. The Swedish movement makes no use of acrobaticism; its instruments are simple, it uses neither rings nor trapezes, parallel bars nor fixed bars; but the apparatus consists of beams, horizontal or on end, vertical ropes, and some horizontal bars. A large proportion of the exercises are executed with the arm stretched out. "It avoids exercises too athletic and movements too difficult, because it wishes to make them practical to the feeble and those who must exercise indoors."

The exercises of the floor are the foundation. They are numerous and varied, and many changes are made so as to make the exercises recreative. Many of them are so simple as not to seem to require much strength, but this is only apparent. "The muscular effort is not carried out by the violence of the movement, but by its breadth and duration." Many of them may be called attitudes instead of movements. "Not a few of these are designed to straighten the body, and are called corrective." One principle of the Swedish system is that none of the movements are forced, in the sense that each action of the muscle is required to go to the full limit of its power. "Girls and women, as well as boys and young men are subjected to it, and the influence upon them is obvious. I noticed it in the school children. Their bearing and action showed at once that they were accustomed to rhythmical movements and to continual exercise."

While to give an account of the various movements and of the various machines which have been invented would lead beyond the scope of these articles, the essential prin-

ciples in relation to physical development and the probable effect, are clearly within it. Proceeding upon the fact that on the functions of the heart and lungs the welfare of all other functions depends, the primary principle of the system is to strengthen these organs; and it is careful to guard against the error of those who, "laboring only to enlarge the muscles, make piteous beggars of the heart and lungs."

When the students come from their class room or studies, they have been for hours in a state of injurious muscular repose, and the gymnastic drill is designed first "to counteract these evils, to reinstate a healthy respiration and circulation." The first movements relate to position and carriage; then come leg movements to stimulate the general circulation, and draw the blood away from the brain. Then movements of bending and heaving to induce deeper respiration. Next come balance movements, then those for the back, then movements for the abdomen, and every part of the body. Finally, marching evolutions, gymnastic games, and gymnastic dances, the latter accompanied by music.

The best and simplest statement of the principles of the Ling system is to be found in an address on *Gymnastic Progression*, delivered before the superintendents and masters of the public schools of Boston on March 4, 1890, at one of their regular meetings, by Claes J. Enebuske, A.M., Ph.D., lecturer and demonstrator of that system in the Boston School of Gymnastics, and known to many Chautauquans as the principal of the Swedish School of Gymnastics at Chautauqua. That the Swedish method affords sufficient exercise for all who do not design to become acrobats, I have no doubt. That nothing better has been devised for students and other sedentary persons, I am well persuaded, though not pretending to an accurate knowledge of all systems. One of its chief advantages for schools is its rhythmical character and the use which can be made of music. I saw this illustrated in a large school and a crowded room. The scholars beginning to show some signs of listlessness, the result of want of ventilation, and it being far too stormy for the ordinary recess, at an unexpected moment the order was given, the windows raised, a person proceeded to the piano and the whole school for fifteen minutes performed the movements of this system, and resumed their studies with every trace of list-

lessness gone, every eye bright, and the very air surcharged with vital energy.

There is no thoroughly American system of physical culture. Dr. Sargent's system of developing gymnastics is declared by Dr. Hartwell in his pamphlet on "Physical Training, treated from American and European Points of View" to be the most original contribution that America has made to the cause of physical training; but he proceeds to show that they are medical or dietetic rather than strictly educative in their modes and results, since individual lacks and needs are most considered. This system, however, has been adopted by most of the colleges and the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasias.

Dr. Zander, a scientist of the highest repute, invented two orders or machines, one intended to exercise actively the muscles, the other to impress a variety of movements on the body when in a passive state. There are sixty or more different machines, quite complicated, but all upon a simple principle. The machines by which active gymnastics are performed operate upon the principle of a movable counterpoise at the end of a lever to which the impulse is given by the aid of a handle, of a seat back, etc., arranged with reference to the part of the body requiring exercise. In order to proportion the effort required of the subject there is a weight at the end of a graduated rule which may be displaced or modified by augmenting or diminishing at will. Thus when the body takes the desired position the work can be "localized." Those intended to produce passive movements are not worked by the person himself, and of course are intended principally for invalids. In the Zander Institute they are moved by steam.

The Zander Medico-Mechanical Institute has been in operation in Stockholm for more than twenty years, and there are institutes applying his principles in London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Frankfurt-am-Main, and many other places in Scandinavia and Germany, and in South America. The Woman's College of Baltimore has a set of Zander machines, the only ones in the country. These are confined chiefly to the active movements. Dr. Alice T. Hall, its directress, has studied the Swedish and German systems in Stockholm and Berlin, and Miss Wallin, her assistant, is a graduate of the Royal Central Gymnastic Institute in Stockholm. Perceiving

the high commendations of this system as used in the Woman's College—from which the best information might be expected in view of the fact that the college makes hygiene and physical training a part of the college work of every student preparing to graduate, and gives the professor at the head of the department power to require special additional work when the physical condition of students requires it—I applied to the management for the results.

The results of the past year, ascertained by the measurements of the students taken at the beginning and the close of the year show :

1.—An average gain in chest girth of 2.8 inches. The smallest gain  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch ; the greatest 5.5 inches.

2.—The average gain in chest expansion, curiously enough, appears to be exactly the same as the gain in girth of chest in repose, 2.8 inches. The smallest gain in this particular 1 inch ; the greatest 6.5 inches.

3.—The average increase in chest capacity 26.8 cubic inches ; the smallest increase 10 cubic inches ; the greatest increase 70 cubic inches.

4.—In five cases the chest capacity has doubled.

No phrase is more familiar in the United States at the present time than the "*Delsarte System*." None has more professors or pupils. Of the latter it must be confessed that very few are able to give an intelligent answer to questions concerning either Delsarte or his system, and of the former answers differing among themselves in proportion to the number of teachers to whom interrogatories are propounded are likely to be received.

François Delsarte was born November 11, 1811, at Solesmes, France. His father, a learned man, died of poverty. The sufferings of his children were great. François became a ragpicker in Paris, but by the time he was twelve years of age his musical tastes and ability attracted the attention of a distinguished professor, who secured his admission at fourteen to the Conservatory. After many rebuffs he secured an opportunity to sing in public. His success was great, but by the time he was twenty-three years of age he had lost his voice as the result of imperfect training and improper use. He devoted himself to discovering and "formulating the laws of esthetical science"; studied medicine, taught, was finally accepted as a prize among teachers of vocal music and oratory.

His theory led him to place an exalted estimate on gesture, which he held to be the direct agent of the heart, preceding speech, and his theory of physical culture derives its meaning entirely from its relation to expression, his purpose being to prepare the body to respond automatically to the thoughts, the sensations, and affections of the whole nature. Hence, he analyzes the whole dynamic apparatus into the head, the torso, and the limbs ; makes nine primary attitudes of the head, and nine inflections or fugitive movements of the head.

Every one of these has a particular expression. To the eye he gives nine primary expressions, and to the eyebrow nine, and to the lip and the nose each nine, and the face ; to the torso he gives three chest attitudes ; taking up the chest first he gives these three attitudes—the eccentric, the concentric, and the normal—and derives nine degrees or species from these ; also the shoulders. In like manner he treats the limbs and the elbow, giving them nine movements each ; and nine phases for the wrist ; nine primitive forms of the hand ; the legs have their nine attitudes.

It is to be understood that all these attitudes and fugitive movements are held by Delsarte to be adapted by nature to express a particular mental, sensitive, or affectional state, and that no culture is perfect until every organ of the body responds to these states. This is the basis of his physical culture, and from it different systems are elaborated, which while preparing a person to speak most impressively will entirely independent of that result produce results upon the health, the strength and elasticity of the body in themselves of inestimable value.

That Delsarte in his doctrine of the three and its multiples was carried into the realm of mysticism does not admit of doubt. That he was the greatest artist who has appeared in modern, if not in all time, and the most stimulating teacher, I do not question. That some of those who profess to teach his system have given undue prominence to it as a species of calisthenics is equally clear, as may appear from a remark made by an intelligent person whose sons and daughters had been taking instruction therein : he said that he designed to give his children every advantage as respects strength and health ; he had employed a teacher of the gymnastic system of Delsarte, the greatest gymnast in France, and it was producing a fine effect upon them, the arm, leg, back, and chest muscles of one hav-

ing developed greatly under the treatment.

At the time of this writing Mme. Marie Giraldy Delsarte, the elder of his daughters and his favorite pupil, who from her childhood has displayed extraordinary facility in exhibiting mental and emotional states in harmony with the attitudes, fugitive movements, and facial changes of her father's system, is in this country. She and her brother Gustav who died some years ago are said to have taught most of the teachers using the name of Delsarte in this country who have any claim to eminence. Mme. Marie heard rumors that her father's name was being misused in this country and his theories falling into disrepute. She is said to have written to her friends before coming to America: "I am heartbroken to think that the marvelous method of my father should become a sort of acrobaticism—it horrifies me that people should make a clown of him"; and further: "I have heard that some people have been led to regard my father's system as if it were a species of gymnastics. The idea horrifies me. Most of my father's pupils were actors and singers, who came to him to learn how best to develop their ability." She might have added, also, great pulpit orators, such as Père Hyacinthe and, I have seen it authoritatively stated, a greater than he, Père Lacordaire.

In this system much importance is attached by many to what are called the decomposing or relaxing exercises. For example, the hand hangs lifeless from the wrist; the fingers from the knuckles; the forearm from the elbow; the arms from the shoulders—a kind of withdrawal of energy by the will from these members. The same process is applied to

the foot; the leg, the thigh, the knee, the head, the eyelids, the jaws. There are many exercises of position, all of which require concentration of the power of many muscles for the full period of time in which the attitude is maintained. They are applied to sitting as well as standing and to kneeling. Much attention is paid to walking. There are positive exercises of the wrist, arm, trunk. Some of them involve much energy, as, the bending of the body many times to the right, the left, in front, backward, and obliquely. When this is done, deep breathing is required. The exercises are sufficiently violent, such as one given by Mrs. Stebbins: respire deeply, hold the breath, stretch both arms in front, then pull them vigorously back, clinching the hands and drawing the shoulders as far back as possible. Another requires clinching fists over the breasts with the elbows back, holding the breath and at the same time running rapidly.

That the mastery and practice of the Delsarte system as set forth by Genevieve Stebbins and others of equal care and intelligence has all the elements of a system of physical culture inspired by elevated views of the relation of the body to the soul, observation and some experience justify me in asserting; but those who wish to master it in relation to oratory need to be positively assured that the teacher has not added eccentricities of his own not in harmony either with the primary principles of Delsarte or the temperament and constitution of the pupil. Its principal advantage is that while bringing the entire body into perfect harmony and health, it fits it to be a perfect expression of mind and heart.

## THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

BY HELEN FRANCES SHEDD.

### PART I.

ON April 15, 1789, the presentation to the First American Congress of two petitions, praying for a law to secure protection for certain works of the petitioners, led to the appointment of a committee to frame a bill having in view the granting of patents by the government. The bill became a law during the second session of the same Congress, and has since been known as the act of 1790. From that year until 1803 the

patents were issued by a clerk in the Department of State, Dr. William Thornton, appointed by President Jefferson for that purpose. Later he assumed the title of superintendent. He discharged the duties until his death in 1827.

In July, 1800, the Department of State was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, and became located in buildings at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twenty-first Street. Ten years later Congress



authorized the president to erect or purchase a suitable building for the General Post Office and the "Office of the Keeper of the Patents," appropriating \$20,000 therefor. A building, intended for a hotel and built by Samuel Blodgett in 1796, situated at the southwest corner of the square now occupied by the Post Office Department, was secured. The eastern end of the second floor was assigned for the accommodation of the Patent Office. In 1832 the building was enlarged and extended to Seventh Street, and in the following year the Patent Office was removed to the new part.

July 4, 1836, Congress passed the most important law in the history of patents, reorganizing the entire American system of grants, providing for an examination into the novelty and usefulness of inventions, and appropriated \$108,000 of the money then standing to the credit of inventors for the purpose of constructing a building for the exclusive use of the Patent Office. The original plans were made by William P. Elliott, formerly a draftsman in the office, for which he was paid \$300. Robert Mills, the architect of the Treasury Department, was the constructing engineer. The second story was designed as a vast museum or "National Gallery" for the display of models, which, as expressed by Henry L. Ellsworth, the first commissioner of patents, would be "beacons to subsequent inventors in exhibiting the progress and rising gradations of mechanical science in this country." The collection then in the possession of the government was the most interesting in the world. The original plans contemplated the building to be a Grecian Doric structure, covering a public reservation of four acres which L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned the Federal Capital, set apart for a "national church."

The imposing portico on the south wing was to be of magnificent proportions, and in designing the graceful columns at that entrance, the celebrated Parthenon at Athens was followed and the precise dimensions used. The original estimate of the cost of this wing was exceeded in consequence of a change in the material and the manner of construction.

Before any part of the building, however, was ready for occupancy everything belonging to the Patent Office was, on the night of December 15, 1836, wiped out of existence by fire, excepting one book temporarily at the residence of an employee. There were de-

stroyed 7,000 models, 168 volumes of records, 9,000 drawings, 10,000 original descriptions and specifications, 230 volumes belonging to the Scientific Library, and furniture, etc., amounting in value to about \$6,600. America was already becoming an active rival of England in cheapening the manufacture of fabrics, and irreparable loss was sustained by the destruction of all models relating to the arts of spinning. A delicately adjusted machine of Wilkinson, for manufacturing reeds by a single operation, considered one of the most ingenious mechanical combinations ever invented; Whittemore's noted machine for making wool-cards, patented in 1797; machinery of purely American origin, dating back to 1794, for making cut and wrought nails, effecting a large reduction in the price of the articles, were among the models lost, and a volume of inestimable historical interest, containing drawings made by the inventor and engineer, Robert Fulton, illustrating the machinery for making steam subservient to man's direction for purposes of navigation, and containing representations of his steam-boat as she passed through the Highlands, when, in August, 1807, the first successful trip up the Hudson to Albany was made.

Without avail the commissioner had been urging upon Congress the necessity of providing a place of security for these valuable records. He had said to that body:

"While it becomes necessary to procure more room for the Patent Office it is desirable that some should be rendered as secure as possible from fire. The destruction of the present models and records would produce very great embarrassment, especially as so many original patents and assignments are lost. It is a satisfaction to state that the Patent Office has not been, and need not be, onerous to the government. There now remains in the treasury about \$150,000 to the credit of the Patent Office, after paying all expenses since its organization."

After this fire the office found a temporary home at the residence of the commissioner, where the business was transacted until accommodations were offered by the city authorities in the City Hall. Steps were taken at once to restore the records and models. Each patentee was personally addressed through the post office, and owing to the restriction enacted by Congress that no patent granted before the fire could be given in evidence without being first recorded anew, the



return of the most important was secured. Through oversight or carelessness more than five thousand patents granted prior to 1831 had been issued without record being made in the manner directed by statute. Hence many patentees failed to receive the notice, as their patents had become merely a matter of memory. The volume of Fulton could also have been reproduced had Congress been so inclined. His fame had attracted the attention of England, for whom, on application, complete copies of his drawings and transcripts of specification and other papers, had been made and sent to London. Duplicates could have been obtained therefrom.

The improvements in agriculture had not kept pace with other industries, and in 1838 special attention was given the subject by the Patent Office. Our citizens visiting foreign countries, and especially the officers of our navy and diplomatic corps, and others in public service, were urged to make collections of valuable seeds and plants. A small appropriation was made, and in 1839 upward of thirty thousand packages of seeds were distributed, which effort, the commissioner said, "met the cordial and thankful acknowledgment of the agricultural community." Thereafter this branch of the affairs of the office largely engaged the attention of the commissioner. Three years later his annual report, when recorded, consisted of five pages devoted to the Patent Office, and one hundred and sixty-two pages of agricultural statistics.

The south wing of the building, of Virginia freestone and granite, two hundred and seventy feet in length, was completed in the spring of 1840, at a cost of \$422,000. From its quarters in the City Hall the Patent Office proceeded to occupy its own home. Room was set apart in the basement for the exhibition of agricultural implements and seeds.

But the general activity that began to manifest itself in America about the year 1840, in all branches of manufacture, and which, fortunately for the welfare of the country, has increased with the years and strengthened with each new triumph of inventive thought, soon demonstrated that the room provided was inadequate. This fact was emphasized during the following year, when the struggle to encroach upon the building for purposes foreign to the original design began, which intrusion has continued to the present day.

During 1841, an association in no manner

subject to the control of the government, known as the National Institute, having charge of the personal effects and bequests of Smithson and collections made by exploring expeditions, together with many valuable donations, was permitted by Secretary of State Daniel Webster, to occupy a part of the building. The rooms in the basement proving too damp the Institute was given one half of the model hall. Early in 1842, the secretaries of the Navy and War Departments presented, *for immediate action*, a memorial of the Institute requesting "the uncontrolled possession of the upper story of the Patent Office." The Commissioner remonstrated with nerve:

"I regret that the Institute should, under existing circumstances, press their desire for room that is specially appropriated by law to a particular and important object, and which cannot be diverted without legislation—which room is also imperiously demanded by the wants of the Patent Office. I cherish for the National Institute the kindest feelings, but if the indulgence granted with some inconvenience for temporary use, as then expressly understood, is now to result in an attempt to expel the commissioner of patents from the National Gallery, I shall feel constrained to remonstrate. When the privilege of exhibition was given it was not conjectured that the birds and beasts were to be stuffed and prepared in it, and still less that living animals, such as rattlesnakes, foxes, etc., would be kept here. Certainly some of these things have been represented by visitors as offensive."

This discussion was precipitated by an insignificant incident: a "whale's tooth" had been presented to the National Gallery. Dr. King, the curator of the Institute, insisted that it was intended for his association, whereas the commissioner thought with the force of conviction that it was for the Patent Office exhibit.

In July, 1843, the collection in natural history made by the exploring expeditions under the command of Charles Wilkes was transferred to the custody of the Patent Office. Up to June, 1844, \$88,350 had been expended in restoring the models and records destroyed by fire. The building, considered so spacious, was rapidly filling up, but not until March 3, 1849, did Congress meet the repeated demands for more room. In that year \$50,000 was appropriated out of the patent fund to construct the east wing. Marble from the quarries in Maryland was used and it was finished in

1852, at a cost of \$600,000, nearly half of which was taken from the earnings of the office.

But other interests were ready and waiting to take possession. The act of March 3, 1849, also created the Department of the Interior, and the Patent Office was transferred from the Department of State as one of its important bureaus. The General Land Office was transferred from the Treasury Department, the Office of Indian Affairs from the War Department, the Pension Office from under the control of the War and Navy Departments, Census Office from the State Department, together with other smaller branches of the public service. This new department entered the east wing when it was finished and took possession of the floor now occupied by its officers (but not all of its bureaus at that time) and the cramped condition of the Patent Office was not materially relieved. August 31, 1852, an act was passed for the erection of the west wing, also of marble, which was ready for occupancy in 1856, costing \$750,000. The General Land Office moved into this wing. In the same year the north granite wing was begun, and in 1860 the rooms were occupied by the Pension Office, portions of the Land Office, and the Census Office. That wing was finally completed in 1867 at a cost of \$575,000. The total cost of the building was \$2,347,011.65. As completed it forms a hollow square or rectangular block, with an open court. Beyond question it is the most classical and the most beautiful building occupied by any executive department.

The Patent Office was again visited by fire on September 24, 1877, when the contents of the west and north halls, containing about 87,000 models, were consumed. Some 600,000 copies of photo-lithographic drawings were also burned, and the entire model hall greatly damaged by fire and water. But the results of this fire were not so disastrous as those in 1836.

As previously stated, the building was designed for the sole occupancy of the Patent Office. The original purpose has been grossly diverted, and other bureaus have successively taken possession of the best part of the building, erected so largely at the expense of inventors and which could have been wholly paid for out of their moneys had the patent fund, which was turned into the general treasury in 1868, been kept separate. To-day more than \$4,000,000 stand to the credit of inventors over and above every expense of

running the office since its organization.

The Patent Office building is now occupied by the office of the Secretary of the Interior, the assistant secretaries and their clerks, the appeal board of the Pension Office and clerks, the larger part of the force of the Land Office, and the Patent Office bureau, the latter being apportioned about one half the space and 106 out of 252 rooms.

Through the efforts mainly of the Honorable Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, and the Honorable William E. Simonds, of Connecticut, during the 51st Congress an appropriation of \$16,000 was secured for renting a building for the Land Office, and in this way to afford relief to the Patent Office. The upper part of a new business block was rented and a portion of the force in the Land Office removed thereto in July, 1891. But under this arrangement only seven additional rooms were given to the Patent Office, and it was necessary to use these in providing for the two new examining divisions authorized by Congress in the last appropriation bill, leaving the bureau in the same crowded condition as during the previous years. It results that the \$16,000, secured through the efforts of men friendly to the interests of the Patent Office, benefit the Land Office instead of the Patent Office, for the former has just so much more space to spread out in.

Not until the entire building is given up to the exclusive use of the Patent Office will this important branch of the government's prosperity be able to promptly and properly transact the business brought before it. And probably ampler facilities will not be afforded until manufacturers and inventors unite in demanding that their interests receive just recognition.

By act of the Confederate Congress, approved May 21, 1861, the seceding states established a Patent Office at Richmond, Va. The "patent fund" of this office was set apart for the exclusive use of its business, and did not belong to the general treasury; nor was it subject to be drawn upon for any other purpose than for the benefit of the Patent Office itself. At the beginning of the year 1863, a surplus amounting to \$2,607.97 had accumulated. In the report of the commissioner, Rufus R. Rhodes, for the year 1863, reference was made to the success of the office in the following language:

"And even within the short period that has

elapsed since the organization of the Confederate States Patent Office, the present law has been in successful operation; and notwithstanding that the minds of our people have been diverted from the pursuits of peace, and a majority of our thinking men have been in the army, and hence removed quite away from the walks of invention, it is not too much to say that it has earned some little measure of reputation as a useful and meritorious establishment."

The receipts during the year 1863 were \$5,670.00, and the expenditures \$5,769.65, the revenues falling a little behind the outlays; 114 applications were filed and 89 patents granted, nearly one half relating to fire-arms and ordnance. One patent was issued to a citizen of Bavaria for a design for a bust of "Stonewall" Jackson. A citizen of the Union applying for a patent would have been treated as a foreign subject.

The report of the commissioner was largely devoted to a discussion of the evils which would arise were a system of registration adopted, which measure was being advocated by many interested in patents. As to the scheme the commissioner said:

"In a new country like our own, just starting out on a new and independent career of national life, it would, indeed, be a hazardous experiment. . . . In a country where invention is still in its infancy, and needs the most kindly fosterage and encouragement, it would assuredly be attended with the most disastrous results. It would crush to death all disposition and effort on the part of our people to cultivate natural philosophy and the kindred arts and sciences, and place them, after the war, in the same position of helpless dependency to our bitter foes which they held before the war, and force us once more to look to these enemies for nearly every appliance of comfort and convenience required in the economy of the humblest home in our land."

The report closes with the injunction,

"Unless the enemy shall speedily be driven back, and the area of our territory that is in communication with the seat of government [Confederate] shall be thus enlarged, it can hardly be expected that a considerable falling off of revenue will not take place during the present year."

During the same year the United States Patent Office received 6,014 applications, granted 4,170 patents; received \$195,593.29, and expended \$189,414.14. In war implements there were 214 patents, and 490 in

agriculture. Commissioner D. P. Holloway commented as follows in his report:

"Although the happy time foretold by prophecy has not yet come, when the nation shall know war no more, the sword and the spear still yield to the plowshare and pruning-hook, and the arts of peace hold supremacy over the arts of war."

"Although the country has been engaged in a war which would have seemed to tax to the utmost all its energies, the applications for patents for the last year have been equalled in only two former years; and yet one half of our territory, shrouded in the cloud of rebellion, has contributed nothing to invention or human improvement."

The Patent Office having demonstrated that it had the right to begin, to exist, to create, and to advance the commercial interests of the nation, as well as add to the intellectual property of the world, the American system—recognized as the most efficient and acknowledged as superior to any foreign system—having overcome the objections of all competitors, who now pattern their laws and conduct of affairs therefrom, who can assert that it has not the right to continue, and to receive the earnest support of every patriotic citizen and the encouragement of every wise legislator? Important amendments are demanded in the statutes, and measures are needed to relieve the commissioner of embarrassment in the mode of administering his office to the best interests of its patrons.

It should always be borne in mind that its relation to the government is different from that of any other bureau, in that it never has been and never was intended to be a tax upon the people or a source of revenue to the government. It has however proved to be the latter. The inventors and manufacturers have from its early organization paid into the office more than enough to conduct its affairs. Congress encourages various sciences, adopts measures for agricultural developments, enacts special legislation for mining industries, appropriates money to conduct experiments for producing rain, and opens the treasury for innumerable improvements; why should not equal generosity be extended to the institution on which our national prosperity so largely rests, and which has been the direct instrument in effecting the wonderful expansion in all the arts and sciences?

At the beginning of 1892 the patents of this

country numbered 476,271. In the flash of a century our inventions have surpassed in importance and value those of all other nations. The activity in the field of invention to-day is almost incredible. Electric motive force in this country has a history of only six years, and already one fourth of the street railway lines are operated wholly or in part by electricity. On October 26, 1886, the basic patent was granted which led to the development of the art of distributing electricity for lighting purposes, by means of alternating

currents and inductive converters. To-day the villages and towns dotting the vast prairies now enjoy the luxury of the arc light, the industries of teeming commercial centers go on uninterruptedly, and night and darkness no longer form the boundary line between the beginning and cessation of labor. The strides in these inventions are hardly more remarkable than in others; in all directions they have been so stupendous that he is indeed omniscient who ventures to predict the progress of the next decade.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF PLANTS.

BY GERALD McCARTHY, B.Sc.

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## II.—PLANT PHYSIOLOGY.

**P**LANTS are organized living beings and as such require food, air, sunlight, and rest. Like animals, plants absorb and digest nutriment and use the digested material for increasing their own form or bulk and for propagating their species.

Plants normally feed only upon inorganic materials,—mineral salts from the earth and gaseous carbon from the air. Carbon forms more than one half the gross weight of an air-dried plant and all of this came from the air where it exists as gaseous carbon dioxide. This gas is absorbed through small openings in the epidermis of the leaves, called *stomata*.\* These are true breathing pores and are so abundant on most green leaves that one square inch of leaf surface of the common garden lilac includes no less than 120,000. The black walnut and some other trees have even more than this. On most plants these pores occur only rarely or not at all on the upper surface of the leaves, but always on the under surface.

Fig. 1 shows the *stomata* on a fragment of lily leaf, much magnified.

The *stomata* open into intercellular spaces surrounded by cells containing chlorophyl, the substance which gives color to leaves. Chlorophyl is a form of protoplasm which in the presence of sunlight and sufficient heat and moisture decomposes carbon dioxide in the cells of plant leaves and from the carbon thus set free and the moisture and salts

brought up from the soil organizes starch and other compound substances suitable for plant growth. How it effects this decomposition and recombination no one knows; it is one of the secrets of life. A chemical solution of chlorophyl possesses no such power.

Carbon dioxide is composed of one molecule of carbon and two of oxygen. For each compound molecule thus decomposed two molecules of oxygen are set free. This returns to the air through the pore by which it

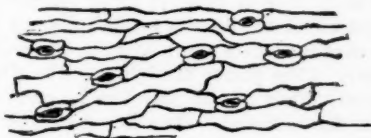


Fig. 1.

entered. Carbon dioxide is deleterious to human and animal life when taken into the lungs. Plants thus act as living filters which purify the atmosphere by freeing it from the carbon dioxide which otherwise would soon render the air unbreathable by men and animals.\*

As we have seen, chlorophyl, which is the

\* The chemical rays of the sunbeam acting in plant cells containing chlorophyl tear apart the molecules of carbon dioxide setting the oxygen free. In this work a certain quantity of force is absorbed and remains latent in the carbon. When the carbon (wood) is ignited in the presence of oxygen it again forms carbon dioxide and the force latent in the carbon becomes active and we call it heat. The heat of a coal or wood fire is merely a sort of preserved sunlight.—G. McC.

\* See note at end of article.



active agent in the decomposition of carbon dioxide, acts only during sunlight. No clearing of the air, therefore, occurs at night and but little during cloudy days. This brings up the often discussed question as to the healthfulness of plants in living rooms. There can be no question as to the healthfulness and desirability of plants in rooms occupied during the day, provided such plants get plenty of sunlight and are kept in vigorous, healthy condition. Aside from their moral

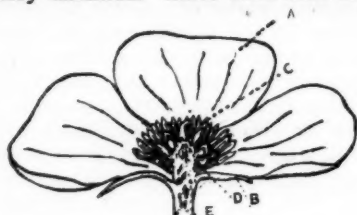


Fig. 2.

and esthetic value such plants help to purify the air.

But plants in rooms occupied at night behave altogether differently. In the water absorbed by the roots of plants there is always dissolved considerable carbon dioxide. Even at night there is more or less evaporation from the leaves, and by the suction thus created water is continually being pumped up from the soil. The chlorophyl being inactive at night the carbon dioxide escapes through the pores of the leaves along with the evaporated water. Thus plants at night serve to vitiate the air. They should therefore be excluded from the bedrooms. The flowers of plants possess no chlorophyl and hence at all times give off more or less carbon dioxide. Such plants are therefore less desirable in rooms than foliage plants; but when the rooms are well ventilated the amount of carbon dioxide flowers give off never amounts to enough to do harm.

The substances plants absorb from the soil are principally potash, phosphoric acid, nitrates, lime, and magnesia. Iron in small quantities, soda, silica, and other elements are taken up by most plants. These substances, dissolved in the water in the soil, enter the root-hairs or spongioles of plants by the law of endosmosis and once within the sap vessels are carried up from cell to cell partly by the force of capillary attraction, but chiefly by the suction caused by evaporation from the leaves, buds, and bark of young wood, and the consump-

tion of elaborated \* sap by buds and growing points.

The crude sap ascends through the inner "sap wood" and after reaching the leaves and being there elaborated into organic compounds descends through the young bark, being diminished on the way by the calls of buds and growing branches. Some portion eventually reaches the root tips where it entered and is there deposited, adding to the growth of the parts. Thus we see that in plants there is a circulation of sap analogous to the circulation of blood in animals.

We do not often speak of plants as possessing sex. This is because the vast majority of our more common plants are bisexual; that is, the flowers possess both male and female organs. The central part of the flower, including the pistil and ovary, is the female organ. The stamens are the male organs.

The sketch of a buttercup flower, Fig. 2, will afford us an opportunity to define the different organs of a flower. A A A are three petals, or floral leaves. B is one of the stamens or calyx leaves; C are the stamens, D the pistils, E the flower stalk, or pedicel. The sexual organs of the flower being the parts of most importance in plant analysis the different parts of each organ have been given special names.

Fig. 3 shows a very common type of

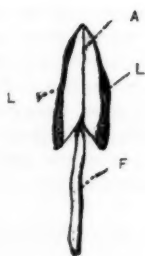


Fig. 3.

stamen. The whole organ is called a stamen. The part A including L, L, is called the anther; L, L, are the pollen cells. The yellow powder they contain when mature is called pollen; the stalk F is called the filament.

Fig. 4 is a common type of pistil. R is the receptacle, or stalk which supports the



Fig. 4.

\* Or assimilated.



ovary. O is the ovary, containing ovules or seeds. T is the style; S, the stigma, or sensitive surface of the style. When a young flower is formed in the bud the various parts of all the organs are formed. The ovary then contains the embryos of seeds, but unless these are fertilized by the pollen from a stamen of the same flower, or some other flower of the same species, the embryo seeds, called ovules, abort and wither away. Before an ovule can be fertilized the pollen from the anther must be deposited on the stigma of the pistil. Once deposited there, each pollen grain sends out a tube which grows downward through the style until it pierces the ovary, and eventually a tube finds its way through a small opening, called a micropyle, in the end of the ovule and there mingles or loses itself in the substance of the ovule which it fertilizes by the act. The ovule now becomes a true seed capable of producing a new plant.

Although the majority of our common plants possess bisexual flowers, there are a good many species which have the sexes in different flowers. When the sexes are in different flowers but still on the same plant, the plant is said to be monoecious, from two Greek words signifying "in one house."

A familiar example of this kind of plant is our common maize. In this case the "tassel" is the staminate or male organs; the "ear" is the female organ; the "silk," the stigmas and styles combined. Examination of an ear of corn "in the silk" will show that each thread of the silk is attached at the end to a kernel of corn and that there are as many threads as there are kernels on the ear.

There is still another class of plants which have flowers of only one sex on each plant. That is to say, the male, or staminate, flowers are on one plant and the female, or pistillate, flowers on another plant. Such plants are called dioecious, from two Greek words meaning "in two houses." In this case it requires the concurrence of two separate plants to produce a true seed. Examples of dioecious plants are hop, nettle, and spurge. The date palm is a celebrated example of dioecious plants.

The object of nature in separating the sexes is evidently to insure "fresh blood" in each new generation. The better to insure this end many apparently bisexual flowers have curious and even wonderful contrivances for preventing self-fertilization and for obtaining pollen from other flowers.

The most common arrangement is to have

the stamens and stigma reach their active state at different times.

Insects are, however, the agents most depended upon in this commerce. Among wild plants the form, color, fragrance, and the nectar secreted by the flowers are all baits for attracting insects, which flitting from flower to flower carry the pollen.

Some plants like our maize and the majority of grasses depend upon the wind for bringing fertilizing pollen. Such flowers are invariably inconspicuous, so much so indeed that most people are inclined to deny that grasses have flowers at all.

The orchid [or'kid] family of plants has been more highly modified by insect agency than any other. This family is sparingly represented in the northern temperate zone,\* but here its flowers do not differ very much from our common types. The gorgeous orchid flowers we see in conservatories are produced by tropical species. The strange shapes and markings have been brought about by the selective power of the large moths which abound in tropical countries and visit these flowers in search of nectar.

Although the vast majority of plants have bisexual flowers and are capable of self-fertilization, cross fertilization is the general rule. Cross fertilization produces more robust plants than self-fertilization and when it comes to a life and death struggle the more robust plants survive and propagate their peculiar type.

We usually speak of a plant as an individual, but the term is thus frequently misapplied. The word individual comes from the Latin *individuus*, meaning that which cannot be divided without destroying or curtailing its natural cycle of life and activity. The ability to provide for future generations of its kind is one of the necessary characteristics of an organized being. Hence plants which possess dioecious or unisexual flowers are not true individuals; it requires a male and a female plant to represent the individual.

Again it is found that flower buds on hard wooded plants may be removed from the parent branch or stem and inserted into a branch or stem of an altogether different plant where it will thrive as well, or even better, than if left on its parent stem. The bud grows and becomes in time a branch and a tree bearing thousands of buds and fruit,

\* A well-known representative of the orchid family is the lady's slipper.

according to its own nature. We may thus have peaches growing on the trunk and roots of a plum or quince tree. In fact, most of our better varieties of apples, pears, and peaches are grown from "budded" stocks. Gardeners often graft different kinds of buds, peach, apple, pear, and cherry, upon one trunk, thus producing a tree which seems to bear several different kinds of fruit.

As a bud when thus severed from its native stem is able to carry out its full cycle of life work and to reproduce other buds like itself, it is a true individual. A peach, apple, or pear tree, which is fairly covered with flower buds, is not one individual but a colony of individuals having a common trunk and root.

The question is often discussed whether certain edible parts of plants are fruits or vegetables. The decision from a scientific standpoint is very easy to make. A "fruit" is the ovary, or seed case, of any plant. An apple, peach, or cherry is a true fruit, because it incloses the seed of the plant. Pea and bean pods are true fruits, as are also tomatoes, melons, pumpkins, peppers, and an ear of corn in the husk, and a head of unthreshed wheat. But cabbage heads, all roots, celery and rhubarb stalks, asparagus, and, in short, all parts of plants which do not contain seeds, are not true fruits and are more properly called vegetables.

Another question often debated is what constitutes a weed. There is in nature no such thing as a weed. The distinction is purely human and artificial. We may call any plant a weed which obtrudes itself where it is not wanted. Wheat plants in the flower garden and flowering plants in the wheat field are equally weeds. The plants most commonly called weeds are those which with inveterate persistency force their presence into our fields and gardens, crowding out the useful plants whose seeds we have sown.

It is even thought by many people that the weeds which so plentifully appear where no weed seed was sown arise by spontaneous generation from the mineral elements of the soil. This is a mistake.

So far as we know or science can teach, no organized body has ever sprung directly from inorganic materials. "Like produces like," and no plant ever grows except where a seed or piece of a similar plant has preceded it. The popular talk about spontaneous generation and the origin of life is very unscientific speculation.

The reason why the weeds of cultivated grounds are so obtrusive is because, by the continued "survival of the fittest" in the war waged against them by the husbandman and by other species, these plants have developed at length wonderful powers of seed production, or contrivances for disseminating and protecting their seeds. On the other hand our cultivated plants having been petted and protected from free competition for ages have at length in a great measure lost their natural stamina, and when the weather or some other accident restrains human aid and gives the weeds an opportunity, our cultivated plants make a sorry fight.

One of our most notorious weeds is chess or cheat grass which in wet seasons sometimes takes entire possession of wheat and oat fields. Farmers often say that under stress of the weather their wheat has turned to chess. The real fact is that wheat belongs to a particular and well-defined genus called by botanists *Triticum*. Chess belongs to a different but well-known genus called *Bromus*. Wheat having for over four thousand years been artificially cultivated and protected has become physically degenerate. Chess having been allowed to shift for itself, or been ruthlessly hunted, has by the continued survival of the strongest individuals increased its native stamina. Wheat is favored by rather dry weather, chess by wet weather; hence when wheat is sown upon ground already infested by self-sown chess seed, and the season proves very moist, the chess gets the upper hand and smothers the wheat. But there has been no transmutation of genus. The chess came from chess seeds not from wheat seeds. It is just as impossible for the weather to cause wheat to turn to chess as it is to cause a sheep to turn to a goat or a horse to a cow.

Of all our cultivated cereals wheat, *Triticum vulgare*, has been longer cultivated than any other. It was probably first cultivated in the valley of the Euphrates 5,000 to 4,000 years B.C. No specimens of indigenous wild wheat have ever been found within the historical period.

Two-rowed barley, *Hordeum distichon*, has been cultivated nearly as long as wheat, and was first cultivated in the temperate regions of western Asia and Arabia. There are two other varieties of barley, the four-rowed and six-rowed, which are varieties of the original two-rowed species. Two-rowed barley is still

found wild about the Caspian and Red Seas. The four and six-rowed varieties are extinct in a wild state.

Rye, *Secale cereale*, has been cultivated less than half as long as barley. Its original home seems to have been eastern Europe, Hungary, Roumania, and adjacent regions. It is not now found anywhere in a wild state.

The oat, *Avena sativa*, seems to have come into cultivation about the same time and in the same region as rye. It also is extinct in the wild state.

The sorghums, or sugar cane, *Sorghum vulgare* and *S. saccharatum*, are natives of Central Africa, whence they were brought in prehistoric times. They are not now found wild anywhere.

Rice, *Oryza sativa*, has been cultivated in China since prehistoric times. From China its cultivation spread to India and was brought to Europe by the returning soldiers of Alexander. It reached America by way of Africa during the present century. It still exists wild in China.

Maize, or corn, *Zea Mays*, is the sole contribution of the New World to the list of cereals. It was unknown in the Old World before the voyages of Columbus and Cabot. From philological and geographical evidences, maize seems to have been cultivated by the native races of the Western Continent about as long as barley in the Old World. Its original home seems to have been the table-land of Central America. There is but one true species of maize, the different kinds such as field, sweet, and pop corn are mere cultural varieties.

All the cereal grains above mentioned are scientifically considered true grasses. Buckwheat, *Fagopyrum esculentum*, is the only cereal which does not belong to the grass family. Buckwheat belongs to the smartweed family, or *Polygonaceæ*. Buckwheat has been cultivated only about two thousand years. Its original home was probably Eastern Siberia and Manchuria. It was introduced into Europe in the fifth century of the Christian era. From Europe it was brought to America. Buckwheat is still found wild in the countries supposed to be its original home.

The study of geological strata proves that vast numbers of species of plants which once existed on the earth are now extinct. Radical changes of climate and of the contour of the earth's surface must always result in the

wholesale destruction of plant life, and this has undoubtedly been the case in terrestrial convulsions and cataclysms to which geology bears evidence. As such changes in climate occurred in former geological ages, they may occur again, and our present flora may be swept away as completely as the now extinct floras whose remains are found imbedded in the rocks.

Should any such cataclysm occur, most or all of our more highly developed types of plant life would be destroyed. Some of the lower, less developed, and therefore more plastic types would be able to accommodate themselves to the new climate and environment, and starting from these a new chain of evolution would begin and would develop in time a new flora which might be very different from that with which we are familiar. There is another and active factor at work tending to change our flora. This is the progress of civilization and the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. As countries become more populous, less and less land will be allowed to grow up wild. Every foot of arable soil will eventually be needed to produce food and fiber plants, and the useless species or "weeds" will be exterminated. As the economically useful species form but a very small percentage of the flora of any country, from this cause alone we may predict for the flora of the near future a far greater monotony in appearance and very great restriction as to species.

Carbon dioxide—A chemical compound of carbon and oxygen.

Ep-i-der'mis—The skin or covering of a leaf.

Stöm-a-ta—Breathing pores of leaves.

Chlorophyl [klō'ro-fil]—Green coloring matter of leaves.

Prō'to-plāsm—Living organic matter not organized into cells. It is the basis of life.

Oxygen—One of the elementary gases of the air.

Spōn'g-i-oles—The growing tips of roots.

Ru-dös-mō'sis—The penetration of a membrane by a liquid.

Stā'men—The male organ of a flower.

Pöllen—The fertilizing powder of a stamen.

Fil'a-ment—The stalk of a stamen which supports the anther.

Ovary—The seed case of a flower.

Pistil—The female organ of a flower.

Style—The stalk of the pistil which supports the stigma.

Stig'mä—The sensitive surface of the pistil.

Ovüles—Young seeds before they are fertilized.

Mī'cro-pyle—The opening through which the stamen tube enters the ovule.

Monœcious [mō nē'shus]—Having unisexual flowers of both sexes on the same plant.

Dioecious [di ē'shus]—Having flowers of one sex only on the same plant.—G. McC.

End of Required Reading for May.

## IN HOLLAND.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

LEAGUE upon league of low and level land ;  
Long poplar lines and willows silvery ;  
Windmills with giant arms that seem to be  
Uneasy ever ; slender spires that stand  
Against a changeful sky, now dark, now bland,  
As veer the breezes from the northern sea ;  
Sleek herds that graze in meadows peacefully ;  
And water-ways by small, quaint bridges spanned.

This land is Holland ; but should ocean rise,  
As on some murky night perchance it may,  
And smite and burst the mighty barrier-wall,  
Then there will lie, when dawns the grim, gray day,  
A watery waste beneath the weeping skies,  
Death and the sea triumphant over all.

## FLOWER SHOWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY SAMUEL A. WOOD.

SELDOM has Flora had a more resplendent shrine than that at which her devotees gathered, in Madison Square Garden, New York, last November. No exhibition of flowers ever attracted such multitudes, and none ever exercised more potent influence over a larger territory. Any stranger in the metropolis might have known that there was a great chrysanthemum show in progress. For the space of a week the entire town was under the spell of the royal flower of Japan and China. Brilliant blossoms nodded from the bosoms of fashionable promenaders in Fifth Avenue, and flowers of less aristocratic lineage adorned the corsages of shop and factory girls. Elegant loungers considered their toilet incomplete without a gorgeous chrysanthemum as a *boutonnière*, and swains with homes in the tenement districts went sparking with one flower on the lapel and another in the hand for their sweethearts. Shop windows were radiant with chrysanthemums, and they crowded all other flowers from the stands on the streets and in the stations of the elevated railroads. They bloomed on every train that rumbled out of the many stations connecting the metropolis with its populous environs.

The great show was like a colossal, efflorescent pinwheel, scattering its prismatic glories in every direction.

Some of the young women who wore the splendid flower probably could not pronounce its name, and knew little or nothing of its history, but that did not prevent them from admiring and cherishing it. To them a chrysanthemum by any other name, or no name at all, would have appeared just as beautiful. They doubtless felt about the matter much like Peter Bell, to whom

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

The chrysanthemum show was a success not only from the point of view of a floricultural artist, but it was an unexampled success financially. Some florists declare that it was not quite as fine, although much larger, than the show of the preceding spring held in the Lenox Lyceum. The populace not directly interested in the cultivation of flowers did not know of the existence of this spring exhibition because the New York Florists' Club neglected to advertise it. Its roses were born to blush unseen except by a



select few. The club profited by its experience in the spring, and last fall every newspaper had much to say in its news columns about the chrysanthemum show. The managers of the show discovered the force of an axiom, well known to the newspaper profession, that the way to make the news editor appreciative is to leave a check in the business department.

More than ten thousand people visited the show daily. They saw the finest specimens of the wondrous flower on this side of the Atlantic. To the varied delights of the eye were added the symphonies of a celebrated orchestra. The sensitive petals danced to the melodies as thousands strolled along the fern- and chrysanthemum-bordered paths of the amphitheater, festooned with nearly two thousand Chinese lanterns, illumined by as many electric lights.

A unique feature of the show was a booth in the middle of the garden, with a dome of Florida smilax, from the interior of which there was suspended a large lantern brilliant with numerous little incandescent lights. Under the rays of these lights three pretty girls in Japanese costume sold flowers. Of course all the young men patronized the make-believe Japanese maidens and increased the profits of the show. Among other attractive and novel features were two varieties of scarlet-flowered, potted French cannas, sent by Mr. James Dean, president of the Society of American Florists. They are plants designed for winter decorations, and are new to American cultivation.

Chrysanthemums were not the only flowers shown. The display of orchids and roses was large, and there were mignonette, carnations, and ferns innumerable. Fashion set the seal of its approval on the show and thus largely contributed to its success. Representatives of "The Four Hundred" occupied boxes every night. The prizes and premiums were larger than ever before offered at any show, and to win them, and a modicum of glory, florists came from points as far east as Boston and as far south as Philadelphia.

The first day of the show was devoted to the display of specimen plants and cut flowers. Succeeding days witnessed the exhibition of varieties new to cultivation, new seedlings not in commerce, mantel decorations, a special display of carnations, dinner table decorations of chrysanthemums, and special displays of violets and mignonette.

E-May.

The educational influences of the show were considerable. The prediction of the exhibitors that a host of amateurs would be inspired to cultivate the noble flower has been realized. The prestige of the club was enhanced beyond the anticipations of the members. There were twenty-five applications for membership before the show was half over. The newspapers never lent their aid so generously to any exhibition of flowers. They printed special articles by floricultural experts telling all about the chrysanthemum. The public, unfamiliar with the royal plant, learned that it came originally from Japan and China. They found out that the Japanese had chrysanthemum shows one thousand years ago, when our ancestors in Europe were yet barbarians.

The chrysanthemum is the imperial or government seal for public business, and is embroidered on the flags and banners and printed on all the official documents of the very flowery kingdom. Of the Mikado's two crests, one is a representation of the chrysanthemum. Since the Restoration of 1868 the soldiers of the imperial army have worn the flower—or, rather, an artistic reproduction of it—as a frontlet on their caps.

The Japanese chrysanthemum is large, shaggy, and suggests a mop that has been dipped in a rainbow. It is grown more and is more generally admired than the Chinese flower, which is medium-sized, symmetrical, and semi-globular. The Japanese floriculturists, who are nothing if not fanciful, spend almost as much time inventing new names for new flowers as in rearing the flowers. They have the advantage of their American contemporaries in a vocabulary full of words that mean a whole sentence. Some of the names—translated into English—give delightfully vague impressions of what the flowers are like. For instance: A Thousand Sparks, Hand of a Devil, Moon in the Window, Autumn Mist, Heavenly Beauty, Yellow River, Eye of a Snake, Ten Thousand Times Sprinkled with Gold.

The flowers of high pedigree are so numerous now in the United States that there are not enough purely descriptive names to go around. So the florists have taken to calling special varieties after a favorite customer, a cherished friend, or a distinguished public man or woman. One of the most beautiful of the ostrich plume, or hairy-petaled, chrysanthemums is called Mrs. Alpheus Hardy.

It is a white flower and was known in Japan as the Mikado's Palace. It was sent to Mrs. Hardy by a young Japanese, once a protégé of hers, who has since returned to his native country. It belongs to a variety that is not common, even in Japan, and has been seen outside of that country only within the last four or five years. Mr. A. H. Fewkes, a florist near Boston, obtained the famous flower from Mrs. Hardy and sold it to Messrs. Pitcher and Manda for \$1,500. It is now grown all over the country. Some florists have obtained seedlings from it excelling it in its peculiar style of beauty.

Mr. K. Miyabe, a Japanese botanist, tells us that the gardeners of Tokio annually rear many rare and splendid varieties of the chrysanthemum for the garden of the emperor by special order, and there is an imperial show every year. The members of the cabinet, the foreign ministers, and a few other distinguished persons, Mr. Miyabe writes in regard to a recent show, were invited by the court to the "chrysanthemum banquet" by special order; on the following day the higher officers of the government and the nobles were permitted to look at the flowers. One of the beds of plants, roofed with oiled paper screens to protect the flowers from the sun and frost, was filled with plants having "threadlike petals, drooping in tassels like a waterfall. Another bed contained about four hundred and twenty plants of about sixty different varieties. Each plant was allowed to bear only one flower, and the diameter of the flowers averaged fifteen or sixteen inches. This bed seemed to be the crowning show of the day. The banquet was held in an arbor set up on the lawn just in front of the bed."

To glorify the chrysanthemum has been the leading purpose of all the large autumn shows held in recent years anywhere in the United States. There are other flowers in profusion at these shows, but the queenliest is the royal one that blooms in the somber season of falling leaves, when bright tints are a delight to the eye and a solace to the soul.

The credit of popularizing the chrysanthemum in America belongs largely to Mr. John Thorpe, at present Chief of the Floricultural Department at the World's Fair at Chicago. The Chinese variety was first introduced into European gardens in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was not until 1862 that

the fantastic, sweetly disorderly Japanese flower made its appearance in England. It immediately became the favorite with the people, although the professional florists were not at first inclined to advocate its cultivation.

The Chinese flower made its first appearance at an American show in 1830 in sixteen varieties. The first special exhibition of chrysanthemums, both Japanese and Chinese, was held by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society on November 14, 1868. There was another one-day show in 1879, a two-day show in 1883, and a three-day show in 1886. The society now has a four-day show, at which some of the most glorious of the Japanese varieties may be seen.

Boston and its neighborhood are famous for floricultural genius, skill, and enterprise. Mr. E. M. Woods, of Newton, near Boston, took the first premium for cut flowers in the Madison Square Garden show. He exhibited a collection of fifty varieties, one bloom of a kind, with leafy stems about a foot long, that easily eclipsed everything in their class, notwithstanding their journey of nearly two hundred and fifty miles.

New York heretofore has been behind Philadelphia and Boston in the excellence of its flower shows. The Bostonians do not have large shows, but they have them often, and they are always worth going to see. In proportion to her population Boston has more landowners in the suburbs with a fondness for floriculture. The Boston growers are essentially progressive. They have never had a period of stagnation comparable with that which has affected New York at frequent intervals in the last fifteen years. The amateurs are numerous in the Boston district, and are always enthusiastic. Dr. Henry P. Walcott of Cambridge was among the first growers in the United States to cultivate the chrysanthemum. He grew a large number of varieties and won renown at the Boston flower shows, where his worthiest competitor was C. M. Atkinson, an old English gardener of Brookline.

Philadelphia is quite equal to Boston in its love for flowers and for the fame of its floral exhibitions. As in England, there are clubs in Philadelphia devoted exclusively to the cultivation of single plants. The shows are more numerous than in New York, which usually has not more—and sometimes less—than two a year, one in the spring and the other in the fall. But there are numerous

private shows in the city and its vicinity, mostly by commercial florists. Pitcher and Manda of Short Hills, N. J., give a show every autumn. Mr. William Brown of Flatbush, Long Island, has a show every year, and devotes the entire proceeds to some charitable institution. The result of his philanthropic work in 1891 amounted to \$1,402, and went to the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives. Mr. Andrew S. Fuller of Ridgewood, N. J., a grower of chrysanthemums, gives a free exhibition every year. He presents a bunch of flowers to every lady who visits his show, and sells neither plants nor flowers. Messrs. Peter Henderson and Company also have a free show of chrysanthemums and gladioli every fall in their spacious store room, as big as an ordinary hall, in Cortlandt Street.

Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have not a monopoly of fine flower shows. The big cities of the West and Southwest have become worthy rivals of the East. Their florists' clubs and horticultural societies have their annual chrysanthemum shows and their spring shows, which are patronized with the liberality characteristic of the sections.

The matchless chrysanthemum show in Madison Square Garden gave a stimulus to floriculture in and around New York which, in the opinion of leading florists, will be productive of much good. The shows of the years immediately preceding 1891 were comparatively uninteresting. The florists are inclined to think that New York is in the beginning of a revival in floricultural art. The Florists' Club is making an effort to utilize some of the enthusiasm left over by appealing to the

members to create a home for the club. They believe that the possession of a home, somewhat on the order of those of the best clubs of professional men, will increase their prestige as an organization and advance their social and business interests.

In the opinion of prominent growers—both professional and amateur—New York is deficient in the fraternal rivalry which has contributed to make the Boston and Philadelphia shows so uniformly successful. The rival commercial interests of individual members have, in a measure, exerted a harmful influence on the exhibitions in New York. But it is proposed that there shall be hereafter a nobler spirit of competition.

New York has had, under the auspices of its old Horticultural Society, many notable shows. The enthusiasts say she will have many more within the next decade. There will be none this spring because of the inability of the Florists' Club to secure the Madison Square Garden. It would not do for them to give an inferior exhibition in a small hall after the wonderful show in the garden. They probably will complete an arrangement with the Madison Square Garden Company to secure the amphitheater of the superb structure—now recognized by the fashionable world as practically the only place to hold a great show of any kind—twice a year for the display of flowers. They have the promise of it for the coming fall, when they expect to have a show beside which all their former efforts will appear unimpressive, and whose fame will create, in cities near and remote, an emulous spirit that will make the land smile with blossoms.

## TREATMENT OF THE POOR IN CITIES.

BY C. G. TRUESDELL, D.D.

General Supt. of Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

THE proper treatment of the dependent and defective classes has largely engaged the attention of statesmen and philanthropists in all civilized countries. Many theories have been advanced and many experiments tried, but there has never been a time in the world's history when so much earnest thought has been given to the subject as now. We realize that it is one of the great questions of the day, and that it is not

to be answered by tossing each beggar "a piece of gold in scorn," after the manner of Sir Launfal in Lowell's poem.

It is now pretty generally conceded that certain well-defined classes should be provided for by the state. There are established and maintained in nearly all the states of the Union, appropriate institutions for the care and especial treatment respectively of adult criminals, juvenile offenders, the insane, the

blind, deaf mutes, and feeble-minded children. Persons belonging to any of these classes should not be permitted to remain in poor families, thereby preventing the family from being self-supporting, or allowing them to use their unfortunate members as arguments for charity. All of the above, whether rich or poor, can be better cared for by suitable restraint and treatment in state institutions. Many of them are thus restored and trained for usefulness in life.

The term *charitable* should not be applied to institutions supported by the state, county, or city, but only to those which are supported by voluntary contributions of private citizens. Charity is synonymous with benevolence, or love, or sympathy with suffering, and a desire and effort to relieve it by personal sacrifice. There is no love or charity proper in institutions founded by law, and supported by forced contributions, or taxation. This is simply a provision of government for the protection of the citizen, and for the best interests of society. The term might with as much propriety be applied to the courts, which are simply for the enforcement of individual rights and for the protection of society. This being a legitimate function of government, it is lawful to make such arrangements, in all particulars, as the best interests of the state demand. It is not for the best interest of the state that the dependent and defective classes should be thrown upon their own resources or left to perish. None should be allowed to exhibit their deformities, or to use them as an excuse for begging, and thus demoralize the public and oppress the few charitably inclined. Hence, none of any class who are permanently and hopelessly at a disadvantage, should be aided by private charity, but should be compelled to accept such provision as is made for them by the state, county, or city.

The homeless sick or sick members of poor families can be better cared for in hospitals, thus relieving the family, and giving the patient a better chance for recovery.

Friendless children not criminal or feeble-minded are proper subjects for orphan asylums or children's aid societies and industrial homes, not to be permanently detained and reared in the atmosphere of charity, but to be placed, as soon as possible, in private families where they will have the benefit of proper home influences, as well as education and training in some useful employment.

The permanently disabled and chronic paupers are accepted as subjects for the respective cities and counties in which they reside, and are provided for in poorhouses, or by regular outdoor relief suited to their circumstances, at the discretion of county commissioners, supervisors, or poormaster. The practice of shipping them to other places and shifting the pecuniary burden of their support on other cities or counties cannot be too strongly condemned.

Transient, single, able-bodied persons, male and female, of good habits, who will work at anything they can do, and for market price, should be assisted in all practicable ways to find employment. Homes for the friendless, as a temporary shelter for women and children, wood yards and laundries conducted simply for the purpose of enabling these classes to earn their meals and lodging until better work can be found, have proved very useful. Vagrants, tramps, and all who seek to "live by their wits" should be excluded from any provision made for the care and relief of respectable poor people. This may seem at first sight harsh and cruel. Many persons will persist in feeding and furnishing with clothing and money every beggar who applies, without reference to his real needs or character, or without even attempting an investigation. It has been demonstrated, time and again, that many, if not all, of those who go about from house to house, and from office to office, are vagrants who will not work, and sometimes worse. Many of them certainly are thieves and spies who carefully observe the doors and windows about the premises, and take special pains to cultivate the acquaintance of servants with a view to future visits. Many burglaries, and not a few murders and outrages of all sorts, are justly laid to these vagabonds. Hardly one of them but carries unmistakable signs of dissipation.

It is a mistaken kindness to do anything for such persons, because they are thereby encouraged in their viciousness. It is also a crime against society, because it puts a premium upon indolence, and annuls the wholesome law, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." It is no charity to do anything for any person which he can do for himself.

The uniform excuse of all tramps and able-bodied beggars is that they cannot find work. In times of financial depression it is not easy, if at all possible, for all persons to find steady



work, at their favorite employment, at full wages. But it is not extravagant to say that any man who knows how to do anything at all, and is willing to take such work as he can get, and do it at such price as may be offered, can certainly find something more respectable, if not more lucrative, than street begging.

Winter being the dull season for many kinds of work, beggars then do most abound. It must be remembered that many classes of men do not expect work in winter. Sailors on the lakes and canals, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and laborers who wait upon these receive large wages for seven or nine months in the year because they are supposed to be unemployed for the remaining months. Most of these, however, find employment a part of the time at their regular business, even in winter, or are able to turn their hand to something else. Many kinds of business flourish in winter. Packing and canning of meats, putting up ice, lumbering, clearing car tracks, as well as sidewalk walks, of snow and ice—all these furnish employment to thousands of men who would otherwise be without work.

The tramp and street-begging nuisance will never be stopped so long as mistaken kindness continues to feed and clothe able-bodied strangers, and it will die out so soon as all unite in refusing to give anything whatever to any person, under any circumstances, without investigation, either personal or through some appropriate organization to which all applicants can be referred. The trouble is that most persons would rather compromise with their conscience by throwing a few pennies into a beggar's hat than take the time and trouble to examine the case far enough to ascertain how much real estate or bank stock he may own. Such investigation will always show one of two things. Either the applicant needs much more than one is willing to risk upon a stranger, or, what is more likely to be the case, he is an impostor and deserves nothing.

Free lodging and soup houses have been established in many places; in others, a merely nominal price is charged. The objection to both is that they inevitably encourage voluntary mendicancy, and upon the whole, do more harm than good. Such forms of relief are, at best, adapted only to single, able-bodied men and women. Those who need and deserve soup cannot be properly re-

lieved with soup, and those who are satisfied with that do not deserve anything. Sick people and families cannot be benefited by such provision, and no others are entitled to it. It has been repeatedly shown that the recipient of such aid has very little respect for it or for those who furnish it. Complaints of quality and charges of favoritism and abuse constantly arise from those who are foremost to accept it.

None of the foregoing applies to resident men with families. Not one in a thousand of them ever begs from house to house. They nearly all belong to some society or fraternity. Shopmates and acquaintances share with each other in emergencies. The poor, as a rule, are much more charitable and liberal than the rich, and often shelter and share their loaf with those poorer than themselves. Only as a last resort do they apply to the authorities or relief societies.

Our protest is against helping single, able-bodied transient men and women or strangers, except through some public industry. This has no reference to sick men, though nearly all tramps profess to have recently come out of a hospital at some remote point, or to be disabled in such a manner as none but medical men can ascertain. These should always be referred to a dispensary or hospital, with which every city or town of importance is supplied. In their absence any physician will put a sick person in the way of procuring necessary aid. Police stations are always open, day and night, and never refuse temporary shelter or food to any worthy person, nor fail to put him in communication with such provision as exists for the care of all proper applicants.

Having disposed of the classes for which special provision is, or ought to be made, and indicated what we believe to be the proper method of providing for them, also of those classes for whom no provision of the nature of charity should be made, we come to consider the condition and wants of the poor in cities, and the proper method of treating all who are not embraced in any of the above classes. Of these there are several grades, and the treatment must be adapted to their circumstances.

In general, they are those persons who are usually self-supporting, or who make the best effort at self-support of which they are capable, but who in some emergency, such as lack of work or unusual sickness, are reduced

to an extremity from which they cannot extricate themselves. This presupposes industry, economy, and sobriety, and that their misfortunes are such as cannot be guarded against by ordinary prudence. These, if tided over, will maintain their self-respect and again become self-supporting so soon as the emergency is past. Relief, in such cases, should be prompt and adequate. As a rule, such persons are backward to seek and reluctant to accept aid, and will do so only when compelled by necessity. There are more of this class in every city than most people suppose, and their sufferings are known only to themselves.

There are many men with families, who on account of some infirmity are able to do but little, and are always at a disadvantage. They are the last to be employed and the first to be discharged.

There are good women with drunken or vagabond husbands, who never half provide for their families. There are deserted women or widows with several children, all requiring food and none of them able to earn anything, depending upon the mother who can scarcely earn at best, more than three dollars a week, which will do little more than cover the rent.

In short, there is an endless variety of cases and circumstances among the respectable poor of every city, not properly coming under the supervision of the authorities, and belonging to no church or society upon which they have any claim. These must be helped in some way, and to some extent, or be left to perish. If properly treated they can be saved and enabled to continue respectable and useful members of society, but if neglected they must inevitably drift into hopeless pauperism or crime.

Any effort to do this work is beset with difficulties. Any society organized for this purpose must soon become known to the public. Immediately it will be overrun with all manner of impostors whose fictitious tales of suffering would deceive any person not thoroughly conversant with every variety of character and able to discriminate closely.

In every undertaking of this kind some mistakes are inevitable. Respectable people will champion the cause of some person of whom they know nothing. Others will insist upon aid lavish enough to ruin any individual or society. Many who appear to be proper subjects, having once been aided, find it easier to depend upon charity than to work or to econ-

omize. Disappointed and rejected applicants and their friends will denounce the management, and charge upon the officers all manner of partiality and fraud. Other societies and institutions will attempt to throw upon it their own proper work, and criticise its methods and dispute its decisions whenever their recommendations are rejected.

With all this there is an important and indispensable work of this kind to be done in all cities. Those who engage in it and furnish the means to carry it on, must do it for the love of humanity, without expectation that it will be appreciated, either by the public or by the majority of the beneficiaries.

The method, measure, and kind of relief must be largely determined by the circumstances. The population of each city differs from that of any other, so that there is no patent or stereotyped method which must be adopted. There are no iron tracks, either broad or narrow gauge, upon which all societies must run.

In general, all applicants should be promptly, kindly, but thoroughly investigated, and the result in every case preserved in writing and filed for future reference. All changes in each particular case should be carefully added from time to time. Records of cases and their treatment should be preserved, because there may be an interval of several years between the first and second application. Co-operation by correspondence and exchange of courtesies with all societies and institutions engaged in similar work should, of course, be cultivated in order to prevent duplication, and to give and receive any desired information bearing upon the work.

The Chicago Relief and Aid Society has been in existence nearly thirty-five years. It is supported by voluntary contributions of the citizens, averaging from \$35,000 to \$40,000 a year. No solicitors are employed, the money being raised by the board of directors, many of whom are large contributors, and who secure donations from their friends and the leading business men by means of printed circulars and notices in the city papers, as well as by personal interviews. All moneys contributed pass into the hands of the treasurer, and all disbursements are certified by vouchers. Its accounts are duly audited once a month or oftener; and, in fact, all its transactions are conducted on sound business principles.

For the purpose of investigation it em-

employs paid visitors, many of them having had long experience. The nature and limitations of its work are shown by the following General Rules, which embody the results of its experience and the general principles by which its operations are guided :

Rule 1. The object of this Society is to aid such of the poor as through sickness or other misfortune require temporary assistance. The permanently dependent are not regarded as proper subjects, because if they should be relieved, the entire funds of the association would soon be exhausted in the support of a permanent list.

Rule 2. Each applicant for relief is regarded as entitled to charity until careful examination proves the contrary.

Rule 3. Relief is to be given only after personal investigation in each case, by visitation and inquiry by the superintendent or authorized visitor.

Rule 4. Relief is to be discontinued to all who manifest a determination to depend on alms, rather than on their own exertions for support.

Rule 5. Destitute persons sent from other cities should be referred to the county agent to be sent back to their former residence. Should we undertake the support of such persons, it would be offering a premium to other cities to send their poor to us to be supported.

Rule 6. Able-bodied men are not regarded as proper subjects for relief, but will be furnished employment directly by the superintendent, or sent to reliable employment agents with whom this society co-operates.

Rule 7. Applicants having claims upon other charities are to be furnished with a card directing them to the same.

Rule 8. It is an absolute condition of relief by this society that no persons receiving aid are to ask alms or assistance of the public, either on the street, at residence, or at place of business.

## PHRENOLOGY.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THERE is no science in all the list, with the possible exception of astronomy, which captivates the popular imagination as phrenology does. "Know thyself," the motto adopted by its votaries from the stores of ancient philosophy, has an irresistible attraction for the inquiring mind, and the promise held forth—that by studying the shape and outward expression of the head we may learn not only to measure our own capacities but those of all our fellows—is a loadstone to the curious as well as a challenge to the ambitious.

But perhaps some readers will object, at once, to the application of the word science to phrenology. Well, I do not insist upon it, but it is a very convenient term to describe the body of knowledge about the brain and its functions which has been accumulated within a century by the united efforts of many very earnest, and of some remarkably able men. And before we pronounce it all humbug, as some do, contemptuously dubbing it the "science of bumpology," let us be certain that we really know what phrenology is, and what its leaders claim for it. There is no bigot quite so unmerciful as the scientific bigot.

We all remember, at least all of us who spent our youth in the country, how the traveling professor of craniology used to come to the village hall and publicly examine the heads of the bumpkins who had sufficient courage to go upon the platform, to the great delight of their acquaintances, if not much to their own edification. The "professor" usually had a keener regard for the applause of his audience than for the feelings of his victim. Undoubtedly some of these peripatetic philosophers were earnest students of human nature and fairly represented the art or science of phrenology on its practical side; but it is to be feared that others were little better than mountebanks, and that the result of their expatiations was both to bring phrenology into contempt and to misrepresent, in a greater or less degree, its aims and methods.

Let us, then, put aside all preconceived notions and approach phrenology as a branch of human knowledge whose true measure we wish to take.

I suppose most readers remember the names of the two founders, or propounders, of phrenology, Gall and Spurzheim, both German physicians. Franz Joseph Gall was





of incompleteness. If they do not include all then the phrenologist must make room in his chart for the location of other faculties that may be recognized, just as some of the older astronomers made room for new constellations by cutting down the dimensions of the more ancient ones.

But the phrenologists have in a manner provided against this objection by making the definitions attached to their various organs both comprehensive and adjustable.

A glance at the accompanying chart (copied from a recent number of the *Phrenological Journal*) will show what the faculties and sentiments in question are. As most of the names on the chart are abbreviated, a list is here appended showing them in their full form:

1 Amativeness.	22 Constructiveness.
2 Conjugalitv.	23 Ideality.
3 Parental Love.	24 Sublimity.
4 Friendship.	25 Imitation.
5 Inhabitativeness.	26 Mirthfulness.
6 Continuity.	27 Individuality.
7 Vitativeness.	28 Form.
8 Combativeness.	29 Size.
9 Destructiveness.	30 Weight.
10 Alimentiveness.	31 Color.
11 Acquisitiveness.	32 Order.
12 Secretiveness.	33 Calculation.
13 Cautiousness.	34 Locality.
14 Approbateness.	35 Eventuality.
15 Self-Esteem.	36 Time.
16 Firmness.	37 Tune.
17 Conscientiousness.	38 Language.
18 Hope.	39 Causality.
19 Spirituality.	40 Comparison.
20 Veneration.	41 Human Nature.
21 Benevolence.	42 Agreeableness.

The place of one of these organs, "individuality," is not indicated on this chart, but in larger charts it is found situated in the center of the lower part of the forehead just above the nose, and under "eventuality." It would occupy far more space than could be spared here to define these various terms, for as I have said, very broad meanings are in many cases attached to them. The reader can, however, form a pretty fair notion of their meaning from the words themselves, which in several instances are strikingly descriptive, as in the case of "secretiveness," "combativeness," etc.

How the meaning of the "organs" has been gradually developed is shown by a remark of Prof. Nelson Sizer in a recent ad-

dress. "Dr. Gall," he says, "when he met a development of the head, and ascertained that it indicated something, called it by the rough, raw name; if it was self-esteem he called it pride; if it was acquisitiveness he called it theft; if it was destructiveness he called it murder. Dr. Spurzheim gave better names to the organs. Instead of calling one organ anger and another organ murder, he called the organ which gives anger combativeness, and to the organ which gives severity or cruelty, he gave the name of destructiveness."

But setting aside the particular organs of the phrenologists we find that, according to their system, the brain consists of a few much broader divisions. For instance grouping together what may be called the perceptive faculties, those which give keenness of observation, we find them occupying the lower part of the forehead over the nose and around the eyes. The reasoning faculties occupy the upper region of the forehead. What the phrenologists term the semi-intellectual sentiments, such as ideality and sublimity, are to be found in the middle of the side of the head just forward of the line of the ears. The moral sentiments occupy the top of the dome of the skull from about the line of the ears forward; the selfish sentiments, the upper part of the back of the head; the selfish propensities such as vitativeness, or the tendency to cling to life, alimentiveness, or fondness for the pleasures of the table, etc., are grouped around the ear, and the social propensities like amativeness reside in the lower part of the back of the head.

A still broader general division defines the top of the head as the "spiritual region," the forehead back to the line of the ears as the "region of intellect," and the rear of the head as the "region of propensity."

When we come to consider these broader divisions, leaving the special organs out of account, we find more or less agreement between the doctrine of the phrenologists and the results attained by physiologists in the study of the functions of the brain. For instance, phrenology teaches that certain selfish propensities are seated in the lower part of the head back of the ears. This is where that part of the brain called the cerebellum is situated. The cerebellum differs in its structure from the larger portion above it called the cerebrum, and has generally been regarded by physiologists as the seat of

purely motor functions, a sort of switchboard for the nerves proceeding from the true brain, or cerebrum. But recently Dr. Courmont of Lyons has announced as the result of a wide series of investigations based upon cases of injury to the cerebellum that it seems to be, as phrenology would make it, the seat of un-reasoning mental processes such as love, hatred, joy, etc. Where the cerebellum has been seriously injured or is incomplete in development he has found a lack of moral and social sentiments in the individuals thus afflicted.

Other investigations of the brain have shown that there are certain centers of sensation to be found in it, and that particular parts of the brain do appear to be specially active in the production of certain mental states. In Binet and Fere's diagram of the brain one finds certain points indicated as the centers of sight, hearing, taste, etc., and also a point which is described as the seat or organ of articulate language. If this part of the brain is injured the faculty of speech is impaired or lost.

Of course these discoveries would need to be carried immensely farther than they have yet gone in order to justify all of the conclusions of the phrenologists. Moreover, I believe there is not a strict agreement of results in such investigations. But it is only fair to say that the indications are that different parts of the brain do possess particular functions, and that this fact, as far as it goes, accords with the fundamental assumption of phrenology.

As to the brain being the seat of the intellect there is, of course, no dispute whatever. Phrenology and physiology alike teach that the larger the brain, other things being equal, the greater the mental power. Still there is a popular misapprehension on this point. A large head does not necessarily and invariably imply the existence within it of a great intellect. The head must bear a proper proportion to the body. Big men have larger heads than small men, not because their mental grasp is wider or stronger but because their bodies are larger. The proportion of the head to the whole organism must be taken into account. It is very common to find wide differences between individuals in the thickness and size of the bones of the skull. A large head may inclose a comparatively small brain. This seems to have been the case with the celebrated Gam-

beta. When his brain was weighed after his death people were astonished to find that it was below the average.

Such a fact reminds us that another thing to be taken into account is the quality of the brain organism. Great size of brain may be accompanied with inferior organic quality. So on the other hand a fine brain may be crippled in its operations by lack of vital power in the body. The brain needs to be well nourished in order to perform its functions with energy, and thus we are brought back to the old maxim that a sound mind needs a sound body.

In view of all these difficulties in measuring the capacity of a living brain it is not surprising that some inconsistencies are encountered when an attempt is made to apply the principles of phrenology to the actual conduct of men. There are too many elements of uncertainty to render a positive judgment strictly trustworthy in all cases. Just how great the variation may be in the apparent brain capacity of individuals, all of whom possess extraordinary mental endowments, is well illustrated by the following table, for which I am indebted to Dr. H. S. Drayton, the editor of the *Phrenological Journal*. It exhibits the brain weights, in ounces, of nine celebrated men. The reader should be informed that the average brain weight is from 45 to 47 ounces:

Name.	Ounces.
Cromwell . . . . .	71
Turgeneff . . . . .	70
Cuvier . . . . .	64½
Byron . . . . .	62½
Schiller . . . . .	55
Kant . . . . .	54
Gans . . . . .	52½
Dante . . . . .	45¾
Gambetta . . . . .	42

Now it can hardly be supposed that the mental capacity of Cromwell or Turgeneff was really so much greater than that of Dante or Gambetta as this comparison of brain weights would seem to indicate. And what would the readers of Dante say if they were solemnly assured that the intellect of the great Italian poet was inferior to that of Byron in the proportion of 45¾ to 62½? Manifestly, if the figures in this table are correct, there must have been other things besides the weight of the brain which went to the making of the mental endowments of these men.

But when we speak in general terms we find that there really is an accordance between the weight of the brain and the manifestation of intellectual power. Look, for instance, at the following table in which the average brain weight of a number of individuals of different races is exhibited:

<i>Race.</i>	<i>Oz. of brain.</i>
21 English . . . . .	47½
25 Chinese . . . . .	45¼
5 Esquimaux . . . . .	46¼
9 Negroes . . . . .	44
17 Australians . . . . .	40

When we consider the history of these different peoples, and compare their achievements, we cannot doubt that such a table fairly exhibits the intellectual difference between them, although it is no strict measure of it. But, coming to individual instances, we may have a Dante or a Gambetta, with a brain smaller than the average of his race, rising above the level of his fellows through the force of a superior nervous organization, and a better co-ordination of vital powers.

Granting then, as I think we must, that phrenology has a reasonable basis of scientific fact, although we may not be inclined to admit that the faculties of the mind are located in the brain exactly according to the phrenological chart, what are the practical uses of phrenology? Can the phrenologist discern the character and powers of an individual from an examination of his head, and point out to him the course of life best suited to his tastes and capacities? Can he, without danger of error, say to one young man: "Study law; you will win cases for your clients and honor for yourself"; to another, "Become a physician; nature intended you to save lives"; and to a third, "You were born to command armies and win victories for your country"?

If you put that question to the phrenologists themselves they will unhesitatingly reply yes. In fact they must so reply, or else admit that their science is but an abstraction from which no practical results are to be expected. But if I were to answer the question I should say that it depends entirely upon the acuteness of judgment of the person who makes the examination. We have seen how

many elements of uncertainty enter into the attempt to measure human capacity through the study of the brain. But fortunately mental and moral characteristics manifest themselves very early in the human countenance. The separation between phrenology, or the study of the brain, and physiognomy, or the study of the countenance, is a vanishing line. The phrenologist will tell you that the exercise of the faculties whose seat he finds in the brain impresses their characteristics externally upon the individual.

Accordingly every phrenologist while he feels the configuration of the head takes note of the expression of the face and of the organic quality of the body. All of these observations are combined in the judgment that he forms of the capacities and tendencies of the individual under examination, and if his eye is keen, his power of observation highly developed, his judgment unerring, he will surprise his "subject" by the insight which he shows into his innermost thoughts and impulses, and will be able to give him advice as to the direction and conduct of his life that may prove invaluable. But if he is not a capital judge of human nature, if he is merely a feeler of "bumps," and does not know how to unite into a happy and consistent whole the knowledge of character that every aspect of the head, the face, and the body is capable of conveying, he will go sadly astray and his advice may be useless or even injurious.

Some time a complete chart of the brain may be constructed that will be based upon knowledge of the functions of that wonderful organ gained through direct examination of the convolutions of the brain in their relation to mental manifestations, but such knowledge seems yet far in the future. Whether a chart thus constructed would closely resemble the chart of the phrenologists I am unable to say, but in the meantime there is enough of truth and enough of promise in the phrenology of to-day to command the interest of everybody who cares to learn as much as he can about the organ that has enabled man to assume that "dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," which the Almighty bestowed upon him.

## RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

BY GEORGE HODGES.

THE parson's difficulty in dealing with the application of the principles of religion to the affairs of business is his ignorance. He may know something about religion, but in most cases he knows next to nothing about business. His point of view is from the outside of the counter. His parishioners are commonly seen at the best of their behavior, dressed in their Sunday clothes.

Yet it is the parson's business to get as much religion as he possibly can into everybody else's business. Religion, as Ruskin says, if it is good for anything, is good for everything. It is six times as important to be religious on week days as it is on Sunday. Religion ought to touch men everywhere and all the time; and the religious teacher wants to secure and emphasize that essential relationship. The question is how to do it? What are the actual temptations, the sins, the spiritual needs of men in business?

I tried to find this out the other day by asking questions. I wrote a letter to a score of business men of my acquaintance, making some plain inquiries:

"I find it stated [I wrote] in Professor Ely's 'Social Aspects of Christianity' that a Young Men's Christian Association decided recently, after debate, that it is impossible to do business on Christian principles; and that an eminent political economist has raised the question as to whether 'all the preaching about the necessity of righteousness in business doesn't simply make men worse,' on this ground, 'that as the business world is at present constituted men must commit sin, and to point out to them their sinfulness only awakens a sense of their guilt and increases their sinfulness.'

"Now about all this [I added] I know nothing. But to talk about Religion in Business without some definite information would be to utter either platitudes or falsehoods. And the best way I know of is to write to several business men, of whom you are one, and ask you to tell me frankly:

"1. Is it impossible to do business on Christian principles? Is it true that as the business world is at present constituted, men must commit sin?

"2. If so, what sin, and how? What are the particular practices which are considered commercially right, but which come into opposition to Christian principles? For example, must a Christian man lie? Must a Christian man steal?"

I received many and various answers to this letter. The answers did not agree very well, especially to the first question. Some said no in the most emphatic kind of way, several of my correspondents maintaining that a business man is on the average as good a man as a parson every day in the week, including Sunday! But others said yes in an equally emphatic manner; the young men, according to these correspondents, debated the question fairly and decided wisely.

The best answer, accordingly, that I can give to my own first question, after hearing all these witnesses, is an uncertain answer. The jury is divided, and the judge is not, therefore, in position to sentence the defendant. It does seem to be perfectly possible for the head of any business to conduct it in a perfectly Christian way and be successful. The most Christian men that I know are successful business men. And yet, a great deal of business might be a great deal more Christian than it is. The world of business is not the Kingdom of Heaven yet.

But if there are unchristian practices in business, what are they? That was the second question. I have been going about for the last six months, like Diogenes, asking that question. And I have received a good many answers.

"As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling." That is as true to-day as it was when it was written. Buying and selling are transactions for the making of money. Behind them lies the love of money. And the love of money, the wise Scriptures tell us, is the fertile soil in which grows all manner of iniquity. It is astounding, it is incredible, what men will do for love of money.

People think, sometimes, I suppose, that we have no further need in these days for the



second commandment of the ten. We do not now worship graven images. Is that true? Did any pagan worship his fetish ever more reverently, pray to it more confidently, put more trust in its power to help or harm, than some men worship, implore, and believe in the omnipotence of the minted dollar? There are not lacking examples in every community, of men who seem to put gain in the place of everything, who think of the making of money more than they think of anything else, and who allow that thought to push out every other thought, even the thought of God.

It is possible to buy and sell with perfect honesty, without harming in any way any brother man, and yet to let that buying and selling harm a man's own soul. One of the essentials, if a business man is to conduct his business on Christian principles, is to put Christianity before business, the soul before the body, to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness first. It is a wonder what some good business men will do with themselves in the world to come. They have never really thought about anything but buying and selling. What will they do in a world that will be as empty of buying and selling as the old Temple after Jesus had expelled the traders!

No man who makes even an honest business the whole of his life, so that even Sunday is nothing but a chance to get rested for the sake of working harder on Monday morning, and the heaping up of treasure down here leaves no time for the gathering of treasure up above, and the man's heart, his real heart, is all of it in his business where his treasure is,—no such man can possibly be said, except in a superficial way, to be conducting his business on principles that would be approved by the Lord Jesus Christ.

When we think, however, of unchristian practices in business we think more readily of such business methods as harm, not so much the soul of the man of business, as the interests of the men with whom he deals. Unfortunately, there seem to be people in this world who care more for money than they do for men, who will rob their own brothers—so it be within the letter of the law—and look on at their pain, their privation, their poverty, with a sense of absolutely infernal satisfaction, rejoicing in the addition of so many dollars to their store.

There are men who actually oppose themselves to the uplifting of their brother men, and who, having the power, do persistently keep down whole multitudes of men and women and little children in conditions unspeakably degrading.

I mean such men, for example, as those two in London who own all that horrible district of Whitechapel and are responsible for the black shadow of that hideous corner of darkest England, and refuse to sell at a fair price to buyers who would transform the place into something nearer paradise. I mean the tenement house owners in New York who have to be compelled by the courts to put in decent plumbing, and who even then appeal from court to court, putting it off as long as they can, letting their tenants in the meantime die like flies. I mean the owner of any tenement house anywhere, where for the sake of money, our brothers and our sisters are suffered to live in conditions that inevitably poison body and soul.

Somehow, there seems to be a great deal of trouble in the world of industry. I have read about it at considerable length, and for a good while, and on both sides. I confess that I do not understand enough about it yet to give advice. Evidently there is something wrong. Evidently there is something fearfully unchristian somewhere in a business world in which a common cab-horse is better cared for than a common man. Something is the matter where men want work and there is no work for them to do, and for want of work they starve. Something is out of joint where men work, and work, and work, and work, from the dark of morning to the dark of evening, and have absolutely nothing in their lives but work; and yet, with all that, barely get enough to keep the life in their bodies. And the whole family has to work, the mother and the little children, and yet, with all that, starvation sits every day beside the door. It seems to me that there must be something unchristian somewhere between buying and selling, when a man sells his whole life and the lives of all his family for a mere tenth or twentieth part of what is daily wasted in a wealthy home.

And I believe that it is the duty of every man who is an employer of labor to study this problem, as he studies his account book or his prayer book, and try to find the Christian solution. The art of gathering a great fortune has been discovered. Now we

need to know the art of perfectly just and Christian distribution.

I am more concerned, however, at present with the unchristian practices of ordinary business. And here I find, as almost everywhere else in modern life, that the love of money is sharpened by keen competition. Whether a man loves money or not, he hates poverty. Every man in a small business fears to be poor. Business is a race. And in this race it is every man for himself, and poverty (if not the devil) take the hindmost. Probably there is more temptation to-day to set sin between buying and selling than ever before, on account of this fierce, unceasing, and unsparing competition.

It is competition that makes a merchant take in more orders than he can fill, and make promises that he cannot keep. He tells you that it will be done on Tuesday, and he knows that it will not be finished under two weeks. That is a lie. And when you go to find the reason for the delay, he gives a reason, probably a lying reason. This is a small matter. Yet a lie is never a small matter.

It is competition that persuades men to use false weights and measures. It is competition that induces men to adulterate foods and medicines and so to poison people for money; half of the drunken men are not drunk, they are drugged, poisoned, for the sake of money. This whole vast liquor business, which opens on every corner a door into the infernal regions, which reaches out into the homes of the nation like the tenth plague of Egypt laying low the first-born, which causes more unspeakable misery than any other traffic under the sun, would be abandoned to-morrow if there were no money in it.

It is competition and the popular eagerness to get things cheap, that puts down prices, say of clothing, lower, and lower, and lower, till you are amazed. Who loses, do you think, by these low prices which we account as gain for us? The manager of the business? Never. It is the poor seamstress, sewing and starving in the tenement house, making calico wrappers at a dollar and a half a dozen, and neckties at twenty-five cents a dozen, and flannel shirts at twenty cents a dozen. The great majority of all the "bargains" that people run after mean some sort of unchristian principle in business.

The sins that accompany competitive bidding illustrate the presence of unchristian

elements in business. Take this as one example. There is a great deal of steel made in Pittsburg. Some of it is made by the Bessemer process, some by the open-hearth process, some by the crucible process. Nearly the same stock is used in all these processes, but the quality of the result is very different. Now we are manufacturers, say, of hatchets. And we make two sorts of hatchets, one out of open-hearth and the better out of crucible steel. These hatchets look exactly alike, they look as much alike as iron rails look like steel rails. And iron rails, I am informed, look so much like steel rails that, in the days before the Interstate Commerce Law made it a criminal offense, reputable merchants, men of standing in the community, billed steel as iron, and so got a lower freight price from the railroad company, and by telling an absolute lie, stole just so much money from the railroad corporation. Why, I might as well go into a bookstore and put a \$2.50 book into my overcoat pocket and tell the clerk I had taken a \$2.00 book. That false billing was nothing but a combination of lying and stealing.

But to return to the hatchets. The open-hearth hatchet looks so much like the better crucible hatchet, that we mark the better one with a better handle. Now comes a customer who wants to buy a large bill of hatchets. He has bought from us for several years and we want to keep his custom. But he informs us that he has had a lower bid than we gave him last year. Some one else will sell cheaper. What shall we do? After a little figuring, we accept the bid. But the customer goes away, and we find that the crucible hatchets that he expects will be an actual loss to us. And so we quietly make open-hearth hatchets and fit them out with crucible hatchet handles. We ship the goods, and the customer presently discovers that the quality this year is not quite so good as it was last year. He writes to find out why. "Did you make these hatchets from the same stock that I had before?" Immediately we write back, "My dear sir, we gave you exactly the same material both years." Yes, the same material; but not put through the same process. And so the man is first robbed and then lied to.

This is the result of competition badly managed. One of my correspondents set down for me a long list of commercial lies that had come under his own observation.

And all of these were misrepresentations made under the stress of competition. Business in some of its departments seems to be a rough-and-tumble fight for custom. One man told me that he never went to bed at night without being afraid that some competitor of his would steal his business before morning. Competition beats down prices below the honest value of the article, and the low price induces a low quality and all sorts of sharp practices. A fixed and honest figure for every class of goods, with exactly so much discount for such-and-such an amount of purchase, and such-and-such a length of time, with a possible variation according to the rating of the customer's credit at the commercial agencies, the whole matter fairly understood and lived up to, would vastly increase the proportion of Christian dealing in the business world.

Several things ought to be remembered in estimating the general morality of business life. One is that there are dishonest men in business as there are in every department of human existence. And it is the dishonest men who get their names into the newspapers. The man who is struck by the cable car attracts the attention of the whole neighborhood. Thousands of other people go by unnoticed. There is the same proportion between the men who deliberately lie and steal, and the vast company of honest Christians who would sooner cut off their right hand.

Another matter which has been brought to my observation is the great difficulty of always distinguishing the right from the wrong. Questions of casuistry come up in every business office every day. They have to be settled immediately. Some sort of rough and approximate judgment must at once be rendered. Sometimes that judgment is against equity and Christianity. But I believe that in more than nine cases out of ten the man who is in a respectable business acts as he honestly thinks just and right.

I desire finally to express my sympathy with the man in a subordinate position who finds his conscience quicker than his employer's. I mean the man who is sent out to lie, or the man who is instructed to attach the wrong labels, or to misrepresent values. I have been told by some men who are eminent in business life that in their experience such men do not exist. It has been represented to me, and the argument is certainly a persuasive one, that if a man were to instruct his

clerks to lie to his customers, or to take money out of their pockets, he would be simply giving them lessons in the art of dishonesty, and would have no reason to be disappointed if they applied these lessons to his own disadvantage. Evidently if a man will lie to a customer, he will just as easily lie to his employer. A business man who told me that business men are missionaries of absolute righteousness, had in view the scrupulous honesty which a good business exacts from all who are concerned in it. And I agree with him that association with some of the upright, honorable, immaculately just and Christian business men whom we all know, would be in itself an education in ethics, and a training in all that is best in religion, that could not be equaled in any parish church in Christendom. In the concerns with which these men are associated there is no constraint put on any man's conscience.

Nevertheless, I know it to be a fact, that in reputable industries men are set tasks that cannot be done with the honest truth for a witness. And I say that I am sorry for the men who are given these tasks to do. Their daily bread depends upon their obedience. When they think of protesting, they remember their families at home. And very often the matter is only one of those questions of casuistry, those fine distinctions between the transcendental and the practical in ethics, which the man at the head has simply happened to decide in a way which does not meet the under man's approval. His conscience is quicker than his chief's. The employer honestly thinks, perhaps, that the questionable thing is right. Now what shall the man do? A good many times he puts aside his scruples, persuades himself that his employer must bear the blame, thinks, perhaps, that he has a foolish and misleading conscience, and goes and writes a lie.

But according to the testimony of the best men I know, the great majority of decent business men want to do that which is unquestionably right. They all agree that it is better to be honest than to be shrewd. They maintain with entire unanimity that a reputation for honorable dealing is the very best capital that a man can put into his business. It seems, then, that the best advice that can be given to any clerk, or to any employee whatsoever, when he is told to do what is against his conscience is frankly to say so. He is to take it for granted that his employ-

ers desire to do the very most Christian thing they can. To bring his conscientious scruples to their notice is to pay them the highest tribute of respect, and also to commend himself in the surest way to their esteem. If, however, this does not prove in actual experience, to work, the meaning is that the young man has the misfortune to serve dishonest men. And that means that he is engaged in a business which is bound sooner or later to come to a disgraceful failure. The law of certain retribution for dishonesty is just as sure as the law of gravitation. The sooner he gets out of that falling building the better.

But if he has to face starvation! If he has a choice to make between a lie and a loaf of bread, if he has a choice to make between pain of body and pain of soul,—he must make it. No one need expect to find it altogether easy to be a Christian. In the past, men

have many times found it necessary to choose between being a Christian and being put to a painful death. And they have made their choice. Many a man has died rather than lie. All honor, now and forever, to the noble army of martyrs! Still that army marches on. And day by day, good men and brave men of whom the world is not worthy, are found willing to enlist in the great fight of the hosts of God against the allies of the devil, and to enlist for the whole war, come what may.

And so my answer to my second question, summing up the testimony of all the witnesses, is sure and plain. Must a man, in order to be successful, lie or steal? No! and no a thousand times repeated. The emphatic testimony of business men who have succeeded is that genuine religion and real success in business are married together, and may not be divorced forever.

## THE PLAGUE OF AFRICA.

BY HILARION MICHEL.

M ESSAOUOUD-BEN-TAYEB, the son of the sheik of Ain-Taiba, who had come to Wargla to marry a rich *cadi's* daughter, was to return home with his bride. On this occasion, an excursionist body, composed of fifteen cavaliers of the *goum* (yeomanry), was added to the relatives and friends to form a guard against the freebooters of the desert. Two of my fellow-travelers and myself thought this the best opportunity for an excursion through the wilderness of the Sahara, and we obtained leave to join the excursionists.

Headed by the sheriff, Mul-el-Saad, we left Wargla the 18th day of August at five o'clock in the morning, following the right bank of the Wad Mya, which here widens considerably, its dry bed acquiring the extent of a lake. Ten miles farther on, this vast valley called Chott, interspersed with sand hillocks, is no less than fifteen miles broad, and its average depth one hundred and fifty feet below the table-lands which frame it. Large tracts of the soil are crusted with salt or hardened sediment, upon which our horses and loaded camels step without the crust yielding beneath their weight.

August 19. Our journey-ground changes

from sandy, into a stony plateau, occasionally broken for a short interval by banks of limestone and gypsum. Sharp stones bristling over the surface make our horses quite fastidious in picking their way. At eleven o'clock, we camp around a well in which water is found but hardly enough for our need.

August 20. To-day we proceed again along the valley, where the most interesting things to be seen are some wild, tough plants, struggling for existence.

Finally we leave the valley and go across a monotonous plain, where we soon find a camels' well around which we encamp. Sufficient water is found in it to meet our necessity.

August 21. This day's journey is performed over a land sandy and pebbly by intervals and dotted sparsely with dwarf tamerisk bushes. A small hill is the only prominence to be seen.

August 22. We enter a sandy region with no traceable path, destitute of all vegetation, and barred by high dunes, at the foot of which the horses and camels stop as if not daring to ascend them. Then begins a toilsome struggle among those sandy *mamelons*. Steadily goaded by their drivers, the animals finally



set about climbing the rolling sand-drifts, but the successive ascending and descending become so fatiguing for them that we dismount. Some of these hillocks, over one hundred feet high, are so steep that twice we have to make a path through for the animals.

The want of shovels for this purpose obliges us to appeal to ingenuity. The Arabs, taking off their *haiks*, stretch them upon the sand, and pulling on the corners, draw down the sand within the hold of these draperies. Through this sliding path we steer our panting steeds, which, as their feet sink and slide, stagger and fall. One camel, loaded with water in goatskins, lurches on his side, and, pulled down by his load, rolls a distance of fifteen feet below.

It is not until three hours of hard struggle have elapsed, that the topography of the desert assumes a more level aspect. Then I find that my curiosity, as well that of my companions, for seeing the heart of the desert, has been fully satisfied this day, and we beg for an hour's breathing time.

After taking some refreshment, followed by a siesta of a few hours, we resume our way at four o'clock. Toward six o'clock, when the sun is fast setting, the distant prospect in the south is suddenly darkened. A quarter of an hour later, we are enveloped by a dim sand-mist. The pestilent and suffocating southeastern wind is blowing violently and raises clouds of dust. We see our Arab companions tightening their burnouses around their necks to avoid the sand grating the skin, in imitation of whom we tie our handkerchiefs around our necks. But our eyes suffer torture, and our ears and nostrils are almost filled for the hours that this wind lasts. An intense dryness pervades our throats, with no possible relief as long as the atmosphere is clouded with dust. We push forward hoping to get out of that maze of dust, but we are soon obliged to stop, the guide being unable to distinguish any track. We encamp and endeavor to face the circumstances. We close all the fissures of our tents by heaping the sand around, which also secures our tents against the force of the wind, sup on bread and salt meat, and sleep.

*August 23.* We rise at three o'clock. The sand storm is over and the atmosphere is pure, but the air is warm, the *shihili* is still slowly puffing, and we foresee an intensely hot day. We start at four o'clock and ride until eleven, along a wild plain of hard soil, F-May.

when the broiling rays compel us to seek refuge under our tents. Ain-Taiba is now in sight, but the deep green, feathery foliage of the palm, which embosoms the small town within, is the only thing that can be distinguished. At five o'clock we decide to clear the six miles still before us. The guide leads the way along the side of a few hedged tents, where we are announced to the inmates by the barking of two long-haired dogs, whose sulky eyes do not manifest a friendly reception.

This is the first sign of life which has broken the monotony of the desert since our departure from Wargla. We proceed across the bare plain, where tracts of clay, gypsum, and limestone are the main physical features that the soil around exhibits.

At last we enter the deep shadow of palms, and are met by the *cadi*, Mouktar-bel-Kassem, who is acquainted with our *sheriff*, Mul-el-Saad. Then begin their long ceremonial salutations: "*Es selam aleikoum.*" (Peace be with you.)

"*Ou aleikoum es selam.*" (Peace be with you also.)

"*Ou ash annta ?*" (How are you?)

"*Ranni be el kair.*" (I am well.)

"*El gandou Allah.*" (Praise to God.)

"*Ou ash halek ?*" (How is yourself?)

"*Be el kair.*" (In good health.)

"*Allah ibarric fic.*" (God bless you.)

"*Allah issalmek.*" (Thank you, God save you.)

"*Marghaba bekoum, ya Siadi*" (Be all of you welcome, O lords), says the *cadi* finally to us, after which he conducts us to the guest house.

This is a single story stone building cemented with gypsum. The room assigned to us receives scant light through some loopholes, and upon its earthen floor are stretched mats for couches. The walls and ceiling, which of old had been evened and whitewashed, are fast decaying. Patches of mud-cement have fallen, so that the palm-leaf flats and palm-trunk rafters are to be seen, also in their period of decay. We light a candle, but as this is a kind of light scarcely known here, where people use no illumination within doors, it attracts at once a swarm of flies and a crowd of curious urchins and slovenly fellows, who are dodging about, besieging our door and closing up the loopholes with their heads.

The following day we were presented to Sheik Tayeb-ben-Yussuf, a sharp-faced, slender,

middle-aged man, into whose favor we were fast ingratiated. He invited us to attend the fête given on the occasion of his son's first marriage, which invitation was accepted.

The program for the merry-making was quite varied; many interesting games and dances were performed, among which was the *fantasia* (wild shooting-race), their favorite diversion. But let us omit in this article the minute details of the fête, for a peculiar event claims our first notice.

That peaceful little town lost in the solitude of the desert, unaware of the world's rush, whose existence they almost ignore, seems to enjoy a relative happiness in the calm and the prospect of abundant crops. The dates, which are the principal means of livelihood of the natives, have reached their full form and need only the rays of September and October to ripen and to acquire their golden color and sweetness. The lucern, the only food of the cattle, goats, and camels raised in the oasis, is dense and promises to afford pasture for a long time. But, as if attracted by the merry cries, misfortune, hand in hand with famine and misery, wanders to the feast where happiness presides.

At one o'clock the Arabs composing our *goum* were seated in two groups around a large dish of *consousson*, while we three were eating roast chicken. A light rumbling was the first announcement but almost instantly and with the rapidity of a rolling sound of thunder, a tumult of distressful cries rose and spread through the city; a general shiver was felt. Wondering at this noise, I ran into the street where I saw nothing but people running in and out with anguish on their faces. "*El djirad !*" they all cried in utter despondency.

Not catching the meaning of the words in the confusion of the moment, my first impression was, that the city was being shaken by an earthquake. Men, women, and children, armed with tin pots, stewpans, or iron utensils, were rushing through the streets and out of the city, all the while beating upon their odd instruments and uttering frantic cries.

Being still unaware of the imminent danger, I saw my companions in the courtyard gazing at the horizon and rushing upon the flat roof to obtain a better view. I followed them, and soon noted a black cloud covering a considerable extent of the sky and moving slowly from south northward. "*El djirad !*"

exclaimed my awe-stricken Arabian companions without any further comments, as if these two words were too significant to need further explanation. The awful cloud, black in its center on account of its density, gray toward its borders, and scintillating on the side where the sun's rays fell, was advancing straight toward the oasis. In another moment I guessed the terrible reality. It was an invasion of locusts bringing ravage and famine.

For awhile there was an anxious uncertainty, whether they were to fall upon this oasis or carry their devastation farther to the north. We were all thinking of Wargla, which would surely not be spared, as its great size and vast forest would very likely attract them. However, we did not have long to wait ere the foremost portion of the hideous cloud, like dense flakes of snow glittering under the sun, was over us. Soon it covered the orb of light, and cast a shadow of gloom upon the city, which would long remain on the life of that people. Still the extent of the cloud seemed unlimited, its end was lost in the southern horizon.

The agent of this evil was the *shihili*, the wind that we had experienced a few days previously, which had aroused the locusts of South Africa and had since carried them northward. Various winds now seemed to contend for the honor of leading or distributing the plague; a strong current of *shihili* held the superior atmosphere and pushed the upper mass northward, while a northern wind coming opposite caught the lower mass and made the insects fall like hail. From two o'clock the appearance was as if there had been an almost total eclipse of the sun.

Noise is the only antidote for this evil, the purpose being to frighten the locusts. A frightful and indescribable tumult now pervaded the city. It was a terrible confusion of sounds caused by the screams of men, women, and children, and the clashing of pieces of iron, and the firing of guns.

From our standpoint we could witness part of the scene. The people were in their gardens, gathered around the palm trees, and no one was to be seen idle. The men and boys, each with a tin pot hanging upon his back, climbed the palms with astonishing rapidity, and sat upon the top branches. But vainly did they exhaust their lung force and the energy of their arms; the awful, irreparable disaster fell upon the city; it was ruin for

three quarters of the population and a subsequent famine for all. During eight hours locusts rained upon the palms and upon all that was green. The trees were loaded with swarms of them, the soil was covered, and even in the streets the pedestrian could scarcely avoid crushing some at every step. Evening came, enveloped in a deep gloom of woe and drove home the distressed and despondent people. Night followed, pitch dark, full of horror. Moans and groans which sickened the heart were heard through all the hours. At ten o'clock the cloud was still hanging over the city, but had disappeared at midnight.

The sun rose with bright, sparkling rays, showing the inhabitants the extent of their misfortune. The first sight was the present aspect of the lofty and graceful palms. The leaf-stalks denuded of their fringed borders raised their points like spindles; the green dates, whose stalks had been devoured, were spread over the ground; the soil which was previously covered with lucern and garden vegetables, was now bare as a trodden road; all verdure not too tough for the teeth of the insect had been annihilated. The desolation was complete and famine certain, for the products of the soil are the principal resource of those little clusters of life lost in the depths of the desert.

But my astonishment was great when, entering the gardens, I saw the natives busily engaged in gathering and heaping up the living locusts, now replete with their precious crops. They were filling bags and goatskins with them, and camels and donkeys were going to and fro carrying them home. I wondered at first what led the people to perform such a tedious work, as I thought the locusts would soon disappear of their own accord, nothing else being left for them to devour. But the people well understood that nothing was left for themselves either; hence the instinct of preservation led them to resort to the last means of life offered in that disaster, as the unfortunate shipwrecked man clings to any sort of wreckage to float over the seas. These locusts were provisions for months, though a poor food indeed. The locusts are eaten by most of the Africans and also in Arabia and Persia. Moses says in Leviticus that locusts constituted a daily food among the Jews. In Africa they are boiled, dried in the sun, and then preserved in brine.

Invasions of locusts occur periodically; rarely four years pass without some parts of Northern Africa being devastated. However, many of them are lost in the desert; they fall on the way and perish on the arid sand, affording abundant food to ravens, ostriches, and all birds of prey.

## TWO VIEWS OF LAMARTINE.

BY EUGÈNE-MELCHOIR DE VOGUÉ.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue Des Deux Mondes."

FIVE years ago there was unveiled with very little ceremony, in a retired part of Paris by the side of the modest dwelling in which his old age had been passed, a very unassuming statue of Lamartine, the great French poet. There was nothing in the whole event to arouse the idea of national reparation. When it was past, silence settled back again over the neglected man. One voice, however, protested even here against this unjust oblivion; it said, "Circumstances change but works live on; and this is why I believe that the hour will come sooner or later in which Lamartine shall be restored to his proper rank, and that rank is in the forefront."

Circumstances have changed. Every day

brings a little nearer the fulfillment of the prediction. On all sides now new homage is being paid to Lamartine in the form of lyrical productions, eloquent speeches, copious criticism. Messrs. Lemaître and Faguet agree in saying that he is more than a poet, he is poetry itself. M. de Pomairols has written his "Lamartine"—a rather incomplete book, but excellent in many parts and in the spirit which it breathes forth. M. Reyssié has also brought out a volume on the "Youth of Lamartine," which is a fervent offering to a local god. But none of these works or others that I have read represent Lamartine as I knew him. I am not going to attempt here any literary study. I simply wish first, to tell how Lamartine

impressed me; then, how he is described by some later critics; and try to discover which is the correct representation of him.

For my own impression, I turn aside from all the volumes and the articles which I have gathered together about him and take up his own little book of verse, "*Meditations*," published in 1833. It is an old book much soiled, and worn, and torn. From the day on which I became possessor of it, all things in nature took on a new meaning, a fixed physiognomy, an intelligent voice. I saw all things through his writings. From the mountain to which I carried the book, the aspects of nature appeared to me through the poems, "*Solitude*" and "*The Valley*"; the colors of the vegetation through "*Autumn*"; the stars through "*Evening*." It was the same way with the moral world; and the same for the countries I had never seen. Desired visions seen first through his writings remained fixed forever in the pictures he had traced of them.

A little later I had my second enchantment by Lamartine. This happened at college one day. The lesson having been finished before the allotted time had expired, our teacher gave us half an hour of reading. He said he would read a description of Savoy, and he drew from his pocket a small volume of "*Raphael*." Urged on by our supplications and his own inclinations, he went way beyond the descriptive pages, reading at least a third of the volume. I can yet hear his voice, affected by contending emotions, as he repeated the words of Julie. When we went out from the class the circle of the horizon which incloses the world had receded to infinity, and a new light rested over the universe.

At my first opportunity I purchased a copy of this book and learned it by heart. For a long time I have not been able to see these places through other eyes than those of "*Raphael*." Good judges place this autobiographical romance among the imperfect productions of Lamartine; but good judges often impose upon us.

I read afterwards "*Jocelyn*," "*Graziella*," and "*Travel in the Orient*." I saw the Gulf of Naples and Syria as I had seen Savoy and Milly, great Lamartine domains, where the master had commanded beforehand my impressions, and in which he himself was everywhere present. And later in the Lebanon Mountains and in the Holy Land I had no

trouble in accepting Lamartine as my guide.

In the same way in which he fixed the aspect of places which one should see after him, and determined the nature of the emotions experienced on beholding them, so Lamartine gave the outlines, the colors, and almost the features in which should be incarnated the objects of the first searchings of the heart on the part of his readers. His greatest power lay perhaps in the pictures he made of lovers. Without any meditated artifice, by means of a native delicacy, and especially from the necessity upon him of painting things as he saw them, he knew how to concentrate the most ardent rays upon figures so general, so impersonal, that each person could reanimate them under other names and lend to other voices the divine accent invented by the poet. Elevated thus to the dignity of a universal type, each one adapts Lamartine's characters to the type known to himself.

And Lamartine, the man as distinct from the poet, how did he appear to me and to others like me? I doubt if there has ever been such a sovereignty held by one man over the imagination of others. He personified all that one could wish—beauty, love, poetry, glory, oratory; noble and broad life in many fascinating countries and through many epic adventures; plenitude of thought and action.

An outline of his career, as I saw it, reads as follows: A beautiful child, carefully reared by an incomparable mother, he grew up in Arcadian simplicity. His first traveling was done in Italy, and he has charmed us by his descriptions of this country. He returned to France with his love for his native land deepened, and his land was intoxicated with delight at his verses expressing this love. After a youth passed thus after the manner of a demigod, came the mature life of a hero. He made a voyage to the Orient in his own vessel [accompanied by his wife and daughter and a band of friends]; established himself for a time in a magnificent home in Asia whence reports reached Europe of his being surrounded by a cortège of legendary persons, Ibrahim, Djezzar-Pacha, the sheiks of Lebanon and of Hermon. Here a cruel sorrow met him; and the shadow of the cypress tree which fell upon the white marble stone [marking the grave of his daughter] never lifted from his soul, and left its impress on all his after poetry, as did everything which touched his life.



While yet abroad the suffrage of the people sought him in order to introduce him into politics. He responded, entered, and remained in political life, always singularly preserved from the pettinesses, the contaminations, the hatreds inseparable from the most fortunate public service. As in all else, his politics had that general, impersonal character which placed him above all, and yet near to the heart of each.

I represent to myself the legislative chambers of the monarchy before the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, with Lamartine in the background listening to the rising murmurs of the oncoming storm whose waves were to sweep him into power. While awaiting the inevitable hour which he had foreseen, he warned France of it by writing his book, "The History of the Girondists."

I see him at length in the tempest, standing at the helm, full of courage and eloquence, commanding alone against the unchained waves of a social revolution, controlling them by his words, braving death every day, and then invested for weeks with an absolute royalty—the idol and the prophet of the people. And after all this honor and glory, I see his fall, his oblivion, his misery, his sad death. A mournful ending it is, but still one stamped with nobility, and relieved by the touching dignity of the long labor of his old age. But by this labor he strengthened the conquest he had previously made of all hearts, adding compassion to the admiration already existing then.

Thus, for a long time, the work, the person, the life, of Lamartine appeared to me as a magnificent and harmonious whole. Thus it seemed to me until there came to me the untoward thought to study his life as set forth in these recent large new books to which we shall now return. Studying these one after another, and comparing them, we shall obtain a different picture of Lamartine—the *true* picture, it is said, as set over against the *poetical* one.

Step by step the whole course of his life as I had known it is taken up and by several contradicted. For every fact, for every day of his life, as I had drawn it from his own writings, these critics have inserted other constructions. The radiant childhood passed at Milly they have reduced to its just proportions. The young Alphonse received the education and led the life which was common to all the country squires of the province. A

mediocre scholar and hard to govern, he ran away from one institution, and was then put under the care of the Jesuits at Bellay. There he conducted himself better, and the good fathers gave him much liberty.

His studies finished he went back to languish at Milly. "A spoiled son," one says, "a little wild, a great dreamer, a young master of a castle, ignorant, but possessing a love for romance and poetry, passionately fond of horses and dogs, adoring ravines and forests, large, vigorous, alert, very handsome, writing verses, loving religion, and dreaming of love—behold Lamartine at twenty years of age." Idleness weighed upon him, he wished to take service in the army in order to go to Paris. He gambled, he contracted debts; and his erotic verses, imitated from Parny, celebrated the small adventures of the little town.

His family sent him to pass the winter of 1811-12 in Italy. It was the winter of "Graziella." . . . After a few years of folly in Paris and of penitence in Burgundy, in which he made vain attempts to obtain diplomatic employment or an under-prefecture, Lamartine with an empty purse and with broken health, went to Aix in 1816. Here he met Madam Charles, whom he has immortalized under the name of Elvire. She was the girlish wife of a celebrated physician then in his seventieth year. We all know from reading "Raphael" how deep was the love which soon bound the young poet to this charming woman. And these critics whom I am combating, trace to this experience of his life the source of his most beautiful poetry.

Less than two years after the death of Madam Charles, Lamartine was again at Aix, for the purpose of concluding a marriage contract. "The young person," wrote he, "is very agreeable and has a very fine fortune. There is a conformity of tastes and of sympathies existing between us, that which can render happy a couple who are united." A little later he wrote, "I try to make myself the greatest lover possible. I shall have a veritable piece of moral perfection. There is lacking only a little beauty, but in spite of this, I shall be perfectly satisfied." "That which he sought in marriage was a situation," writes one of these biographers.

He resolved to publish "Meditations," written during his friendship for Madam Charles, as an opportunity for making money

and smoothing away difficulties. In both respects the book was successful. Louis XVIII. named the poet an attaché of Naples, and the marriage took place. "New Meditations" was written in Ischia, and was a strange *pot-pourri* of the heart, reminiscences of Graziella, of Julie, of Elvire, mingled with stanzas on his present felicity. The summer brought the travelers back to Aix, and while all Europe was weeping over the sorrow of the lover of Elvire, the new husband was gaily enjoying the waters.

From this time on, his life is well-known to all. In 1830 he ardently coveted the position of diplomatic minister at Athens, and obtained it. Then followed his travels in the Orient. The revolution of 1848 came; the descendant of the Bourbons was dismissed from the throne of France. It is unnecessary to carry further these researches. His political life has always been an open page for all.

And behold me now well advanced in my later education. I know all about the other side of Lamartine's character. Through an idle curiosity, through a vain desire to appear well-informed in professional studies, I have lost the sweet tranquillity of a beautiful adoration. It is related that Victor Hugo, when once some one showed him the implacable speeches of Biré, groaned softly regarding the giver, "This man is positively wicked." I wish to say the same thing of these biographers and critics who have desolated my belief: they are positively wicked. "But," they will say, "one should never hesitate to destroy the most beautiful illusion in order to gain a truth." And I am obliged to agree with them; only is it, indeed, a *truth* which I have acquired? This is the point which remains for us to clear up.

Lamartine himself uttered this saying of profound philosophical wisdom: "The ideal is only truth at a distance." And it is right that he should be the first to reap benefit from it. Saint-Beuve once wrote about him, "Lamartine is, of all celebrated poets, the one who pays the least attention to exact biography or to accurate chronology. His broad, simple, negligently traced life, idealized itself at a distance, in the same way as did the large landscapes which he painted. In his life as in his pictures, that which dominated was the rosy, springtime aspect. . . . It is allowable, in studying such a man, to consider the spirit of the times rather than common details, which, in others, might be character-

istic. . . . In the women whom he loved, even in Elvire, Lamartine loved a constant ideal, an angelic being, immortal beauty, and harmony. Of what import, then, were details to him?"

So, in order to defend the private man, it is only necessary to follow up a study of his life for a long time, and not to look out for his interests at some sudden turn in his career. It is not necessary to defend the writer at all. Ridicule has meted out prompt justice to the pretenders who did not find enough of the "artistic," and to the triumphing cavilers who did find some defects in his poetic productions which are as natural as breathing.

To defend the politician is another thing. Let us look back over the events of those twenty years during which all the leaders in the nation were in opposition to Lamartine; when Thiers was his chief adversary. "Behold the *social party* which enters," said Thiers, and his deputies laughed. They laughed no longer, ten years later. The chief never dreamed he was speaking the truth; but the "social party" entered these national chambers behind the poet. I will quote again from Sainte-Beuve: "Lamartine was guided by that divination of public thought which poets have, and which political theorists never have."

Everywhere and always it is the poet who foresees and provokes the transformations which mark our present world; he develops the railroads and the coal fields, advances education, and extends the right of the ballot. It was Lamartine who pointed out distant dangers unperceived by all. There are those who charge him with bringing on the Revolution of 1848; it is charging the display signals with bringing on the tempest. The Revolution would have occurred without Lamartine, but without Lamartine it would have glided in its first days into a hideous commune; the nation would have been dishonored by the red flag.

I am lengthy in combating the injustice which weighs upon the memory of Lamartine, but I wish to show that the ideal image of the man, of the poet, of the politician is after all the right one, because it conforms to the general laws of historical perspective.

In one of his poems written far from Milly, Lamartine spoke of the ivy which covered the wall of the house. There was no ivy there. By a delicate inspiration his mother planted the wanting vine and made a truth of the lie.

Humanity aided by time, acts as this mother; it furnishes the work of the idealist, and makes truths of errors. Such an operation is normal, in conformity to the work of nature, which constantly retouches her works in order to make good the great outlines, and to free them from decay and from accessories. And surely, that which creates life is superior to that which destroys it.

Electricity has taught us the secret of embellishing modest homes by depositing a thin layer of gold or silver over numberless objects of common metal. What would you say of a band of maniacs who should insist on destroying everything so beautified, on the ground that all articles should show just what they really are, *true iron or true copper*? And yet this is just what a certain class of critics would do for our intellectual furniture, when some one deposits the gold of the ideal upon the iron of reality.

Analysis has done great service in the last half century. It has a necessary work to do.

But we have abused it, and if we continue to disaggregate the little of solid earth which still holds us, if we do not begin to reconstruct, our intellectual and social destruction will very soon render us unfit for the work of life.

I have merely indicated these ideas. I have some scruples against philosophizing deeply on the subject of an amiable poet; of far greater value is it to study his verses. But I wished to make an attempt to justify by arguments of a rational order, an ideal view. When there is a conflict between the dearest aspirations of sentiment, and the evidence of these inexorable laws, we sadly sacrifice the first as illusory. But we are and we shall be in trouble until we find the point of conciliation between the traditional wants of the heart and these rules of the mind. There is not yet, there probably never will be, a universal formula for solving these antinomies of the heart and the reason. But let us hold firmly to both ends of the chain.

## ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

A BIT OF OLD HISTORY.

BY A. M. FULLER.

WHILE the ravages of time and the vandalism of recent years have left standing only too few of the old landmarks of St. Augustine, enough remain to attest to its antiquity and to form a stimulus to the study of its ancient history. The most interesting relic of the olden time in the place is Fort Marion, which is in a good state of preservation and is carefully guarded and kept in repair by the United States government.

A review of the history of the fort is especially interesting at this time, in view of the fact that Florida proposes to erect a facsimile of Fort Marion at the World's Fair.\*

The various attempts at colonization of Florida by Europeans of which we have authentic accounts go farther back than in any other part of the North American continent, preceding the efforts of the French in Canada, the English in Virginia, and even

of the Spaniards in Mexico. St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in the United States founded by Europeans.

In 1512, seven years before the invasion of Mexico by Cortes, Juan Ponce de Leon discovered the main land of Florida on Easter Sunday. The discoverer landed at a place called the Bay of the Cross, took formal possession and planted a stone cross as a sign of the jurisdiction of Spain. The place of his original landing is supposed to be a few miles north of St. Augustine.

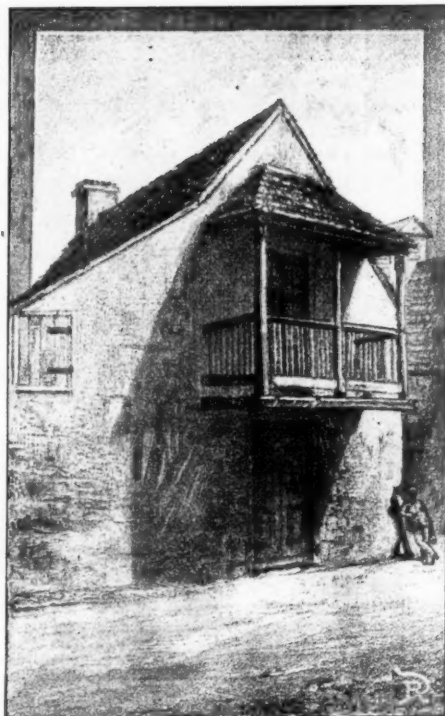
Unstable as the ever-shifting sands of its harbor bar, have been the changing fortunes of St. Augustine. For the beginning of the story we must go back over three hundred years to the middle of the sixteenth century.

Spain arrogated to herself exclusive dominion of the New World. Its whole vast territory was doubly hers, first by right of discovery, and then by papal grant. Following De Leon's discovery of the mainland of Florida the next effort at colonization was the disastrous one of Pamfilo de Narvaez in 1528. Still later on May 30, 1539, Fer-

\*For a more careful study of the interesting history, the little volume by Charles B. Reynolds, entitled "Old St. Augustine," which furnished the outline of this sketch, will supply what is here lacking—A. M. F.

nando de Soto landed at what is now Tampa Bay only to meet with disaster and failure in attempted colonization. In 1564 René Goulaine de Laudonnière landed first at what is now St. Augustine. The colonists were Huguenots. Shortly after midday of the 22d of June, 1564, the people of the Indian village of Seloy, now St. Augustine, descried three sails approaching from the south. Athwart the bar the strange ships came to anchor, and at three o'clock in the afternoon two boats put off and rowed toward the land. The villagers came trooping down to the shore to welcome the strangers, all save the chief, Paracoussy, who must needs maintain the dignity of his savage royalty, and so held aloof, seated in state beneath his palmetto bower.

The newcomers were hailed with great joy, for the Indians recognized them as friends. Their ensigns bore the fleur-de-lis of France, and their leader, René de Laudonnière, had been on this same coast two years before. At that time the Indians had been treated with such kindness that at the departure of the expedition they had run along the shore, with cries and lamentations bewailing the loss of their new-found friends and entreating them to remain. Now, overjoyed at the Frenchmen's return, the people of Seloy received Laudonnière with the warmest welcome and overwhelmed him with gifts. From Seloy the French sailed north forty miles until they came to a stream which on a previous voyage had been named the River of May, now known as St. John's River. Here they built a fort, a triangular structure of logs, which in honor of the young French



Spanish House on Charlotte Street, St. Augustine.

place with the heroes of his age. This new name in the story of Florida adventure was that of Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles, nobleman, companion of Pizarro, soldier, bigot.

On San Pedro's Day, June 29, 1565, with royal commission and papal blessing Menendez set sail from Cadiz. He commanded a fleet of thirty-four vessels and a company of 2,600 men, Knights of Biscay and the Asturias, soldiers, seamen, Franciscans, Jesuits, and negro slaves. On the 29th of August the Spaniards came in sight of the coast. September 8 witnessed a memorable scene; in the morning, the first beams of the sun, rising from the sea, shone upon the antlered front of the consecrated stag, in the heathen village of Seloy; at night its last rays from the pine forest of the west illumined a cross, standing amid the sentried fortifications of the Christian town of San Augustin.

Amid great splendor and much ceremony on the following day Menendez took formal possession of Florida in the name of Philip

king, Charles IX., they named Fort Caroline.

Laudonnière and his companions were French Protestants, Huguenots, Lutherans—in a word heretics in the sight of Spain, who claimed the sole ownership of this country.

Spain must now assert her rights and drive out of this territory the heretics who had come in defiance of the proclamations of the king of Spain, and in contempt of the anathemas of the pope of Rome. There was yet one Spaniard, at least, who, undismayed by the fate of Narvaez and DeSoto, would undertake to wipe out the shame of Spanish failure in North America, and win for himself a



II.; and in honor of the saint upon whose day the fleet had sighted the Florida coast, he named the new town San Augustin.

The Spaniards were now intent upon the destruction of the French at Fort Caroline, and having perfected the blotting out of the heretics, Menendez named the Fort San Mateo, garrisoned it with three hundred men, and returned to San Augustin.

The time is three years later; the scene is changed to San Mateo; the Chevalier Dominique de Gourgues, French Catholic, has come to repair the outraged honor of his native land and to avenge the death of his countrymen. When the three ships came in sight of the forts of San Augustin and San Mateo, the Spaniards taking them for friends, fire salutes of welcome. The Frenchmen land their equipments and make preparation for attacking the forts; meanwhile securing the Indians as their allies. The attack is made and the forts are carried; all are destroyed and with almost as much cruelty as was witnessed in the killing of Laudonniere and his companions.

Twenty summers have come and gone since that September day of Spanish pomp in Seloy. The romance of Florida has departed. No city of gold has been found, no mountain of treasure, nor pearl fishery, nor fountain of youth. One illusion after another has vanished. Florida is an unprofitable possession, but with jealous hand the Spanish monarch maintains his grasp upon the barren province. Though he will not occupy the land

himself, others may not enter; and here at San Augustin he is constructing his fortifications to menace the other nations.

In 1586 came the English sea kings. The English seaman of the sixteenth century was cast in heroic mold. It was the time of Gilbert, Frobisher, Grenville, Drake, and Raleigh. England and Spain were not at open war, but the peace between them was far from being hearty or long-enduring. Philip II. was collecting his invincible armada to overwhelm the British Isles and add them to his already colossal empire of two thirds the known world, and Queen Elizabeth, fearing to precipitate the blow which she knew must come, maintained a policy of discreet inaction. Not so her loyal sea captains. They turned with impatience to be away, to cut off the gold trains and intercept the plate fleets; and, by crippling the Spanish monarch's resources, delay, if they might not finally avert, the coming of the armada.

Two expeditions already had Captain Francis Drake led against the Spaniards in the west. On September 14, 1585, admiral of a fleet of twenty-five ships and pinnaces and a company of 2,300 men, Drake sailed out of Plymouth. On the 20th of May, 1586, off the Florida coast they came in sight of a watch tower, which was a token to them that there were Spaniards here. Their hostility to the race was sufficient inducement for them to approach the land and fall upon the settlement, but when they found that it was none other than San Augustin, a more particular motive



Treasury Street, St. Augustine.

urged them on to the attack. This San Augustin was the town founded by Menendez, a Spaniard with whom Drake and all other English sea kings had a long standing account to adjust. The Englishmen burned the town, demolished the fort, took on board the cannons and money and sailed away from San Augustin. In time supply ships came from Spain to San Augustin with reinforcements for the garrison and materials for building anew Fort San Juan de Pinos.

In 1665, eighty years after the destruction of San Augustin by Drake, the Spaniards were assailed by the bucaniers who had become the scourge of the Spanish main. The distracted inhabitants and the garrison fled into the interior and lay in concealment until the invaders, having found neither victims nor booty, demolished the houses and put to sea again.

A century and a half after Menendez had come to establish his Western Empire, of the Spanish possessions north of Mexico, San

San Augustin dispatched his galleys to exterminate the intruders; but his well-laid plans miscarried, and the fruitless expedition came back in disgrace; years of contention followed.

In 1702 with an army of regulars, militia, and Indians came Governor Moore, of Carolina, to chastise the Spaniards. At his approach, garrison and town people withdrew into Fort San Marco. The attack was unsuccessful and Moore withdrew three hundred miles overland to Charleston. Four years later an armament set sail from San Augustin bent on the destruction of the British. The planters rallied at Charleston, repulsed the Spaniards, took three hundred prisoners, and drove the rest back to the shelter of San Augustin.

Meanwhile the English colony of Georgia was founded, with outposts planted on the very peninsula of Florida; and now more bitter than ever grew the warfare.

In June, 1740, Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, set out with an army by land and a



Old Gateway, St. Augustine.

Augustin was still the most important, and the completion of its elaborate defenses was the task of the king's agents.

New foes menaced San Augustin, English planters had come to establish the colony of Carolina. This was a trespass upon Spanish territory, and was promptly resented. Emulating the zeal of Menendez, the governor of

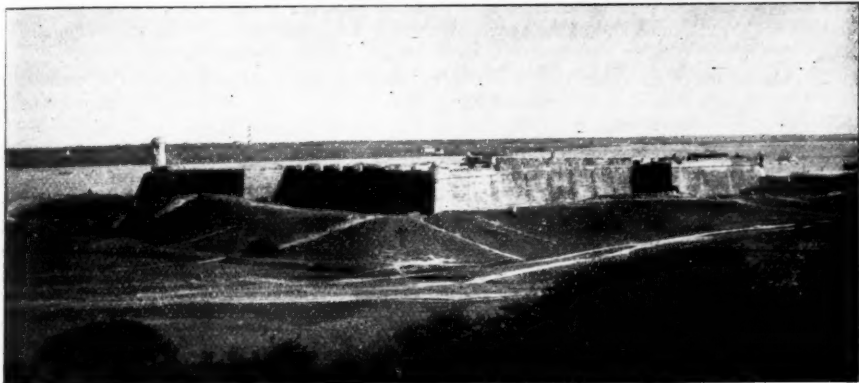
fleet by sea to destroy San Augustin and drive the Spaniards out of Florida. After capturing several smaller forts they besieged Fort San Marco. For twenty successive days the batteries discharged their missiles and the walls of San Marco did not tremble. Finally reinforcements sent by the governor of Cuba obliged Oglethorpe to raise the siege and re-

treat back to Georgia. There, in good time, the Spaniards followed with a force of fifty-three ships and five thousand troops to exterminate the colonies of Georgia and Carolina; so the farcical and fruitless warfare went on twenty years longer, as it might have continued to this day, had not the mother countries put an end to the contentions of their colonial children.

By the treaty of 1763, England having pre-

As the center of military operations against the southern colonies, and as the depot whence arms were furnished to the savage allies of Great Britain, St. Augustine soon attracted the attention of the patriot leaders, and repeated campaigns were planned to compass its overthrow. Every effort to capture the city met with disaster and St. Augustine still remained a British possession.

The rebellious colonies had been victorious.



Fort Marion.

viously by force of arms gained possession of Cuba, restored that island to Spain; and Spain in return made over to England her possessions in Florida. By this exchange the San Augustin of the Spaniard became the Saint Augustine of the English, and over the battlements of San Marco, which had so long and so bravely held out against the shock of British cannon balls, floated the cross of St. George.

In 1775 came the American Revolution. Of the fourteen British colonies Florida alone remained loyal. The thunders of Lexington and Bunker Hill woke no responsive echoes in St. Augustine. For two hundred years "the ever faithful city" had maintained her allegiance to the kings of Spain. Now in like manner she would prove her faith to the kings of England. Loyally as ever on the 5th of June, 1776, the citizens joined in celebration of the king's birthday; and when, three months later, the tidings came from Philadelphia of the Declaration of Independence, they assembled on the square in the center of the city to express their abhorrence of the document and its signers by burning in effigy the two arch rebels, John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

The war was over and the Florida planters returned to their fields. With them were numerous accessions of Loyalists from the other colonies, who had refused allegiance to the banner of the thirteen stars and had now come to Florida to live again under British colors. Peace resumed her gentle sway; and St. Augustine became once more the busy metropolis of a thriving English province. Her citizens rejoiced in the present; and their hearts were filled with bright anticipations for the future, which should bring its recompense for their seven years of war and steadfast allegiance to their king. It vanished in a twinkling.

Into the harbor, one day, came a ship of the Royal Navy, with a message of startling import. The Most Serene and Most Potent Prince, George the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, and the Most Serene and Most Potent Prince, Charles the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Spain and of the Indies, had been playing together a royal game of chess; and each had surrendered to the other a castle. To England Spain yielded Jamaica; and to Spain England in exchange gave Florida. The treaty moreover provided that the British should imme-

diately evacuate the province. This was the reward granted to the citizens of St. Augustine for their staunch fidelity through the seven years of war. The fate of the Acadians was theirs; the heart-breaking scenes of Grand Pré were rehearsed in St. Augustine, plantations abandoned, homes deserted, friendships severed. Once more the troops of the king of Spain occupied Castle San Marco; a Spanish sentinel scanned the sea from the watch tower at Matanzas, and a Spanish keeper trimmed the lights on Anastasia.

With the return of the Spaniards, a change came over Florida. There was no more planting nor harvesting; the Indians stalked through deserted indigo fields and found shelter in abandoned sugar mills; the manufacture of naval stores ceased; industry was at an end; the crowding sails of merchant ships no longer brightened the harbor. In 1783 Florida relapsed into her ancient lethargy; over our seaport town stole the haze of dreamy indolence and the calm of quiet content. The town was a great military station, and beyond this, nothing. The people were all engaged in the service of the king. On every side the city was well defended by earthworks and coquina batteries. Only on extraordinary occasions were the bolts thrown back at night, as when some messenger might come with urgent dispatches for the governor.

The United States regarded with apprehension the presence of a foreign power on its southern boundary. American pioneers were impatient to enter the Florida wilderness. Twice had bands of armed invaders from the north crossed the border and advanced to the very shadow of the coquina fortress. There as savage, Briton, and patriot had halted before them, they turned about and retired, and well, in truth, they might. Intrenched in such a stronghold, the governor could have held an army at bay. The battlements of Castle San Marco stood stanch; not against them might the assault of arms prevail. But there were other forces, with which the Spaniard was powerless to cope. The indolent don must no longer stand in the way of Florida's development. It was manifest destiny; and he yielded to it.

In the year 1821 Spain ceded Florida to the United States; here where the stag of Seloy had greeted the fleur-de-lis of France, and the yellow standard of Spain had given brief place to the red cross of England, here, over the

walls of the old city, waved at last the banner whose bars and stars symbolized the strength and the aspiration of the youngest born among the nations of the earth.

In January, 1836, the stoutest hearts in St. Augustine were thrown into trepidation by portentous signals in the sky. By day, above the pines in the west, were seen great columns of smoke, rolling up from fired plantations; and at midnight the heavens were lurid with the glare of blazing homes. The town itself was menaced by the savage foe. The Seminole war had begun.

So long as the Spaniards ruled Florida, the Seminoles enjoyed undisputed possession of its fairest lands. With the Indians dwelt many negroes, as slaves or free allies, whose ancestors had fled from colonial masters or who were themselves fugitives from the plantations of the southern states. Seminole and negro dwelt together in contentment and security; but when the United States took possession of the territory the Indian's peaceful life was rudely interrupted. The Seminole made a desperate stand for his Florida home, but all to no purpose. In September, 1838, General Hernandez surprised two camps of Indians and negroes. The prisoners were brought to town and lodged in Fort Marion. Among them was the aged chief Emathla, Coacoochee's father. In response to a message from the old chief, Coacoochee came into St. Augustine for a conference with the commanding officer, and was sent back to bring in other chiefs to talk. He returned with Osceola and seventy of his followers. They were treacherously dealt with, and all the Indians were put into prison.

High up in Coacoochee's cell was a narrow embrasure. Through this the chief squeezed one night, tumbled to the moat below, and set out to rejoin his tribe. When they heard the story he had to tell, the chiefs took up their arms again and waged a war fiercer than ever. Congress voted additional millions; new troops were enlisted to take the place of those who had fallen from the ranks, and man-hunting bloodhounds were brought from Cuba to track the Indian to his retreats. But money, troops, and bloodhounds failed to drive out the Seminole. It was reserved for Coacoochee to end the war.

In May, 1841, the chief left his stronghold in the Big Cypress Swamp, and came in for a talk with General Worth. The old treachery was repeated, the truce was violated, Coacoo-



chee was seized, thrown into irons, and placed on board a prison ship in Tampa Bay. At noon of July 4, while the flag of the free was flying from the masthead above him and the cannons were booming in a glad celebration of the liberties of the American people, the manacled chief was given a final hard and bitter choice. Within forty days he was told the people of his tribe must come in and surrender themselves for transportation from Florida, or on the fortieth day he and his fellow-prisoners should be hanged at the yard-arm. This time there was no escape. The Seminole yielded; within the forty days his people surrendered. Other chiefs with their tribes followed. Men, women, and children embarked on the ships that were to bear them

is in abeyance; the enterprise of the new rules the hour.

Over St. Augustine has always hung an air of desolation and decay. After the successive change of rulers, the new has always been built from the old. So universal, indeed, has been this process of tearing down the old to construct the new, that there are few edifices left, concerning whose antiquity we have satisfactory evidence. Boston workshops in churches more ancient than the cathedral; New Orleans markets are older than the disused one on the plaza; Salem wharves antedate the sea wall; on the banks of the Connecticut, the Hudson, and the Potomac stand dwellings more venerable than any here on the Matanzas. The destructive waves



Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine.

away forever from the land they loved so well and for which they had fought so long.

An uneventful period followed the close of the Seminole war in 1842. For twenty years the drowsy city slumbered. In 1861, startled by the reverberations from Charleston harbor, it woke to hear again the clash of arms. For a brief moment, the flag of Florida's rebellion fluttered from its staff on the plaza; St. Augustine was far removed from the active theater of war. For the time, nevertheless, the war was fraught with important consequences; its close marked a new stage in the life of the city. In 1865 set in the tide of immigration from the North, which has gathered strength with each succeeding year, and has completely altered the character of the town. The spirit of old St. Augustine

of improvement have swept over St. Augustine. Everywhere may be seen evidences of the change. The open square in the center of the city, the plaza of the Spaniards and the parade grounds of the English, where Spanish and British soldiery have mustered, and after them Seminole war volunteers, Confederate and Federal, has been transformed into a pleasure park, now more beautiful, we may well believe, than even in the palmy days when famous for its orange trees of marvelous size and beauty.

So the old has passed away; by short-sighted vandalism many of the ancient landmarks have been leveled to the ground; but with the destruction of these moss-grown monuments the town's three centuries have not been blotted out, nor is their story taken

away ; and as here and there the remnants of some venerable wall yet endure, so the romance of the old St. Augustine of yesterday remains, to add its charms to those of the fountains and the gardens, the waving palms and the perfumed groves of the new St. Augustine of to-day. Fort Marion is the principal attraction of the place. When the Spaniards came to the River of Dolphins in 1565, they converted the Indian council house of Selay into a temporary defense. This was succeeded by a fort of logs. The fort San Juan de Pinos was taken by Drake, and this in turn gave way to the foundations of the substantial structure of stone which is still standing. After a century of toil by an army of troops, bands of Indian captives, slaves, convicts, and exiles, Fort San Marco was finally completed in 1756.

How conspicuous was the part taken by the fort in deciding the fortunes of Florida and of North America, has already been told ; but still more romantic than the record of sieges and political mutations would be the story of those who from time to time have been confined within its walls. To-day one may see "Coacoochee's cell" with a narrow embrasure high in the wall through which the Seminole made his way to liberty. The fort, called by the Spaniards San Juan de Pinos, San Augustin, and San Marco, and by the English St. Mark, having come into the possession of the United States was named (in 1825) Fort Marion, after General Francis Marion of Revolutionary fame. Recall the days when San Juan de Pinos was the defense

of the half-starved Spanish garrison ; remember those long years of misery, when Indian slave, English prisoner, and Spanish convict labored beneath the lash of the driver, and, with burdensome toil, builded their very lives into these coquina bastions. Replace the heavy iron gratings of casement and cell ; send home the clanging bolt and bar and hear the shutting of doors upon manacled wretches, who from the gloom of that inner darkness shall never emerge to look upon the sun. Light again in the dim chapel the ever-burning lamps before the tabernacle ; restore to the niches their images, its cloth to the altar, the water to the font ; and bring back the pageantry of ceremonial rites, chant of mass, and murmur of confessional. Remember these momentous days, when Castle San Marco standing here for the maintenance of Spain in North America bore the brunt of well-concerted assault. Or since you are Americans, recall again those later years, when the soldiers of George IV. guarded Fort St. Mark and imprisoned patriots languished in its cells. So review all the stirring history of this famous fort and then may be known something of that story which in truth is worthy to be known—of Fort Marion in St. Augustine.

The hand of time may change the identity of old St. Augustine, but for him who is familiar with its history the town and especially the old fort will always possess a peculiar interest because of a part in which have figured stirring events covering three centuries of time.



A Native of St. Augustine.

## OUR BEST.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WE never give our best : life's limitations  
Are welded links that mock,  
Prometheus-like, our noblest aspirations,  
And chain us to the rock.

We would draw fire from heaven ; ah vain endeavor !  
Remorseless destiny  
Surges about our human aims forever,  
Like an engulfing sea.

Some thought that stirs the poet to expression,  
A very god might choose,  
Burns inward, with a sense of such possession  
As vatic fires infuse :

Yet when with Delphic utterance he would render,  
In language that he deems  
Olympian—some faint reflex of its splendor  
How shorn of strength it seems !

The ardent sculptor carving his Apollo,  
Holds in his fervid brain  
The model that his chisel seeks to follow,  
With all his soul a-strain :

He sees the beauty, feels the form elysian  
His every sense enthrall ;  
But the divine that thrilled the inner vision  
Illudes him after all !

Wild-eyed, the master o'er his score is bending,  
While to his raptured ear,  
The choiring of angelic notes ascending,  
Is what he seems to hear.

But when he would arrest the fleeting treasure,  
That so his soul has stirred,  
He finds but empty echoes of the measure  
His ravished sense hath heard.

We lay our hands, with words of tender blessing,  
On some beloved head,  
And double with the touch of our caressing,  
All that our lips have said.

And when the prayer we could not speak, is ended,  
Though the warm heart may melt,  
We know the darling has not comprehended  
One tithe of what we felt.

What dull response we yield to hearts that love us  
So fettered, so repressed !  
Strange marvel !—to the Power Supreme, above us,  
We fail to give our best !

## Woman's Council Table.



Mrs. Mary R. Baldwin.  
Author of "Around Branton," "A Mere Aptitude," "A  
Haunting Echo," etc.



Miss Kate Sanborn.  
Author of "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," "One Way of  
Co-operating," etc.



Miss Lucy E. Tilley.  
Author of "The Annunciation," "Amid the Storms," "At  
Easter Time," etc.



Miss Jessie F. O'Donnell.  
Author of "Heart Lyrics," Compiler of "Love Poems of  
Three Centuries."

A GROUP OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.



## Woman's Council Table.

### A MERE APTITUDE.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN.

THIS is an age of high premiums to women and consequently they are searching their abilities for something available as never before. From different social stratas and from varied experiences they are bringing before the public what they regard as evidences of their right for a place among those who meet the needs of true service; and it must be owned that many are trying to make a little ability go a long way; some, indeed, are offering the mere semblance of it for the real thing.

It sometimes happens, in the rush for position, perhaps through the pity or courtesy of one of the opposite sex, that a mere aptitude secures one a place that requires real ability, disciplined and enlarged by years of faithful service. But the light of the day that would discover and glorify first successes is sure to reveal defects, and even the knightliest of her sworn defenders cannot save a woman's immature effort from criticism or reverse the decisions of those who judge impartially.

The great mistake that lies at the root of other mistakes in the lives of many women is a false view with reference to their choice of service. Their ambitions crave a career along the ways that have been made honorable through the genius and devotion of others, and they fail to realize that what they consider the humble near-at-home occupations may offer to them the means of discipline, and therefore of development that might prepare them to enter upon the broader and what they call the *higher* field of action.

"I have an inclination toward the literary profession, and I really do think that I could succeed in it, for when I was a girl I was told that I could write well, and then I do want to earn some money," said one. The listener was pained, for she felt that the impelling power and the true purpose were lacking. A mere inclination toward a profession and the desire to make money from it, do not constitute a reason for entering one's efforts in competition with consecrated, trained ability.

Another woman who persisted in looking  
G-May.

for a sphere beyond the home and away from the appeals of motherhood, had been recognized in her reading club as an easy writer, and had been so unfortunate as to see her essay published in a local paper. Unfortunate, we say, for it seems that such was the case; printers' ink, always a delusion and a snare to those who are presumptuous and short-sighted in their attitude toward a calling that requires great humility and deep insight, remained with her an indelible proof of her ability to gain fame, if not to amass a fortune.

Some one has said that there is no more thankless service in the world than that of trying to make a half-equipped person understand that success does not wait at every step to honor the eager aspirant for honors; indeed some have declared that to attempt it is to make an enemy of one who will persist in taking the judgment of the local editor as authority.

Did not the *Boomer* compliment the "paper" in the highest terms? And did it not declare that a career was open to the talented writer? Philanthropist and prophet would both find it like rowing against the tide to try to clear the vision of one blinded thus by a first praise; and yet may it not be the duty of these to try to clear the path of effort opened so widely to women of this age, of those who are risking so much, all on account of the possession of an aptitude? Many who believe so have also a fear that high ability might be thus discouraged; these hold that it is better to leave the literary adventurer to find a lesson in the repulses that are sure to come in a day when there is so much competition for prizes.

But genius can never be cried down; if the woman possesses it, no human voice will be able to silence her; indeed the forces that would try to hold her from expression will only stir the mind's energies into fresh action, for *power* can never suffer final defeat. It is the lack of this power that leads so many to bring before the public a mere aptitude, expecting to win through it, and win speedily, not knowing that the entrance to the literary kingdom requires a losing of one's self; that it is always giving wholly, before

## Woman's Council Table.

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### ONE WAY OF CO-OPERATING.

gaining anything. The real genius is not led on by the thought of honors or of pay, but is forced on by the very nature of the gift.

Is it not well for women with only an aptitude as well as those who are being consumed

by what they call aspirations, to open their eyes upon the little world called home, and consider if they have not failed to discover simple opportunities that might have developed royal deeds, and have resulted in a grand fulfillment?

### ONE WAY OF CO-OPERATING.

BY KATE SANBORN.

**C**O-OPERATION is gaining rapidly in favor in the housekeeping details of many circles of friends and communities. I have tried this year a plan for reaching not only my neighbors but friends in other towns and distant states, and it seems to be working well for us all.

In my own village I have a friend who delights in putting up jellies, preserves, and pickles, and selling them at good prices to city patrons. I prefer to be taking long walks or drives to stewing over a steaming kettle, using lots of sugar and spices, fearful all the while that the concoction will not "jell." But I am blessed with a great number of fruit trees, cherries, apples, pears, and peaches, and my currant and raspberry bushes are vigorous and productive. I also enjoy scrambling about for the wild grape, both while it is green and in its rich purple dress after Jack Frost has touched its clusters; the wild grape flavor is delicious for jelly to eat with game or to spread between the layers of a fresh "Washington pie." I like "to go round the barberry bush" and fill a big basket with its pretty red berries, which mixed with pears or sweet apples make a conserve worth the effort. My tiny cucumbers and those allowed to grow until they are fat and yellow, and the tomatoes green and ripe, find their way across the street. My friend is glad. She makes an amazing quantity of goodies, and whenever I want a tumbler of currant jelly, or a can of tomatoes, or anything to make a meal especially tempting, I just run over to my co-oper and get what I want. To be sure I am in that place but half the year. But the idea is one that might be developed in various ways.

I have a good neighbor who works hard for his daily bread. In winter he has been obliged to drive six miles daily to a straw factory, starting at five o'clock, having risen at four to feed his cows and have his break-

fast, working in a room heated to a dangerous degree, and then plunging into the damp evening air, the inevitable perspiration inducing the inevitable chill, until a chronic case of asthma makes the poor man a terrible sufferer. He said, "If I only could afford to buy one more cow, I would stay at home." His family were worrying about "father," fearing another season of such exposure would kill him; he grew depressed and anxious as the winter drew near, and his labored breathing showed that he had cause for fear.

I had two cows, of good stock, which were giving me only about one pan of milk between them; and a hundred hens, of distinguished lineage, which would well repay any one for careful attention. I discussed the situation with Mr. ——. He decided to swap my cows for one in full milk, which he would feed and care for through the cold weather. He had been most successful in raising chickens for "broilers" for another man some years ago. So I loaned my hens and some money to buy lumber—he to build a house expressly for the hens and for raising chickens—we to share the profits, an exact account being promised.

The whole family are rejoiced. "Father has been a different man since you helped him," writes the daughter. It is a saving to me, because to care for those cows I must have a hired man, some one to cook for him, food and fuel to buy for both, besides all the grain bills.

I know an interesting old lady who lives all alone on a fine farm seven miles from my own. Her husband died some years ago and her only companions are two superb cats, a "tiger" and a maltese. I believe that everything from a woman to a kitten grows attractive and regal in proportion as she is petted and deferred to and appreciated; so these

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cats know their own worth and feel their importance and are, in consequence, cats that any one could be proud of. This brave woman suffers from rheumatism, the crooked joints of her fingers testifying to what she has to endure. One wrist was broken and never wholly mended, so that is of little use. Yet she is as cheerful as a girl of sixteen, and from her ninety hens made a profit last year of \$150. She longs for more hens and more income, so I buy choice "sittings" for her to hatch out in her husband's "shop," which boasts a small stove, and send a few dollars each month for her to invest in poultry and to share the profits with me.

As she wanted some work to amuse her in the long evenings, I ransacked trunks and bags and boxes for silk and woolen rags, for her to braid and knit into rugs for me next summer. She is fully occupied, one secret of happiness, and full of plans, while my little investment will doubtless bring me a good six per cent.

Then I reach out a little further. Among the many letters coming to me after I published the story of my "Abandoned Farm" I received one from a most interesting lady, who is sadly stranded on a large farm in Pennsylvania. It had long been in the family, and while it was a charming place to go for a holiday with her husband in summer time, it is vastly different now that he is dead and she has no money to spend on it, yet must in some way make her living from it,

her slender income growing less each year. Her story is truly doleful; her experiences more grievous than mine. She must sell that farm or rent it and get away or be a victim of nervous prostration or melancholia. I think of my solitary friend in her large house, with her fifty acres of land, who wants to find some bright woman to share her home and help her a little. I set up a correspondence between the two, hoping there may be another case of practical co-operation.

One more—most interesting of all. A dear friend of mine, who inherited a large property, has been cheated and imposed upon by her own relatives until about three fourths of her income has vanished. She always had a marked capacity for fitting and trimming dresses. She now makes all her own dresses and those of her daughter; and some of them look like imported gowns. As for me, if a pucker or drape or bow comes undone, I am helpless. I try to repair, only to fail and be ridiculed. So I ventured to try my idea with her. She is so sensible that she is delighted and now I hope my bills for goods and making and "findings," as long as a list of Don Giovanni's sweethearts, will be a thing of the past. I shall dress more in accord with my own taste, in a style suited to my age, hair, and complexion, and she is glad of the additional pin money and the feeling that she is doing something to help a friend.

I intend to go on with wider circles and better results.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY MARIE SESSIONS COWELL.

WHY is it, I wonder, that we never hear of Mrs. Christopher Columbus? Now that we are reading so much of the wonderful discoveries of Columbus, perhaps people would smile if one were to say that America was really discovered by a woman. And yet it is true, that if it had not been for his wife, Columbus never would have had the ambition to discover anything.

If one must believe that when one looks closely into any great crime, a woman will always be found at the bottom of it, why not equally true that she will be found as a stimulator of good deeds? Certainly Mrs.

Christopher was the ruling influence in the life of her liege lord.

About the year 1470, Columbus went to live at Lisbon. There he met and fell in love with Doña Felipa, daughter of the deceased Bartolomeo Moñis de Palestrello, an Italian cavalier, and a navigator of great distinction, who had colonized and governed the island of Porto Santo.

Bartolomeo and his daughter Felipa had been the closest of friends, and on many of his voyages she had been his constant companion. She had inherited his love of adventure, and, having a fine artistic nature, she it was who wrote her father's journal,

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drew his maps and geographical charts, and later, at his dictation, wrote many valuable books and papers relative to his voyage.

When Bartolomeo died, he left to his daughter all his papers, charts, and journals, and land on the island of Porto Santo. It was there Felipa went to live with Columbus after their marriage. There they lived happily and quietly for several years. There their son Diego was born.

Felipa had always been ambitious for her father and encouraged him in his explorations when many thought them simply adventurous follies. Now she transferred these ambitions to her husband. To be sure Columbus had always hoped and dreamed that he might some day become an explorer and discoverer, but, like so many men, his ideas would probably have always remained dreams, had he not found a wife who encouraged him, stimulated his ambition, helped him, influenced him in innumerable little ways as only a woman can.

Their life at Porto Santo was necessarily a quiet one, and Columbus, perhaps because he loved his wife, perhaps because he had no one else to go to, came to rely more and more upon her for society and for sympathy. Then her opportunity came. She read to him, studied with him, talked with him, told him of the voyages she had made with her father; of his ideas; the different navigators, friends, and companions of her father whom she had known; of the opinions they had held; of the breathless interest with which

she had listened to their many discussions. And she pictured to him the glory and honor that would be his, were he to become a successful explorer, and she suggested a possible country in the far West. Finally she roused in him an enthusiasm equal to her own.

Then came his struggle for recognition. It was his wife who stood by him, cheering and sustaining him when others ridiculed. It was her indomitable will that forced him to be courageous and persevering, when oftentimes in his despair he was ready to give up everything.

These were hard days for Felipa; besides her anxiety for her husband's welfare, she endured uncomplainingly, many days and nights of pain. She knew that her life was drawing to a close, and she longed to live, that she might see the fulfillment of her desires. But it was not to be. Until the very last she forced herself to think for Columbus and to forget herself. When she was dying she called him to her and told him that she felt sure Queen Isabella of Spain would assist him, and begged him to promise her that he would go to the queen and implore her aid. Poor Felipa! she died without knowing the success of her heart's wish.

If Christopher Columbus discovered America, certainly Felipa discovered the latent genius in Columbus, and by her remarkable influence helped him to his life's work, why doesn't *Mrs.* Christopher Columbus deserve some recognition at the coming Columbian Exposition?

## THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

EVERY now and then in London one hears a loud protest against the latter-day unsexing of women. Mr. Frederick Harrison, even while serving on the same board of aldermen of the County Council as Miss Cons, denounces the folly of women disordered by the fever of a public mission. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who wrote at least one book which defied public opinion, periodically raises up her voice against the "Wild Women" of our generation. But the strange part of it is that these protests do not represent any one public party. Conservatism in politics does not im-

ply conservatism in questions of sex. However great may be the gulf which separates Tories from Liberals, they agree on at least one point: Women can be of use to them in their work, doubly useful when feminine forces are duly organized. Formal recognition of these political services, formal appreciation of the good to the party that may come of the "unwomanly" fever of a public mission, have led to the formation of the two great organizations now felt to be important factors in British politics.

The very name of the Primrose League explains that it is based on sentiment dear to



the British heart. The little flower, supposed to be beloved by the Tory hero, Lord Beaconsfield (though Liberals point out with a laugh that in one of his books he specially denounced it), is made the emblem of those who have constituted themselves upholders of his Jingo policy. It is the kind of a name which, I regret to say, appeals especially to women, and so prominent now are the Primrose Dames in the League that I confess it was a surprise to me, as it probably will be to many others, to learn that at first they were not admitted. It was a society formed wholly for men. But the result of accepting women as members was, I gather from official documents, to send the numbers up from 957 in 1884 to 237,283 in 1886, though—and this is another surprise—there are still more Knights than Dames. The special work of the League being of a missionary nature, involving the patronage of the "lower" classes, the women of the "upper" classes were felt to be admirably fitted for it. "Slumming" was the fashion in England, and still is, though it is on the wane.

But, first to explain the principles and objects of the League. These are not, it is boasted, political in the strict sense of the word. The Primrose League is not a Tory association exactly in the same way as the Women's Liberal Federation is a Liberal organization. It does not take upon itself to maintain a party, nor a party policy; to the declaration signed by the members a Gladstonian might affix his name without qualms of conscience. But, in another sense, it is the very hotbed of Toryism. I think it is suggested somewhere that the Knights and Dames stand to the Tory party in very much the relation that the Preaching Fenians did to the church of old. They are not regular officials, but theirs it is to keep the people up to the mark, to kindle their enthusiasm and their prejudices to fever heat. The declaration they read and sign before receiving the diploma and badge of membership seems uncompromising enough. It is this:

"I declare, on my honor and faith, that I will devote my best ability to the Maintenance of Religion, of the Estates of the Realm, and of the Imperial Ascendancy of the British Empire; and that, consistently with my allegiance to the Sovereign of these Realms, I will promote with discretion and fidelity the above objects, being those of the Primrose League."

There is something just a little Jesuitical

about the wording of this. Important changes may be made in the religion and government of the country and yet the Primrose League may still declare that its principles have not been violated, its objects not defeated. But religion, to it, really means the Church of England, though nominally, as explained in one of the League's text-books, it signifies that "a Christian civilized country must recognize and acknowledge the authority of God, and that in the administration of affairs it is necessary to recognize that authority"; atheists and freethinkers only are to be rigidly resisted. But as a rule, to be a member of the Primrose League, is to be a member also of the established church.

To maintain the Realms of the Estate is defined as the defense of the constitution; which would be well enough if it were not further added that those against whom the constitution must be defended are Socialists and Gladstonians, that is all except the Tory party. This definition at once exposes the essential Toryism of the League.

The maintenance of the Imperial Ascendancy of the British Empire "requires members to oppose any measures which may, directly or indirectly, weaken or diminish the power or the unity of the British Empire, or tend to lower its prestige in the eyes of the world." That is to say, in plain unvarnished language, Home Rule in Ireland must be resisted at any cost. "Why," plaintively says the vice chancellor of the League, "with Home Rule granted, there would be no guarantee that a Fenian or an American republic might not be established in that island!" To the genuine old-fashioned Tory, man or woman, a foreigner is still the great bugbear. The spread-eagleism of some of our senators and representatives who are always wanting to twist the British lion's tail, is a mere nothing to the Jingoism of John Bull, who would like to see a wall, like that of China, round his "tight little island," and so keep every infidel of a foreigner off sacred British soil. Fortunately all Englishmen are not Jingo.

These being the principles of the League, its great object is Education. After the extension of the franchise in 1867, Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe, got off this wise remark: "The workingmen, the majority of whom live in small houses, are now enfranchised; we must at least educate our masters." The League has therefore taken upon

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itself to educate the workingman—that is, to make him too a Jingo.

To accomplish this, the one great means proposed was organization. The League has a head office in London and is governed by a grand council consisting of forty-five members besides the grand master, four trustees, and a treasurer. But there is also a ladies' executive committee, and a committee formed of seven of its members and eight of the grand council. Then there are throughout the country local habitations, each with its ruling councilor, treasurer, and executive council. Indeed, it would be impossible in a short article to describe all the various divisions and official posts, they are so many.

The members are Knights and Dames and Associates. The two former are admitted by the authority of the grand council, and to it pay their entrance fee of half a crown, and their annual subscription of the same amount (about sixty-one cents). Associates are admitted by the habitations, to which they pay their fee and subscription. There are various degrees and dignities to which these members may be elevated, in proportion to the services rendered, the highest of all being the Honorable Order of the Grand Star, founded in the Jubilee year, with five grades, the fifth as yet having been bestowed only upon Lord Salisbury, Grand Master of the League.

Altogether there is enough ceremony to please the most exacting, and enough honors to satisfy the most ambitious. But a society which seeks to be a power—and the Primrose League is one—cannot do too much to hold and promote the interest of its members. Many other organizations, with whose aims I, for one, have more sympathy, might do well to take pattern by it in this respect.

The education of the people is supposed to be conducted by general and ward meetings, and the "distribution of literature"—leaflets and tracts. But it necessitates much tea-drinking, at which the Dames are adepts, and many of those charitable concerts which make one wonder at the politeness of workingmen and women, who accept without a smile songs sung out of tune and the recitations of the weakest amateur.

To women, the most important outcome as yet of the League is the utterance it has brought from Lord Salisbury on the woman suffrage question. "I earnestly hope," he says, "that the day is not far distant when women also will bear their share in the voting for members in the political world, and in determining the policy of the country. . . . It is obvious that they are as abundantly fitted as many who now possess the suffrage, both by knowledge, by training, and by character." This, coming from the Tory prime minister, is significant.

### THE UGLY GIRL AS A SOCIAL FACTOR.

BY MISS E. F. ANDREWS.

THE ugly girl is the most unpopular character I know. Everybody repudiates her, even those of her own household, and nobody has ever had a good word to say for her. Art disdains her, literature maligns her; its Portias, its Cordelias, its Evangelines, its Corinnes, its Rebeccas, its Sophias, are all made over to the credit of our pretty sisters, while the Charity Pecksniffs and the Judy Smallweeds are saddled upon us, the ugly girls, as if our own faces were not quite enough for us to bear, without being made to serve as the moral scapegoats of our sex in addition.

Whenever our hereditary enemies, the poets and painters, want a dirty job done, they are sure to lay it on our shoulders,

though, if the truth were told, our pretty sisters have been mixed up with a great many more questionable transactions than we ever have. But the ugly girl is not even permitted to be poetically and picturesquely wicked; the interesting sinners of literature and art, the Margarets, the Beatrices, the Hetty Sorrels, are all turned out of the artist's brain as first-class beauties, while we are supposed to stand as representatives of the vulgarities and meannesses of human nature, and not even to have been the heroine of a sensational murder or a celebrated domestic scandal can make one of us interesting. Would the "irregularities" that you regard with such a charitable eye in Anna Karenina be tolerated an instant in your fat

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neighbor, Mrs. Joyce? Would the infanticide that seems less to be blamed than pitied in Margaret be viewed with aught but sickening horror in your black cook? Or would poor "Little Em'ly's" story seem half so pathetic if dear old button-shedding Peggotty had been its heroine?

And the women novelists are even harder on us, if possible, than the men, though they themselves, with scarcely an exception, belong to our household. Charlotte Brontë has tried to do us some slight justice, but, take it all in all, the ugly girl has never had a fair showing. In short, we are the "great unappreciated," in whom all the virtues of the Decalogue count for nothing, if we happen to have been born with a red head or a crooked nose. Somebody has said that if Cleopatra's nose had been a quarter of an inch longer, the history of the world would have been changed, but nobody has ever hinted that if Cleopatra's morals had been a little better, the world would have cared anything about it. Must we then conclude that the length of a woman's nose is of greater consequence than the purity of her heart or the uprightness of her life?

If we throw out of court those unreliable special pleaders, the artists and authors, and summoning the ugly girl and her pretty sister before the bar of history, require them to stand strictly on their merits, we shall find the balance of credit inclining largely to the side of the ugly girl. In fact, the pretty girl, as a general thing, won't bear a very close investigation, and if we strip off the coating of sentimental whitewash with which her esthetic friends have invested her, we shall too often find her a very naughty girl indeed. Even the beauty-loving Greeks did not choose their goddess of beauty as their tutelary divinity, and I am sure no one will contend that the world owes a vote of thanks to Cleopatra of Egypt, or Helen of Troy.

One of the earliest historic beauties of whom we have any record was not above committing a theft upon her own father, and then telling a most atrocious lie to conceal it, while we are told by orientalist that her sister Leah, in whose person the ugly girl makes her first appearance upon the stage of authentic history, in all probability acquired the "tender eyes" that proved so detrimental to her matrimonial prospects, as the result of self-sacrificing devotion to domestic

duty. Upon her, as eldest daughter, naturally fell the care of the household after her mother's death, and while the pretty Rachel was roaming the fields in the poetic character of a shepherdess, or flirting and gossiping with the shepherd lads around the well of Paddan-aram, poor Leah, the household drudge, was spoiling her eyelids and making her complexion coarse and red over the kitchen fire. And it was for this that she was despised by her husband, though Jacob, I have no doubt, could say as many fine things about the domestic virtues, as some of our popular newspaper moralists who are always lamenting the degeneracy of modern women because they don't know how to spin and weave and cook and wash and iron as their grandmothers did, and who yet would be the first to despise you, my fair readers, for your coarse hands and red faces, if you were to take them at their word and cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the frying pan and the washtub. Now, I don't say this out of any want of respect for those humble utensils, but only to remind you, gentle reader, that your first duty is not, as Mr. Grant Allen tells you, to look pretty, but to do your duty whatever it may be, and whatever may be the opinion of men concerning it or concerning you for doing it. And remember, it was not the beautiful Rachel, after all, whose offspring gave to Israel its royal line, and to all mankind its King, but Leah, the ugly girl, whose plain face did not keep her from finding favor in the eyes of her Creator.

In fact, most of the good and great things that have been done in the world by women, must be set down to the credit of the ugly girl. While her pretty sisters have been engaged in setting men together by the ears, she has been quietly putting things to rights, and whether she appears as an Elizabeth encouraging her troops at Tilburg, or a Margaret Douray feeding the orphan children from her baker's cart, we shall generally find that the world has gained by her presence.

Which are the women whose personality will impress itself most strongly upon our own century? Is it the Lily Langtrys, the Mrs. James-Brown-Potters, the Lady Brookses, or the Clara Bartons, the Burdett-Couttses, the Susan B. Anthonys, the Octavia Hills, the Florence Nightingales, and the Madame Boucicaults? Is it the professional beauties of our day that are leading the world

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to higher and better things, or is it the plain faces of the ugly girls that will shine forever in the gallery of the immortals?

The ugly girl may not be much of a success socially, and in the purely ornamental positions of life she may even be a flat failure, but wherever there is work to be done, or there are burdens to be borne, then she comes to the front. You will find her wearing the red cross and the white ribbon; in the uncouth garb of the Salvation Army you will find her, rude and unlettered perhaps, yet working for righteousness according to her light; you will find her in the newspaper office, in the professor's chair, behind the teacher's desk, behind the counter, in the factory, in the workshop—wherever, in fine, women are toiling for bread, you will meet her, for the pretty girl can generally find something better, or else, alas! something worse to do than work for a living.

It is in those positions only in which women have distinguished themselves by their own exertions that we shall find the ugly girl cutting much of a figure. The brilliant sinecures of life are not for her; they come usually as the prerogative of lofty birth, or the prize of a brilliant matrimonial speculation, and, somehow, the ugly girl, with all her cleverness, has never been much of a success in that quarter, but has generally had to put up with the refuse of the market.

In fact notwithstanding the many shining qualities she has been shown to possess, mankind—the man part of it, I mean—has never taken kindly to her, and for six thousand years she has been forced to content herself with a back seat in life merely because the world has never thought her

worth considering in the adjustment of its social relations. That "wife and mother" business which it prescribes as the only legitimate one for her sex, never takes any account of the ugly girl and the difficulties under which she labors in finding a suitable opening in that line. Though she may be as willing as Barkis, and even a little more so, of what avail is her readiness, if Barkis himself isn't willing? There is no law, so far as I know, that permits aspirants for matrimonial honors to handcuff recalcitrant bachelors and drag them to the altar against their will, and as the duty of becoming a wife and mother is contingent upon first securing a husband, must a girl remain out of business for life, just because she happened to be born with a wry mouth or a pug nose?

Such a rule as this is not only very unfair to the ugly girl, but equally detrimental to the interests of society, which thus suffers great loss of working power by forcing so much of its best working material upon a market where there is no demand for it, or a demand at such reduced prices that it is no uncommon thing to see a hundred dollar woman knocked down to a fifty cent man, and hard to get a bid on her at that!

In view of these facts, it seems but fair that other markets should be opened to the ugly girl, where the length of her nose may not be of greater account than the precious wares of mind and soul that she has to offer to the world; it seems but just that reason and knowledge and energy and industry and common sense should count for something in woman as it does in man, so that even the ugly girl may have an attainable career open to her.

### "THE NEW WOMANHOOD."\*

BY RUTH MORSE.

**I**N many respects a high ideal of womanly character is well portrayed in a recent book called "The New Womanhood."

In a style refreshingly free from all attempts at flattery, the author points out the requirements which, according to his ideas, are needed on woman's part in the founding and maintaining of a home. "Woman the

home-maker" is the basal thought of the book, and this logically leads on to the wider affirmation, to which all true hearts will gladly echo a response, that to make the world a "world of homes" is the surest hope for the well-being of the people.

Pictures of the sweet, simple, domestic life of the olden times and memories of loving ministrations which brightened the author's whole experience, lend to the volume an

\* The New Womanhood. By James C. Fernald. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.25.



idyllic character; and at the same time the number of unquestionable truths, of clear matter-of-fact arguments, and plain rules of household economy make it a veritable manual of practical instruction in the business of home-making. Beauty and utility are thus happily blended in parts of it.

No one can feel at all disposed to take issue with the writer on these grounds. His ideal pictures are most felicitous and such as all would like to see universally transferred into real life. But as to the causes to which he attributes the growth of such homes, and also the causes of their decadence, and as to the cause which led him to say all the good things about womanhood which he has said, a question arises. Under cover of an apparently fair purpose at the outset he advances specious doctrines.

There is strong need of his warning words regarding the undermining influences at work in the destruction of home life; but did he address the warnings to the right persons? His whole book is a plea to the women for a restoration of the simple, happy old style of living. Who subverted the order of things when this was the common rule? The same blight which brought about the destruction prevents the restoration.

Using housekeeping itself in a very plain manner as a figure of speech, there may be found a suggestion pointing toward a solution of these questions. Let us, too, call up a mental picture of the sweet, wholesome, domestic life of long ago, and trace its history.

Within the home the typical wife and mother joyfully ruled. Her husband and her children were made happy, were encouraged and strengthened for all of their duties by her. And their reflex influence upon herself increased her power for good over them. What chance was there for sorry change to enter such a place?

No household can exist without having numberless avenues of communication with the outside world. Into this woman's stronghold, which it was her pride to keep cleanly and sweet and pure, gradually came creeping back along all these avenues a polluted atmosphere, vile vapors, and various impurities.

Renewed energy on her part was of small avail against the unchecked evil. Outside work alone could effect a remedy; but the outside work was not done. In spite of her

appeals and remonstrances, matters steadily grew worse. When all her efforts to have the proper person attend to these remissnesses failed, what other resource was left to her than to nerve herself and undertake the unpleasant task of trying to better these outside matters?

She did not want to do it. She knew the home would suffer from her absence. But the same instinct which led her to keep things within her own precincts cleanly and sweet, drove her outside to see if she could not help her husband regulate the disordered and untidy condition into which his share of the home-making work had fallen.

And now, having undertaken this work, she can never with confidence resume her old place, until all the avenues leading to the home are swept clean and kept clean, and until there is a strict agreement that hereafter she shall know as fully of her husband's work in the world as he knows of hers in the house. Together they must plan for both world and home; together they must work to save home and world.

And so in the light of this figure of speech it is claimed that "The New Womanhood" is an unbalanced book. No more can either man or woman alone, in their respective fields of labor, work successfully, than can an equilibrium be attained by loading one side of the scales. The growth of the ideal home depended on the perfect oneness of interest in the olden times; the disturbance of this unity tends to destroy the home.

From the most fallacious chapter in the book, entitled "Man's Best Hope," the following excerpt is made:

"The ideal of all good men is deliverance from the bondage of corruption. . . . But the point is this: We are not yet there. Here is the great, wicked world seething around. Somebody must go into it, through it, live a part of life in the midst of it. Is it therefore desirable that everybody should? Or may we have a partition—let those go into it who must and those keep out who can? May not those who keep out help those who go in better than by going in with them?"

And this is said in a book which is, from beginning to end, one strong exhortation to women on the text of ideal womanhood, ideal home-making! Might not men be more strongly urged on to ideal manhood? Is it absolutely necessary that this wicked world be allowed to remain without renovating?

Can any partition be constructed high enough and thick enough to shut out its poisonous influences?

Probing now suddenly and deeply after this preliminary sounding, the lance strikes squarely on the cause of the perverted tendency of the arguments of the book. The author says:

"Find the strongest, loveliest, happiest women you know, in middle life or in sunny old age; around whom little children cling, to whom young people go for sympathy in joys and sorrows, before whom every man would reverently bow the head; whose very presence is a benediction and for whose sake the Lord ever blesses the house wherein they dwell—and they are never those who have spent life in secluded bowers in chase of selfish happiness, or *not less selfish 'Development.'* The happiness they have sought has been the happiness of others, and *'Development'* has been the last thing they have thought of."

The italicized words are not thus distinguished in the book. But the emphasis needs to be put upon them here. Can one find anywhere else in literature another paragraph advocating under so thin a disguise a selfishness which seeks to hide itself by hurling cowardly taunts of selfishness at others? Can any inference be drawn save the

inane one that it was because of the lack of "development" that these cited women were so winning and lovable? The words plainly teach, Keep woman from any attempt at higher advancement, discourage any aspiration for enlightenment on her part, in order that in her ignorance she may school herself to endure the ills falsely represented to her as irremediable, that she may devote herself entirely to securing man's ease and comfort, and may never attempt to trouble his conscience by prodding him on to such works of reform as she would unflinchingly undertake.

"We want the old-time state of things when men sat in long rows down the church aisles, *priests and heads of their families in religion as in all things else.*"

So exclaims the author. Put the same type of men in the church rows now and the "old-time state" will be restored. "The race is one." Man cannot change and woman remain the same. And that womanhood, be it called the New or the Old, is unworthy of the highest tributes that can be paid it, if it voluntarily consents in a servile manner to try to adapt itself to a false theory of life, to stifle the cries of its nature for a higher life, and, for the sake of ease and comfort and praise, to blind itself to the wrong and wickedness about it.

# THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.

BY ELIZABETH M. HOWE.

SOME time ago, when the Boston Cookbook was placed by its publishers upon the reviewers' tables, the volume was declared by one critic to be one of the most valuable contributions that Boston had yet made toward the advancement of the race. What proportionate word of esteem would be bestowed upon the experiment which has been carried on in that same city for a year and a half under the suggestive name of the New England Kitchen must be left to the imagination,—or rather, it may be left to the individual judgment of each one who hears the story. The Kitchen has a twofold reason for existing—philanthropic, as a means of furnishing nourishing and appetizing food at low prices; and scientific, as a household experiment station, where the preparation of different articles of food is scientifically

studied. The Kitchen has for its quarters a fair-sized room on a corner of a street leading out from the main thoroughfares and in one of the poorer residence quarters of the city. It is a section where children swarm—a fact which defines its status as well, perhaps, as any one fact would—and where the homes of the small wage-earners crowd upon each other. Here the Kitchen was opened in January, 1890, offering possible customers a bill of fare of beef soup, pea soup, corn mush, boiled hominy, oatmeal mush, cracked wheat, and spiced beef. This list has now been almost quadrupled, though it must not be understood by this that all these articles are on sale every day. Two soups, two puddings, one mush, and one other dish, such as vegetable hash, spiced beef, or baked beans, are offered daily, and the bill of fare for the

week is printed together with the price list of foods. These prices vary from 18 cents a quart for the beef broth for invalids, for which there is a large and steady demand, to the cracked wheat, boiled hominy, and corn-meal and oatmeal mush for 5 cents a pound. Pea soup is 10 cents a quart, vegetable, tomato, and potato soups 12 cents, the chowders 16 cents, while the different hashes and stews are 8 and 10 cents. Among the dishes are two bearing the non-committal names—except for the suggestion of something rich and strange—of Aladdin stew and Aladdin hash. They are both combinations of meat and cereals—the stew a rich beef gravy with beef and oatmeal, and the hash a combination of hominy and meat with seasoning. They get their names from the fact that they were suggested by the gentleman who invented the Aladdin Oven.

This oven, of which an account has been given the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, is the means by which most of the cooking at the Kitchen is done. Methods of cooking were the subject of long and careful experimentation, and the ordinary range has no place in the Kitchen's equipment. There are large steam kettles, a gas table, and the Aladdin Oven.

The mode of procedure at the Kitchen can be illustrated, both on the scientific and the practical sides, by the process through which a new dish is added to the list. There are certain requirements which such a dish must meet: it must not be expensive, either as to material or the labor involved, it must be really nutritious, it must be something that can be readily served and easily kept hot, and it must suit the popular taste. Whether a given dish meets these requirements is decided by experiment—and the managers report that twenty experiments were made on the beef broth alone before it was offered for sale—and when the best combination of ingredients and the best method of cooking have been determined, the customers of the Kitchen become a body of tasters to pass judgment upon it. The trammels of conventional speech sit lightly enough upon a majority of them to insure a frank expression of opinion, and the dish is then modified in seasoning or such other details as may be modified, until it suits the popular taste. Such seasonings as tomato catsup or Worcestershire sauce are not well received, but it is found that a sufficiency of onions will

go far toward making even the most wholesome dish acceptable.

This careful and scientific treatment of food materials results not only in a fine flavor and high degree of nutriment in the dishes thus prepared, though they are made from the cheapest articles, but in the development of qualities not hitherto to be found in cooking,—exactitude and reliability. "I tell you," George Eliot makes Bartle Massey say, "a woman 'll make your porridge every day for twenty years and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk—a little more or less, she'll think, doesn't signify; the porridge *will* be awkward now and then; if it's wrong, it's summat in the milk, or it's summat in the water." But the porridge at the New England Kitchen is never "awk'ard"; the beef broth is justly claimed to be "the same in flavor and strength from day to day, invariable as the medicine of a first-class apothecary" and the pea soup and the fish chowder are "just as thick and tasty" one day as another.

The Kitchen has become a supply station for the neighborhood. Here come unkempt children, shabby men, and untidy women with pitchers and pails for the noonday or evening meal, and for the increasing class of working women who "board themselves" it goes a long way toward settling the perplexities of their housekeeping.

During the winter soup is furnished at the lunch hour to the employees of a number of the large dry goods houses, and it is also sent daily to the Institute of Technology and to several schools. The demand for the foods prepared at the Kitchen is spreading, too, among the well-to-do housekeepers, and since there are few of us whose dietary could not be improved, such a growth is to be welcomed, though it is not in itself the most interesting phase of the work. Many a social problem depends largely for its solution upon the establishment of sanitary conditions of life among the mass of the people, and toward the establishment of such conditions the Kitchen is a distinct help. That its work will grow and prosper can be predicted not only because of the degree in which it has already proved itself a success, but because it is in line with many social tendencies which are beginning to declare themselves.

A branch Kitchen has been opened in another part of Boston, and the work has also been taken up in New York and in one of

the suburbs of Providence. There are necessary for the successful inauguration of such a venture both executive ability and scientific knowledge, and also the public spirit which shall stand by it with an open purse until the period of experiment is past. It is one

of the glories of the city in which this work was begun that such ability and such public spirit are not far to seek, but they can be found in other cities no less, and, applied to this same end, would yield as excellent results.

# THE NEGRO AS A PRODUCER OF LITERATURE.

BY JULIE K. WETHERILL.

THE negro as a subject for literature has ceased to be a novelty. The negro as a producer of literature promises to be one of the more interesting figures of the future,—not because of what he has thus far achieved, but because of the possibilities that lie open to him.

Redeemed from barbarism by the painful process of slavery, the experiences he has gone through in his progress toward civilization, have been ably handled by writers of the white race; but we feel that the last word has not yet been spoken.

It is somewhat singular that the negro, as an author, inclines toward didactic and polemical writings rather than those branches of letters which demand the exercise of imagination. His fine ear for rhythm should be useful to him, as regards poetry; and it is an unquestionable fact that he possesses the storytelling gift, knowing instinctively how to work up to a dramatic climax.

From time to time, references are made to the literary labors of Afro-Americans; yet we find little in the newspapers or other periodicals that gives outward signs of emanating from such a source. We are thus led to conclude that what they produce, in prose or poetry, must be lacking in the very quality that would add to its value,—race flavor. If a work possesses nothing characteristic of the people of which it is a product, we have a right to call it colorless.

We expect the Russian, the Danish, or the Italian author to stand for and express his nation. It is not surprising, however, that the negro should wish to keep the fact of his color in the background, since he has so often been made to feel it a badge of inferiority. Moreover—though this he would, probably, not care to admit—he is unconsciously influenced by the spirit of imitation which is still strong within him. Even among the

ignorant negroes of the plantation there is an unmistakable, though unavowed, desire to “act like white folks.” Therefore, the women have discarded the strong reds and yellows that accorded so picturesquely with their dark skins.

In many localities, the feminine members of the colored religious and benevolent societies no longer march in procession with the men, on state occasions; having gathered the idea that such active participation in the exercises is not “fitting for ladies.”

Such a sentiment, carried into higher things, cannot fail to have a bad effect upon the negro's work in literature, inasmuch as it prevents him from being natural.

Not long ago, a colored lad from Jamaica offered an article to the editor of a southern journal. The editor examined it with hopeful curiosity, but was disappointed to find that, though the sentences were correctly framed and the handwriting of copperplate legibility, there was nothing in it to indicate the author's race, nor anything that might not have been written by any dull, commonplace person of fair education.

On the other hand, there was sent to the same journal an unsigned contribution entitled “The Octoroon,” which was plainly the work of a colored woman. It was so illy worded and clumsily put together as to forbid publication. Yet it pleased the editor because the writer's keen comprehension of the conditions she was trying to describe, and her fearlessness in handling the subject, showed the grasp of intellect that needed only to be taught how to apply its strength.

The negro who is to be the interpreter of his race through the medium of imaginative literature, must have courage to be himself—must not be ashamed of being a negro. No matter what admixture of the blood of the whites may run in his veins, existing con-



ditions relegate him to the ranks of the dark race, and it is for them he must stand. He may be trusted to speak feelingly of the wrongs of his people; but he must be equally candid in dealing with their faults.

Let him not fall into the error of sentimentalizing harsh actualities. Naturally enough, he is on the defensive; but, hard though it may be, he must abandon that attitude, and strive after impartiality. There is a great field open for him, whenever he shall be fitted to take possession of it. Race prejudice

and the question of social equality would not operate unfavorably against him, in that line of effort; and the gulf which stretches at present between the free man and the freed man would narrow itself to insignificance.

The Afro-American genius will have no trouble in making his way in literature. Editors, always in search of the new and fresh, will accept his articles eagerly; and the only danger will be of his falling a victim to the cruelly injudicious flattery of the fickle novelty-lover.

## CHARITABLE AND BENEVOLENT WOMEN.

BY JULIUS POST.

Translated from the "Deutsche Rundschau" for "The Chautauquan."

WHILE on a voyage of discovery, such as I have long been accustomed to make every autumn, I came upon Madam Dalencoure in one of the worst parts of Paris. In seeking ways to carry out her chosen work of evangelization this noble woman devised a plan which more than realizes her aim. She had a *chalet* built in the garden adjoining her home, where two afternoons a week she received little girls from poor families and taught them how to make doll-clothes. As soon as a child had made everything that belongs to a doll's proper outfit, it was all given to her to keep. Madam Dalencoure's practical idea was that the children while playing learned how to assist in making and repairing the clothes of their younger sisters, which will be best appreciated by those who know what training poor children in France receive.

In this industry of well-doing noted English women immediately organized—even advancing into German regions—a sort of second rescue army, but of more well-to-do classes. These they assembled in a body and had them knit, mend, etc., for the poor.

But by German women Madam Dalencoure's work is surpassed, as may be seen by a visit to the well-kept flower garden of Frau Hedwig Heyl in Charlottenburg, who has her little factory family about her all day. For in every respect a barren, stony ground, in a great city is preferable to a manufactory with thousands of workmen. In the cotton and spinning manufactories at Ausburg, Frau Mehl and, after her too early death, her

survivors reached a helping hand to the laborer's child. As soon as the little ones are able to leave their mothers they find shelter, entertainment, and instruction in large, comfortable rooms. There picture-books suitable for different ages are supplied by the factory patrons, to furnish pleasure and instruction.

Frau Agneta van Marken in Delft went yet a step farther. She had seen how grateful the workmen were to her husband because on Sundays he had opened the beautiful Agneta Park for concerts and other entertainments to the citizens of Delft, and had here brought them in contact with his laborers, thereby creating in the latter the feeling that there were other persons whose company they could enjoy besides their comrades and overseers. As often as I was there on Sundays I found Frau Agneta in the park conducting classes composed not only of factory children but of sons and daughters from all classes of society in Delft, thus bringing the different social elements pleasantly together.

From the doll-schools many suggestions arose; for instance, in Antwerp a German pastor named Meyer had his young converts visit among the poor, and in other places noble women began to visit among the less fortunate classes.

In Hanover immeasurable good has resulted from such visits. They often have been made under circumstances dangerous to life, among dwellings so cramped that in one case it was necessary to crowd the corpse of the aged grandmother, until time for burial, behind a clothes-horse which partitioned off a

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### CHARITABLE AND BENEVOLENT WOMEN.

little corner of the room; this was not done from a lack of feeling. The inmates had positively no more room. It is nothing unusual to let the corpse down by ropes, on the outside of the house, and into the coffin beneath. Indeed in the majority of back buildings inhabited by the very poor people the stairs and landings are so narrow that two persons cannot pass each other.

Alas, it is acknowledged that in all the German cities, and especially in the most beautiful ones, where the veil which has covered the condition of dwellings inhabited by the very poor has been lifted, one finds the gates of hell in the very midst of paradise. It is so in Dresden. In Heidelberg, of two hundred dwellings recently investigated eighty were declared fit for habitation.

The need of dwellings has been touched upon here, though briefly, because the way to their improvement has been opened up by a woman. Noted methods such as copies of Miss Octavia Hill's system have had almost no success among us. They do not fit in with our conditions.

The women in Hanover through their business manager bought some tenements and leased others for several years, and now after the houses have been made safe and inhabitable, rent them to decent people, preferably to their old servants, washerwomen, and scullions.

Since modern industry has drawn the young, nimble fingers of girls into work, with such magnetic power that they are snatched away from their natural homes, these poor creatures have been exposed to the social wind and weather. Above to-day's strife between life and death, like a forgotten song of the good old days, comes the news that Carl Metz of Freiburg, in order not to take young girls at the most dangerous periods of their lives away from their homes and natural protectors, went out to them in the country with his spinning and weaving looms and his steam engines. He had his factories erected in the villages about Freiburg but with little success. In this time of centralization and concentration which is the natural result of competition, even the best employer seldom can think of a decentralization of his business.

This difficulty was met by a Swabian manufacturer, who instead of building a home or inn as a lodging for his work-girls who came from a distance, placed them in good families

whom he knew and where he could keep track of them. The girls often became attached to these foster parents, who in many cases were better than their own parents.

Most employers who hire young girls content themselves with the latest growth of the "union" hothouse, the housekeeping school, which has sprung up everywhere like mushrooms from the ground.

In Paris there was a factory in which young girls made beautiful curtains at the looms. This particular industry had gone out of demand in the world's market. Mr. and Mrs. Nayrolles took up the business, knowing that the result depended on captivating the girls with the work. So they gave them a share in the profits. The personal interest which they devoted to each one accomplished yet more. They arranged beautiful dining and dressing rooms, paid the girls their wages regularly, and in return prospered. The girls lived with their parents. Only thus were they safe from the dangers which exist in Paris and to which others as well as factory girls are subjected, confectioners and shop girls perhaps most frequently of all, being their victims.

The "society" by investigation found that these unfortunates were kept at the point of starvation. This sounds exaggerated, but in Hanover I know many confectioners who eat a regular dinner only one day a week, the other six days having nothing but coffee at noon.

Unions were established in many places to ameliorate the condition of shop-girls, but very frequently without success.

A number of the union women from different cities have banded together calling themselves "The Young Woman's Friend." But among them the union as such is a secondary affair, the only requisite being that a woman be situated so that she can befriend and support her *protégé*, who perhaps has come from a distance. The union has spread over the whole world. Its result is obtained only in the shortest and simplest way which is this: let every woman devoting herself to the work in all modesty, address herself to those girls whom she meets in her sphere of life and daily intercourse, of whom she makes purchases in the shops, who cut and fit and sew for her, let her invite these to her home Sundays, a few at a time and make it pleasant for them, sing with them, look at pictures, win their confidence, their approval, and influence.

Somebody objects that it is just these Sunday afternoons and evenings that one should spend in the companionship of her own family. It perhaps would do to visit the girls at their union houses and in this way ladies could take their turn.

This is done in London, and in order to give the house a good tone hundreds of fashionable women from the west go every week into the confines of misery and want in the east, and there sing and even dance with the poor girls.

When I was yet a student, a theological licentiate, an introduction secured for me a friend in the person of a rich English woman, who having become acquainted with the Rauhe House in Hamburg resolved to copy it in England and to undertake the direction of founding there an institution. Besides the sum requisite for its support she appropriated to it her beautiful mansion with the great park. In one respect the results, which so far have been developed have been a failure. She could not bear to think that a mob should hold possession of her beautiful rooms. She preferred rather to receive an occasional child.

Another very different woman we must seek not far from the renowned St. Lazare near Paris, a woman's prison. She is Mme. Dumas,

who, continuing the work of Elizabeth Fry, has spent most of her life among women prisoners, has won them back from the downward path to a better life and even then continued to act as their guardian angel. As a witness of how well she persevered in her task is the fact that in her eighty-second year she learned Spanish to enable her to make herself understood among Andalusian prisoners.

In a different but equally bad part of Paris lives a woman who is like a flint-stone in whose heart a ruby is set. Nobody knows her in Paris. Yet perhaps from no place in the world are so many silent blessings sent forth as from this good Samaritan's walls. No sorrowful and heavy-laden person is refused entrance to her home. Even the girl who is seemingly lost is not shut out from help. The peculiar thing in the ministry of Mme. Appia is that she collected no money for her work in the well-to-do circles.

I have sought out almost the whole industrial world for places of social peace, and have found several such in places where the elements of the ideal German family exist; moreover Count Shaftesbury explains that the aim of all factory legislation is the regeneration of the family.

MAY.

BY W. H. A. MOORE.

THE year has found sweet May  
Out where the roses stay,  
My love!  
He had looked high and low  
Before,—just through the trees,—  
He spied the jovial bees  
Out where the roses grow,  
The fragrant hope of day,  
And there he found sweet May,  
My love!

Sweet May of darling Spring  
That rose and robins bring,  
My love!  
How true the song and charm  
That came with that brief hour  
In light and glistening shower  
Of gold, so bright and warm,  
While bird and brooklet sing  
To May of darling Spring,  
My love!

I wonder will the day  
E'er bring for us a May,  
My love?  
E'er bring for us the dream  
That slumbers with the rose  
Where morn hath found the close.  
Of night—a cloud, a gleam—  
And then its joy and play  
On wings of bird and day,  
My love?

## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### GIFTS FROM DOUBTFUL SOURCES.

GENEROUS criticism has recently been bestowed upon church organizations for accepting gifts from rich men supposed to have acquired their wealth in ways not harmonious with the teachings of the Golden Rule. Ministers are arraigned for "preaching to the rich pews," in the way in which baritone and soprano in opera are accused of "singing to the boxes." Sins of vanished ages and remote regions are alleged to be the main objects of their vehement attacks. Ministers being mortal, like unto the rest of us, it unquestionably takes less "nerve" to inveigh against the transgressions of the Philistines or to belabor the Scriptural Dives than to assail the live sins of a well-dressed congregation, or to denounce Dives in his pew, although the good man hopes that his flock will observe and profit by the parallel.

Cavilers do not stop with this arraignment, but are making loud-toned assertions that the Church is conducting what amounts to a modern Sale of Indulgences. The Herculean railroad wrecker, the monopolist, the runner of "corners," the manipulator of stocks, the mortgage shark, the real estate inflater, having each relieved a number of his fellow-mortals of their surplus and having become phletorically generous, or, it may be, ill at ease, turns to the asylum of the Church for tranquillity and seeks the Balm of Gilead in giving liberally to the orphaned and unfortunate, paying to another man's creditors interest, perhaps on the amount due his own.

This is wrong, admittedly so, and so the Church is hauled in for a share of castigation for such a state of affairs.

What can the Church do about it?

Shall she in passing the contribution box inspect contributors and reject with scorn the bill dropped in by the millionaire, with the rebuke, "You owe that to the man across the aisle; pay him before giving elsewhere"? That being true she should have the authority to inspect the private books of the two firms, and if over theirs, to be fair, over those of her whole congregation. She should in that case, in announcing the passing of the box, request only those who think they are,

and are saints, to give. Even the widow's mite would have to be withheld.

Suppose a case of dishonest wealth to be generally known. Should a contribution from its possessor be refused if freely offered? Who among us can search into hearts to discover the motive of such giving, whether it be a spontaneous offering called out by a good cause, and so, worthy even from an otherwise sinful heart, or a vent for pent-up remorse not strong enough to satisfy the full demand of the law to "sell all it hath and give to the poor," but acquiring strength through the feeble step of giving to make it one day free from its burden? The refusal by the Church of any gift freely tendered, involves, to be consistent, the establishment of a great religious clearing house, around which texts should be hung as on the Mormon Tabernacle, and to which the business dealings of every man should be subjected with full details. Thus critics of the present imperfect system of receiving tithes into the Church as each erring giver's heart prompts, would substitute an espionage of the Church amounting to an Inquisition in place of the so-called "Sale of Indulgences."

In this practical world the quickest, surest way of accomplishing good is deemed the best. If in bygone days a millionaire has become such through oppression, is it nevertheless doing the greatest good to the greatest number for a Church to refuse his fifty thousand for establishing a waifs' home, replying, "No; hunt up and pay those you have defrauded"? A safe guide has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." The defrauded ones may be as hard to find as the object of Diogenes' search and may be among the abundant waifs.

Let the poor millionaire give when and where he will. If his wealth be ill-gotten, he is poor enough in soul, without being hounded further than by his own self-knowledge.

If a thief comes to a Church and says, "I stole this money; take it; the Church may say, 'No; return it to the owner.'" If the thief comes, saying, "Take this money," the Church may not go back of his own protest of free giving for a worthy purpose, though



it be penance money, being bound to presume, as an individual is, that every man is innocent until proven guilty, and to leave a man to settle his lies on that point with the only Judge of men's consciences.

The really disgusting feature attending donations from rich men for religious or educational purposes, is one for which they are not responsible, but which exposes recipients to grave criticism. This is the fulsome laudation often following a handsome bequest.

A donation of one hundred or five hundred thousand dollars from a millionaire is no more than one of ten dollars from a man of moderate means; consequently it deserves no more praise than the latter. Because of its greater purchasing power and greater actual beneficence people fall into the error of transposing the greater good done, to a greater desire to do good in the giver than in others, and what may be no more than a passing whim, or truly a penance offering becomes through injudicious acceptance a "monument of generosity." Many, seeing both sides of the garment, are disgusted with the flattery bestowed upon its glittering exterior, and undervalue the real unselfishness of its doing.

To accept a rich man's gift with servile flattery or to fawn upon him to court it, is little better than the rôle of the woman who buys notions at her back door from the basket of the shoplifter, because cheap, asking no questions.

The Church once thought it demoralizing to avail itself of the powerful aid of music. The stage meanwhile grasped this irresistible art to broaden and strengthen its influence. The Church has now discovered in music, instead of an allurements of the devil, one of the divine means through which the human heart is stirred and uplifted.

A free and frank adaptation of all the resources of this world convertible to good ends, is the method for the Church of to-day to pursue to cope with the modern world.

#### LITERATURE AS A LUXURY.

EDGAR A. POE a half-century or more ago complained that in America homemade literature found scant appreciation. He might have gone further to say that literature pure and simple was not then a luxury much indulged in here, whether brewed in our own pots or distilled in alien alembics. Even now, H-May.

if we may judge by the contents of our magazines and literary journals or by the output of our leading publishing houses, literature in the highest sense of the word is not much in demand as compared with those pen-products which lend themselves to vivid illustration, or with the lighter forms of fiction.

This may be, after all, a good sign. Literature of the highest sort, like any other luxury, may be best suited to a taste pampered beyond the line of general safety. We do not mean to suggest that thought of the best kind or invention of the most original type is ever dangerous, provided it registers on the right side of the ethical scale. Good thoughts are always refreshing and originality is fertilizing; but what is mere literature oftentimes separates itself from these and stands apart as something admirable for its exquisite form alone. Exquisite writing may be the vehicle of the spirit of decadence.

There is a time in the history of every great people when genius sounds the note of broad simplicity and artless sincerity. Following close upon such a period comes the blending of this note with an exquisite yet almost unconscious art, which soon expands into a diffuse and complex artisanship. The author comes down from the garret and opens up a literary shop. This is a sign that the people are reading and that writing produces a marketable commodity. Then begins the system of shrewd advertising which has much to do with molding the public demand. Cleverness forges ahead of strength and most often excellence of the rarest quality is overleaped by showy agility.

The result of all this is that the refined luxury of leisurely reading is drawn from the works of writers long since dead. Amid the hum of presses and the tumbling forth of new books we snatch at the brightest bindings and run hastily over the most profusely illustrated pages. Our ears are confused and our eyes are dazzled so that we cannot make head or tail of what passes before us. But when we have turned from the tumult into the quiet of our own library how serenely we can sit with the chosen and proven ones of the past! Reading the best books of to-day is exciting at times and too often the result is a sort of intoxication from which we find surest relief in the richer though less fiery draft mixed some hundreds of years ago. Time mellows literature in gen-

eral by filtering it through the years. The books that come out whole at the end of a century or two are sure to have in them something ripe and mellow and digestible.

When Lowell late in life said that he had not yet read this side of the fourteenth century he meant to suggest the luxury of slow study and judicious winnowing. He read literature, caring nothing for the mere pyrotechnics of written thought, looking for the inner and higher life of man in the best records of his best aspirations. He felt the need, as all thoughtful persons do, of leisure and the perspective of distance in order to form a just idea of a writer's value.

Reading, like eating, must be deliberate to be wholesome. We forfeit perfect digestion by haste, preoccupation, and imperfect mastication. Taken sip by sip the mead mixed for us by the masters is an elixir of life; but gulped down without attention it is not assimilated and is of no more value than the raw liquor set before us by the tyros.

The luxury of the highest literature may be for the few; it may be too rich for the uneducated taste, and it may not be the whole of a perfect mental diet. There is more in life than literary art can hope to compass. The study of man as he crowds around us, the live touch of elbow to elbow and hand to hand, the clear gaze into the eyes of our fellows, may count for more in our practical experience; still there is a time for books, and we get from them a something which comes from deep, sweet springs never opened save by the prick of a pen-point. To find the best literature we have to do no selecting; the hand of Time has done that work for us; the only choice for us to make is the point of view. If we stand firmly on ethics there can be no trouble about the esthetics and our lines will be broadened and sweetened by our reading.

#### THE GOSPEL OF ENVIRONMENT.

MORALITY, honesty, intelligence, the objects for which civilization strives, whose preservation necessitates law, government, and education, whose cultivation is the mission of the modern Church,—are these after all, taken at large, a question of body, of inheritance, and physical environment?

The general dependence of mental phases upon physical condition is so acknowledged

as to be trite. Languor is no longer an evidence of soulful and romantic temperament, but a mere question of liver. Spite is spleen. An outbreak of temper or habitual irritability is attributed to bad digestion. Even poems have been ascribed to nervous disorder. Physical nervousness itself is made to cover any multitude of evils of disposition. Frailty, which was once an exponent of refinement and good breeding, is now an indication of bad ventilation and insufficient nutriment and exercise. One of the two greatest living American orators is so material in his view of the derivation of his powers, that when asked how he "fed his eloquence," he replied, "On beef; I don't allow all the eloquence to be cooked out of my steak."

Probably the majority of moralists would refuse to go so far, yet a set of statements recently furnished concerning the life of the lower classes in New York City seems to corroborate the view that humanity is as a whole an inevitable product of physical elemental factors. One feels in reading them drawn to conclude, "Given good air, segregation of families, compulsory labor, and good food, virtuous people result. Lack of these things makes humanity vicious."

The conditions described are those of dense population, poverty, and intemperance, which are fast complicating the life problem beyond the power of present economists to solve. The population of one square mile in the Fourth Ward of New York City is given at nearly 300,000,—more people to the square foot than is allowed in cemeteries. One tenement house contains 1,500 tenants, in which alone enough crime could be hatched to stock a city. Eighty per cent of the crimes against person and property in the city are committed by those who sleep in cheap lodging houses, in which the number of crimes has been for several years steadily increasing. In 1890 the number of these cheap lodgings furnished was almost five million. Children in crowded tenements survive what animals would die from, and, forced to crime for self preservation, swell the gaunt ranks of unwanted and unthankful. Saloons, harder even than the children, flourish on four corners of a street-crossing in this district, the city maintaining more than eight thousand saloons and barrooms, to which four hundred churches furnish a rather poor comparison, not improved by the fact that the average attendance upon the

former is far ahead of that of the latter.

Statements could be multiplied to explain the inevitable fruition of such life surroundings in misery, degradation, and sin. So cast-iron is the law one scarce knows where to place responsibility.

Compare two young women. One is the child of well-born parents, themselves the product of an upright and prosperous ancestry, having never known an hour of want, shielded from perplexities, looking upon life as an ever-yielding tree, whose choicest fruits are to fall in her lap. Misery is a name. Missions are something to give for. Slums exist for picturesque expeditions. She inherits the instinct, and is taught the obligation, of virtue, and looks upon the debased one with reproachful horror.

This latter, born of a brutal father and ignorant, complaining mother, is unable to remember when she was not hungry; passing from the unlighted filth of an airless apartment, she finds her first freedom in an alley whose garbage barrels furnish a chance fare of putrid rinds and crusts; ragged and dreading cold weather, she has no mission on earth but to run for the invariable pitcher of stale beer, until perhaps strong enough to work at cigar- or paper-flower-making, twine-twisting, or finishing garments made by her mother. To her a little cash girl is an aristocrat. She finally learns that she may choose between the slow starvation of her existence, and comparative ease for a time. When the cup of a full degradation is poured upon her she becomes the hardest soul to reach in the world, the despair of the philanthropist, and the bitter scorner of more fortunate ones.

If people of the upper air find sufficient excuse for their ugliness in nervousness, what should be plead in extenuation of those who have never had a breath of pure air, a mouthful of wholesome food, a single kindly word, who have never beheld anything lovelier than cruel faces, a reeking alley, and a fragment of smoke-dimmed sky? What so difficult for the hungry as virtue? What so easy as crime? There are thousands of such in the one city spoken of. Are they solely to blame? Until one can prescribe the conditions of his birth, the state and fortunately born individuals owe more to the needy poor than is at present recognized.

Death proves a kind friend to children of

the wretched. A little "Fresh Air" of last summer, who on her first visit beyond pavements and walls was astonished at "Christmas trees growing in the yard," spoke with easy unconcern of her life chance. "If I die, I'm insured," was her reflection; "papa's got a lot o' money that way. We've had lots o' children die." These same "Fresh Airs" were in some cases watched, having been credited with pilfering propensities; the need for this has been in those cases proved unfounded, the novel comforts of food, clothing, and freedom investing the diminutive criminals with entire content.

The equation of ignorance, poverty, and intemperance to helplessness, misery, and crime is one whose ingredients are increasing where they should be disappearing.

While difficult to discriminate cause from effect among these conditions for the purpose of prevention, a clew is afforded in the cheap lodgings system of our greatest cities. Through its laxity enormous fortunes have been made. Every such place—from those affording twenty-five or fifteen-cent bunks, to those furnishing strips of canvas swung from rafters, and beer cellars retailing bare benches and hard floors at "three cents a spot"—opens its doors to any kind of depravity. Human beings in such surroundings, including the respectable pressed by awful need, become little better than human vermin. It is notorious that most of the startling crimes committed recently in New York City have been traced to these rogues' dens. A strict police surveillance over every cheap lodgings apartment would at least drive rampant crime from its favorite lurking place, and perchance save many erring but inoffensive ones from fatal taint.

Possibly as long as our government bears its present relations to individuals, there will be armies of the uncared-for in cities beyond the power of missions to cope with. If unable to change this harsh rule, how charitable should the survey of such physical enslavement make one of fortunate environs!

The child of a soft cradle, pure milk, clear sunshine, and physical comfort assimilates the elements of morality and has ninety-nine chances in life. The starveling cradled in squalor, feeding upon unwholesome waste moistened with strong tea or stale beer, and breathing fetid moisture digests the food of vice and has the hundredth chance.

## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE recent death of Walt Whitman shrouds in melancholy the mooted question of his poetic legitimacy. One recalls the case of Wordsworth, who probably has more admirers to-day than when he wrote "Peter Bell." There is even greater disagreement concerning Whitman, whose admirers are limited almost to a few, a few, however, of very fine quality. To the average mind it is hard to understand how Emerson could have pronounced his "Leaves of Grass" the "most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," still this verdict was strongly seconded by Sir Edwin Arnold, who paid a visit last fall to the "Good Gray Poet," to whom he repeated from memory nearly half the latter's poetry. Whitman's heart had long been sore, as he betrayed in his last poem, "Good bye, My Fancy," over the fact that the world had not acknowledged him as a poet. When his eccentricities of life are forgotten he will be judged only by the fantastically irregular and abrupt outbreaks of poetic thought through which he says the student will discover his philosophy of life—"to humbly accept and thank God for whatever inspiration toward good may come in this rough world, and to put the bad behind, always and always."

In the unexpected death of the English historian, Edward A. Freeman, at Alicante, Spain, whither he had gone to study Saracenic antiquities, Oxford College loses a distinguished professor and the world of letters a unique and interesting character. Although the author of a long list of historical works, "The History of the Norman Conquest," "The Growth of the English Constitution," and "The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times," on the third volume of which he was engaged at the time of his death, are perhaps the best. His series of articles entitled "The Intellectual Development of the English People," written especially for C. L. S. C. graduates, was published in Volumes XII. and XIII. of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Mr. Freeman is more pre-eminent as a founder of the new school of history, an original investigator of first facts, than as a writer. Indeed, a tireless industry in the mastery of detail developed

his worst fault, lack of proportion and perspective. Mr. Freeman also had a fine disregard for literary style, resulting in the massing of valuable material having no charm whatever except clearness, the consequence being that, through two faults, the fruits of a rare scholarship and accuracy will remain unread by the masses and valued by historians more as material than as finished historical work.

THE first American university to concede her highest privileges to women, Yale, will ever be first in the hearts of her countrywomen. What a priceless boon to ambitious women a quarter century ago, had their petitions been met with Yale's recent response—that of admission to post-graduate courses on equal footing with men! Twenty-five years have proved, through the attainments of female colleges, both that women have the ambition to develop high intellectual power and that they have the ability to. Harvard has silently beckoned them in at the back door and then, still mistrustful, has withheld diplomas from "Annex" graduates, telling them, "Certificates are just as nice—nicer for girls. Now run home!" Yale proudly escorts them to the highest view point in her domicile. And why, in the name of liberty, should a young woman be deterred from studying under any faculty she may prefer? How would her brother, eager for the instruction of some specialist in Johns Hopkins, receive the injunction, "No, you cannot because of sex. You may go to Columbia. You should be content with that privilege?" Yale recognizes that girls have the right and should enjoy it, of acquiring scholarship under Yale's tutorship the same as her men.

To judge from the tone of the Negro and Abolition of Slavery articles in the April number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the reader would scarce be able to detect the southern writer from the northern. So does time heal a breach which twenty-five years ago would have been world-wide between the same writers, and on the same subjects. The juxtaposition of these articles itself illustrates to some extent the solution of the problem which appears so hopeless to Mr. Watterson, for generations to



come. The gradual but entire disappearance of sectionalism in thought and patriotism, with the natural wearing out of the "bloody shirt" and the new intimacy of commercial relations, will in time bring planter and northerner to regard the negro question as a common charge. The preliminary to the settlement of the negro question is the settlement of white disagreement thereon.

A FINAL irritation on the part of Uncle Sam which showed itself in a nervous activity on Mare Island, a final yawn on the part of John Bull accompanied by a counter movement at Esquimalt with perhaps a design upon Lower California, then the two look each other square in the face, drop weapons and shake hands. And this is the end of a controversy of years whose remoteness has made even aggrieved America weary almost of the sight of sealskins because suggestive of the slow dragging Bering Sea trouble. The treaty having been agreed to, think of what is still in store for the arbitrators—two American, two English, and three of disinterested nationalities—to listen to counsel *pro* and *con*, whose arguments will make a Congressional Record playful reading by comparison, to weigh evidence by the tome, and after deciding whether we have damaged Canada or Canada has damaged us, patiently to determine how many dollars and cents the guilty party owes the aggrieved! An illustration of what England will do for her bad behaving child, Canada, and America for a monopoly which is able to pay a rental of \$60,000 a year and a royalty of \$2 a skin, to the Treasury Department!

THE end of the unpleasantness in our relations with Italy, resulting from the disagreeable New Orleans episode, is happily in sight. This event is more than ordinarily desirable because of the great value of Italian art and historic government possessions, which if not displayed at the coming World's Fair would seriously cripple Italy's otherwise rare and unique exhibit. The payment from the State Department contingent fund of \$20,000 to the families of Italian subjects killed in the New Orleans massacre, attended with the statement that it is meant merely as an earnest of good will toward a friendly government, is a graceful answer to a proposition Italy is presumed to have made of willingness to resume diplomatic relations. The reappearance of Baron Fava at Washington will

call forth a hearty welcome, to be followed by the return of Minister Porter to Rome.

MR. TSIN KWO GIN, the Chinese minister, is complaining loudly to the State Department that the United States agreed to a treaty admitting the Chinese, then circumvented the same by exclusion acts, showing bad faith to China. He protests that Chinese exclusion if desirable to the United States should be determined only by treaty. At the same time, indignant labor meetings and unions are demanding the passage of an act perpetually excluding the Chinese. Neither position is warranted by the treaty now in force, which, admitting Chinese at the time, both reserves power of suspending their admission for a reasonable period whenever best for this country, and forbids their perpetual exclusion. The present act expires not until 1894. The Chinese population of California according to the Eleventh Census has actually decreased a little over four and a half per cent. Would we not better direct our attention to the state of affairs at the other end of the line where Chinese prejudice from high officials down, is making existence for Americans and Christians daily more precarious? If the spread of the Gospel and the lives of the missionaries be worth the protection of our government, compromise should take the place of utter exclusion.

WE are patiently waiting for the House to place its sanction upon the Pure Food Bill, which under Senator Paddock's lead has fought for its life through several sessions, recently triumphing in the Senate. The bill provides for a "food section" in the Chemical Division of the Agricultural Department to analyze drugs or food sent to it, if in unbroken packages, from any state or territory where offered for sale, other than that in which the goods were manufactured. The bill places a penalty upon the adulteration or misbranding of food or drugs intended for shipment to another state, every manufacturer of such goods being required to send samples to Department agents. Its passage is confidently expected in the House, after which we may at least know when we are consuming oleomargarine for butter, cottonseed oil for lard, or chicory for coffee.

THE Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1891 contains a complaint concerning the ill ventilation of the Patent Office, which should be chorused by the majority of De-

partments at Washington, deprived of heaven's cheapest gift. A medical authority estimates four thousand two hundred cubic feet of space necessary to supply a person with air two consecutive hours. The commissioner states that each patent clerk has nine hundred and sixteen cubic feet, for seven hours' consumption. It is proverbial that the clerk nearest a window will object to its being opened. One has but to visit these rooms, crowded with desks, people, and piles of dusty papers, the air musty or close, to understand why clerks are allotted thirty days' "sick leave" per annum. One also appreciates General Sheridan's reply, when, pressed by the architect of the Pension Office for a compliment upon its construction, he said: "The only objection I see to the thing, is, it is fireproof." A clerk who has sat under the classic pillars of the Treasury seventeen years, declares she has "almost exhausted the air she found when she went there." Eight or ten thousand clerks are worth taking care of, for posterity's sake.

An organization called the City Improvement Society has recently been formed in New York City, whose mission is so practical and whose success is so assured it should be a model for a hundred others in as many towns of the country. Its motto is simply, "Enforce the laws." Except voluntary gifts no money is collected from members and all citizens are invited to co-operate in carrying out its purpose. Members are divided into two committees, one to see that ordinances regarding street paving and cleaning are enforced, the other to improve street lighting and increase the planting of shade trees. Other enterprises of local importance such as a better cab system, are designed for the near future, the society confining itself to one improvement at a time. "Complaint" blanks are sent to residents at large to be returned to the society filled out with any delinquency attributable to municipal neglect. The society is non-partisan, and will become virtually an argus-eyed deputy mayor not afraid to execute law. What an improvement, sanitary and esthetic, would it be to the public should other societies follow this one's example to reclaim their home cities from official indifference or corruption.

IDEAS are multiplying fast in Chicago, looking to the entertainment of everybody in general during the Fair. We hear of Spanish

language clubs now on foot, through which hospitable matrons are cultivating divers tongues for the entertainment of distinguished foreigners. We hear of schemes well under way whereby the thinker in kilts and upward may with a sweep of the eye be entertained with the various systems of instruction and amusement for children in vogue in all lands, budding into a student of comparative education before he knows it. The entertaining of guests outside of the Exposition, will involve a succession of congresses on music, literature, art, medicine, religion, morals, temperance, philosophy, invention, education, law, government, military, labor, agriculture, commerce, and finance. Anything else, pray? Yes, a crying need, literally. Who is going to take care of the babies? There are thousands of them whose parents cannot go and leave them, nor go and take them. Who will start a huge, perfectly appointed day nursery and kindergarten where for a reasonable fee unpretentious parents may leave babies for the day, assured of their well-keeping and safe return? An honestly and scientifically managed scheme of that kind well advertised would settle the doubtful question of attendance for thousands of plain folk.

IN so far as the recent Prussian Cabinet crisis involves the resignations of Chancellor von Caprivi as premier and of Count von Zedlitz as minister of public instruction and the succession of Count von Eulenberg and Dr. von Bosse to their respective places, the affair is of no general importance. As indicating the failure of the Educational Bill constructed by the emperor himself and intended as a far-reaching means of strengthening German reverence for monarchy, these changes merit the world's congratulations to Prussians. The emperor has discovered that Social Democrats, his thorn in the flesh, are least numerous among orthodox Catholics and Evangelicals. Reasoning that as the twig is bent so the tree is inclined, he determined to add more creed and religious instruction to the school courses, which now have from two to three hours' Bible history, Psalm committing, and hymn learning each week. By granting especial privileges to priests he secured Catholic support, with which he expected Conservatives to pass the bill. Indignant remonstrances from Liberals, universities, Democrats, and the country at large struck him with alarm sufficient to

cause the withdrawal of the obnoxious religious "Force Bill." This step, probably offensive to Catholics in the Diet, may be expected to cause a break in their ranks, the result of which will be interesting to watch as it clogs the government wheels.

THE threatened, almost unavoidable, revolution in Venezuela overthrowing President Anduesa is an event to be hoped for by friendly Americans. Venezuela is a comparatively new country, rich in resources which have scarcely been touched so far, and is directly connected by commercial lines with this country. She welcomes foreigners and presents a desirable field for American capital. Through the open and flagrant treachery of her present executive, upon whose public acts a price is always placed, she is one of the three countries refusing to enter trade reciprocity with the United States. This refusal will seriously cripple her coffee exportation, United States being by far her best customer. Native merchants unacquainted with the fact that their president has connived with European merchants for his enrichment at their expense, will develop an unfriendliness toward the United States. Considering, aside from tempting business chances, Venezuela has a harbor capacity capable of holding all the fleets of Europe, the United States has reasons of its own for wishing the revolution in that country God speed. General Crespo, its leader, is represented as a vigorous and less corrupt man than President Anduesa.

DYNAMITE, melinite, and poison! What agencies to be used by sane men to bring about a different order of government! And with what results? A hanging of four anarchists at Xeres a month ago, a later conviction of about fifty anarchists at Rome, and the sentencing of three in Belgium a few days since to long servitude. Not despairing however, they blow up barracks, ruining the windows of St. Gervais Church, relics of thirteenth century art, plant a bomb in a lawyer's house injuring many, and throw Paris into consternation. One of them says with unconscious satire that they are "delighted with the moral effect of the explosions, calling greater attention to their doctrines." The attention called to their doctrines has led to a wholesale expulsion of anarchists from France upon twenty-four hours' notice, other cities having increased official vigilance to keep out the nuisances

who are generally known to police. A number of them have applied for passage to our shores. We will doubtless receive them.

THE new tone of insistence which is plainly distinguishable in the despairing cry, "Come over and help us," raised by the masses of the helpless poor; and the new tone of firmness which is caught in the divine command, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only," as it is more frequently reiterated from the Christian pulpit, have turned the attention of the philanthropic workers everywhere to a new study of methods based on the example of Him "who went about doing good." In what more efficient ways than after the old customs can the work of elevating the masses be done? Is the problem Christian leaders are trying to solve. Determination, perseverance, courage, and self-sacrifice are being consecrated to this study, and there are evidences of satisfactory answers soon to be reached. And then with a loyal army properly trained in good methods the terrible evils threatening human governments may be overthrown.

WHILE religion is beginning to take care of the body as well as the soul, and while science is beginning to apply itself to the betterment of physical conditions instead of abstruse philosophy, philanthropy is keeping pace by abandoning the field of relief for that of prevention. The coming Conference of Charities and Corrections to occur in June at Denver, whose projects may be judged unselfish and abreast of the times since its officers are unsalaried, gives chief prominence to the child-saving and charity kindergarten departments of work. Every child, though tainted with vice, comes into the world as innocent as any other child. Traits of character, moral or vicious, are determined by heredity, but exist in undeveloped germs. As physical strength is developed by exercise, so moral, or, if you please, immoral strength is developed by exercise of whatever attributes, good or bad, are called most into action, the other set remaining dormant. Reclamation is possible in spite of inheritance. These facts are recognized by the managers of the New York Children's Aid and Prevention of Cruelty to Children Societies, whose efforts illustrate how to counteract the influence of bad birth, cruelty, and neglect of an appalling percentage of our twenty million of children.

## C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

### FOR MAY.

#### OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

##### *First week (ending May 9).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapters I. and II.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Perry's Victory on Lake Erie."

"Physical Culture."

Sunday Reading for May 1.

##### *Second week (ending May 16).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapters III. and IV.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Battle of Ticonderoga."

Sunday Reading for May 8 and 15.

##### *Third week (ending May 24).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapters V. and VI.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Southern Confederacy."

"The North in the War."

"The United States Patent Office."

Sunday Reading for May 22.

##### *Fourth week (ending May 31).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapters VII. and VIII.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"American Morals."

"The Natural History of Plants."

Sunday Reading for May 29.

#### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE

##### WORK.

##### FIRST WEEK.

1. A study of the "Nibelungen Lied." (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October and November, 1891.)
2. Table-Talk—Luther's life and works. A very *apropos* theme for consideration would be his "Table-Talk."
3. Paper—The Reformation.
4. Reading—"A Diet of Rooks."\*
5. Debate—Question: Was the failure of the Educational Bill recently proposed by the present emperor a benefit or a misfortune to Germany?

##### LESSING DAY—MAY 10.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.—*Francis Bacon.*

##### A QUESTION DRAWER.

This must be all arranged beforehand. The

\* See *The Library Table*, page 253.

leader is to prepare a list of questions, to write them on separate slips of paper, and to distribute them promiscuously among the members at a previous meeting of the circle. All the questions referring to one topic might be given to one person, but it is preferred to make the exercise of a more general character by having the single questions drawn indiscriminately; all the members will thus be prepared on more topics and the discussion will be more general, and consequently more enjoyable. The leader is to retain a list of the questions and from this, arranged in proper order, to call for the answers which shall be prepared by those holding the corresponding questions.

The following topical arrangement of the subject is suggested, and a few hints are thrown out as to questions on each topic. These may be enlarged to suit the requirements or the pleasure of the circle:

##### LESSING'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Birthplace. Where? Describe it. Rank of city and province compared with other German cities and provinces?

Ancestors. Social standing of his family. His parents wealthy? His literary ability hereditary?

His early life. Personal appearances and habits? Disposition and natural tendencies? Education—Where obtained? How far carried? Favorite studies?

Domestic life and last days. Were they happy? Lowell says, "Lessing's grief has that pathos which he praised in sculpture,—he may writhe, but he must not scream." Upon what traits or acts of Lessing's is the comparison based?

Literary productions. Lessing as critic? As poet? As fabulist? As dramatic writer? His aim in each class? His success? His rank?

Special study of "Nathan the Wise." Occasion for writing it? How received? Its leading thought? Its religious teaching? Comparison with his other dramas? Comparison with leading dramas of other writers?

Lessing's contemporaries. Who? Was the age remarkable for great men?

Condition of Germany in Lessing's time. Historical? Political? Social? Educational?

##### THIRD WEEK.

1. Table-Talk—Patents: Who may obtain them? What may be patented? What do patents insure?



2. Paper—The Thirty Years' War: Its effect on German literature; the literary renaissance after it.
3. A Comparison—Shakspeare's story of Oberon as gathered from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Wieland's "Oberon."
4. Reading—"The Cid."\*
5. Debate—For and against Herder's philosophy—limited to the question: Is every great author only what he must inevitably be? (See "Classic German Course," page 117.)

\*See *The Library Table*, page 252.

## FOURTH WEEK.

1. Table-Talk—News of the day.
2. Paper—Literary Criticism: The proper office of a critic—What are his liberties? What are his restrictions?
3. Reading—"Analects from Richter."\*
4. *Questions and Answers* on "Classic German Course," and questions on botany in *The Question Table*.
5. Debate—Which is attended with greater evil results to American morals, inherited wealth or suddenly acquired wealth?

\*See *The Library Table*, page 252.

## C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

## ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR MAY.

## "CLASSIC GERMAN COURSE IN ENGLISH."

P. 7. "Paradoxical." Apparently absurd yet true. A paradox is a statement which at first view seems at variance with common sense, or to contradict some truth. A fine example of this figure of speech is found in 2 Cor. VI: 9-10. The term is compounded of two Greek words meaning beyond and notion or belief.

P. 8. "Her-me-neu'tics." A modern word which, however, traces its ancestry through the Greek language to the days of mythical antiquity. Hermes was the god of skill, of the arts and sciences, speech, writing, etc.; and his name modified into *hermeneus* the Greeks used as their word for interpreter. Hermeneutics is the art or science of interpretation; sacred hermeneutics treats of the interpretation of the Scriptures.

"Goethe." For pronunciation of this and other proper names, see text-book, page 324.

P. 9. "Ep'ic." From the Greek for word, speech, tale, song. A heroic poem in which either real or fictitious events are related in elevated style.

P. 10. "Genetic connection." Connection by direct descent.

"*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*." Letters of obscure men.

P. 10. "Pas-quin-ades'." "In the sixteenth century at the stall of a cobbler named Pasquin, at Rome, a number of idle persons used to assemble to listen to his pleasant sallies, and to relate little anecdotes in their turn, and to indulge themselves in railery at the expense of the passers-by. After the cobbler's death the statue of a gladiator was found near his stall, to which the people gave his name, and on which the

wits of the time, secretly at night, affixed their lampoons." The statue still stands and upon it it is customary to post labels and defamatory rhymes. The word is now used as synonymous with lampoons, satires.

"Vi-vif'ic." Reviving, enlivening.

P. 13. "Classicism" [klas'i-sizm]. The adoption of what is classical in style. Literature is said to be classical when it is of the first rank and constitutes a model of its kind; or in a more specific sense when it accords with the Greek and Roman examples.

P. 17. "Gal-lo-mā'nia." A mania for imitating the French. Gaul was the old name for France. For the meaning in the following two words, substitute Greeks and English in place of French in the first definition.

P. 26. "Boswells of a far mightier Johnson." James Boswell (1740-1795), the devoted friend and admirer of Samuel Johnson, the great English author, wrote a history of the latter, which is "universally conceded to be the most entertaining biography ever written."

P. 27. "Astrology." See note on astrologers in the January number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, page 488.

"Michelet," [mē-sh'lē]. A French writer and historian who lived 1798-1874.

P. 29. "Trū'cu-lence." Fierceness, ferociousness. From the Latin word *trux*, wild, fierce.

P. 30. "*Ein feste Burg*," etc. It is translated almost literally in the first line of the poem on page 31, and quite so in the first paragraph on page 32.

P. 42. "Synchronously" [sing'kro-nus-ly]. At the same time. A Greek derivative from two words meaning together, with, and time.

"So-lil'o-quies." Latin *solus*, alone, and *loqui*, to speak. Talks to one's self. In a fine paragraph Trench alludes to the history of this word. He says, "Those who make attempts to close the doors against all newcomers are strangely forgetful of the steps whereby that vocabulary of the language, with which they are so entirely satisfied that they resent every endeavor to enlarge it, had itself been gotten together—namely by that very process which they are now seeking by an arbitrary decree to arrest. We so take for granted that words with which we have been always familiar . . . have always formed part of the language, that it is oftentimes a surprise to discover of how very late introduction many of these actually are; what an amount, it may be, of remonstrance and resistance some of them encounter at the first. To take two or three Latin examples: Cicero in employing *favor*, a word soon after used by everybody, does it with an apology, evidently feels that he is introducing a questionable novelty, being probably first applied to applause in the theater. *Urbanus*, too, in the sense of our urbane, had in his time only just come up. *Soliloquium*, the talking of a man with himself alone, seems to us so natural, indeed so necessary a word . . . that we learn with surprise that no one spoke of a soliloquy before Augustine; the word having been coined, as he distinctly informs us, by himself." Augustine lived 334-430, a very late date for the introduction of a new word into the Latin tongue.

P. 57. "Assiduously." Diligently, with earnestness and care. Latin *assidere*, to sit at or near; *assiduus*, sitting down to; both compounded from *ad*, to, near, and *sedere*, to sit. "He is assiduous who sits close to his work."

"Parasite." A Greek derivative which took originally the meaning which its Greek ancestor had: one who eats at another's table—"one who eats at the tables of the rich and earns his welcome by flattery; hence a hanger-on, a fawning flatterer, a sycophant." Thus, anything which lives at the expense of another.

P. 59. "Eucharis" and "Calypso." Mythical characters in Fénelon's "Télémaque," nymphs or goddesses who charmed Ulysses, on his return from the Trojan War, and delayed him in their homes.

"*Argumentum ad hominem*." "A personal argument—that is, an argument which deals not with the merits of the dispute, but has a personal reference to one of the parties."—"An argument drawn from premises which, whether true or not, ought to be admitted by the person to whom they are addressed, either on account of his peculiar beliefs or experience, or because

they are necessary to justify his conduct or are otherwise conducive to his interest."

P. 60. "Apologue." From a Greek compound word meaning story, fable; the two parts of the compound meaning from and to speak. "An apologue differs from a parable in that the latter is drawn from events which occur among mankind, and is therefore supported by probability, while the former may be founded on the supposed actions of brutes or inanimate things, and therefore does not require to be supported by probability. Æsop's fables are good examples of apologues."

P. 61. "Sal'a-din." (1137-1193.) Sultan of Egypt and Syria.

P. 65. "Spi-no'-zism." The doctrine of Spinoza (1632-1677), a Spanish Jew. He identified God and nature, but did not mean by nature what is ordinarily meant. "If all objects of knowledge be regarded in their relation to the one absolute being, the knowledge of particular outward things, nature, life, or history becomes in fact a knowledge of God." The whole doctrine is excessively abstruse, is much misunderstood, and too complicated for brief explanation.

P. 69. "Anachronistic" [an-ak-ro-nis'tik]. Erroneous in date. From the Greek words for against and time.

P. 69. "Boccaccio" [bok-kät'cho]. (1313-1375.) An Italian novelist.

P. 78. "The marble group of the Laocoön" [la-ok'o-on]. When the Greeks began to despair of conquering the Trojans, Ulysses resolved to have recourse to strategy. He instructed his soldiers to build an immense wooden horse, which when finished was filled with armed men. All the other Greeks then pretended to sail away. The Trojans concluded they had abandoned the siege, and going outside the gates to reconnoiter discovered the horse, over which they were very curious. By another trick they were led to suppose it was a propitiatory offering to the goddess Minerva, and, as such, a desirable possession for them. They with much trouble succeeded in getting it within the walls. At night time the Greeks all sailed back; the men within the horse dismounted, opened the gates from within, and Troy was taken. Laocoön, the Trojan priest of Neptune, had tried to dissuade the people from admitting it, suspecting Grecian fraud, and during his plea threw his spear against the horse. As a punishment for his impious treatment of an object consecrated to Minerva, two serpents glided from the sea and attacked him and his two sons and coiling round their bodies crushed them to death.—One of the most celebrated groups of statuary in the world is that of Laocoön and his

children in the embrace of these serpents. It was discovered in Rome in 1506 and placed in the Vatican where it still remains.

P. 82. "Quiddity." From the Latin *quid*, what. A quirk or quibble, a cavil or trifling nicety.

P. 85. "An-ac'-re-on." A Greek poet who lived in the sixth century B. C., whose epigrammatic writings were famous for ease and grace. They were specially devoted to the praise of wine and love.

"*Auto da fé*" [fä]. A Portuguese expression. In an ecclesiastical sense it means "a judgment of the Inquisition condemning or acquitting persons accused of religious offenses." Commonly it was the execution of those judgments, particularly of those which sentenced the condemned to be burned alive. A public burning.

P. 86. "Olympus." A mountain in Thessaly which, in the mythical history of Greece, was set apart as the abode of the gods. "The Greek poets believed the earth to be flat and circular, their own country occupying the middle of it, the central point being either Mount Olympus, or Delphi so famous for its oracle.

P. 94. "Sancho Panza" [sang'ko pan'za]. The squire of Don Quixote, the latter being the hero of Cervantes' celebrated book bearing the same name. The squire is described as a rustic, full of common sense, but without a grain of spirituality.

P. 96. "Cy-thē-re'a." One of the names given to Venus, the goddess of love. Cithera was the one of the Ionian Islands near which it was said that this goddess first rose from the sea, and which at a very early time introduced her worship. It was her custom to ride in a chariot drawn by swans.

P. 100. "*Chanson de geste*." A French epic poem.

P. 104. "Hierarchy" [hi'er-ark-y]. A government by ecclesiastical rulers; a priestly government. From two Greek nouns meaning priest and ruler.

P. 111. "The Cid." The name means chief or commander, and was given to a popular hero of Spain whose real name was Rodrigo Díaz. His life was spent in fighting against the Moors, and his exploits became the theme of song and story.

"Homiletic." Sermon-like. From a Greek word meaning intercourse, instruction, lecture; in an ecclesiastical sense, sermon.

P. 114. "Rhapsodic." Unconnected. The

Greek verb to sew, to stitch, was *raplein*, the noun for song was *ode*; combining the two, a word meaning "one who strings odes or songs together" was formed. From this comes the English noun rhapsody, a disconnected composition, a part of a poem fit for recitation, or a recitation composed of several selected parts. Hence, a poem marked by exaggerated sentiment, and then the derived signification, enthusiastic to extravagance.

P. 117. "Con-cat-e-nā'tion." The word for chain in Latin is *catena*. This united with the preposition *con*, with or together, and anglicized gives the word which is defined as a successive series or order of things connected with or dependent upon one another.

P. 122. "Ozone." A modification of oxygen, whose density is one and one half times that of oxygen. "At a high temperature ozone is changed into ordinary oxygen, two volumes of the former yielding three volumes of the latter."

P. 123. "Polarizing." Developing different properties on different sides. A technical term used especially in connection with rays of light and of heat.

P. 126. "Anthologies." Greek, *anthos*, flower, *legein*, to gather, to discourse. Discourses on flowers, a garland; then a collection of beautiful passages from literature, of poems, or epigrams.

P. 127. "Phle-bot'o-my." A Greek derivative from two words meaning a vein, and to cut. Bloodletting.

P. 128. "Dith-y-ram'bics." Poems written in wild, enthusiastic strains.

P. 129. "Pro-per'tius." (51 B. C.—16 A. D.) A Roman poet.—"Tyr-tæ'us." A Greek poet of the seventh century B. C.

P. 130. "Postulates." Truths too plain to require illustration or evidence.—"Apo-thegms." Short, pithy, instructive sayings.—"Philosophems." Philosophic propositions or principles.

P. 131. "Aphorisms." Proverbs, maxims.

P. 135. "Aph-ro-dī'te." The Greek name for the Roman goddess of love and beauty, Venus.

P. 148. "Pi-e-tis'tic." This term was applied to a class of religious reformers in Germany who sought to restore piety to the Protestant churches.

P. 150. "Phil-o-mē'la." The mythical daughter of a king of Athens, who was metamorphosed into a nightingale

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

#### "CLASSIC GERMAN COURSE IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. Mention certain exterior peculiarities which mark German literature? A. Its abundance of books, its lateness in beginning, the interruption in its history.
2. Q. How many epidemics of imitation are claimed to have occurred in its history? A. Five.
3. Q. Name one of the most distinctive of all the gifts belonging to the national genius of Germany. A. Its appreciation of intellectual merit wherever found.
4. Q. What legend covers the whole face of German literature? A. "Breadth, generosity, welcome."
5. Q. Name some additional traits distinguishing German writing. A. Passion for philosophy; freedom of thought; vagueness in thinking; "religiosity."
6. Q. How can the paradoxical statements regarding imitation and freedom of thought be reconciled? A. The one applies only to the form, the other to the matter of the literature.
7. Q. What great epic poem belongs to the early period of German literature? A. The "Nibelungen Lied."
8. Q. Who did more than any other one man to turn into a new channel the main current of human history? A. Luther.
9. Q. What position in German literature is accorded to Luther? A. He stands as its founder.
10. Q. Of what do his literary works consist? A. Lectures, sermons, tracts, commentaries, addresses, letters.
11. Q. What work of his fixed their literary language for the Germans? A. His translation of the Bible.
12. Q. What king wrote a book against Luther and his teachings? A. Henry VIII. of England.
13. Q. Name four results springing from Luther's activity? A. A purified Christianity, a vernacular literature, wars, and a hostile political system.
14. Q. What renders Klopstock secure of permanent remembrance as a poet? A. The fact that he wrote the "Messiah."
15. Q. Describe the "Messiah." A. It is an epic poem having for its subject the redeeming work of Christ.
16. Q. What did the writing of the "Messiah" mean for German literature? A. Freedom from the bondage of foreign models.
17. Q. How is Lessing characterized? A. As supremely a critic.
18. Q. What was the distinguishing note in Lessing's character? A. Intellectual independence.
19. Q. What two works in verse and prose respectively, form his masterpieces? A. "Nathan the Wise," and "The Laocoön."
20. Q. In what does Lessing's boldness as a writer appear in "Nathan the Wise." A. In the fact that he chose a Jew for his ideal character, when the Jews in his day were so despised in Germany.
21. Q. What is Lessing's inference, to be found in "The Laocoön," regarding the representation of bodily pain in art? A. That violent expression must be avoided merely for the sake of the beauty, not because it denotes a lack of heroism.
22. Q. What served as the fountain-head of German freethinking? A. Lessing's "The Education of the Human Race."
23. Q. What celebrated German writer is least celebrated among English-speaking people? A. Wieland.
24. Q. In what work is Wieland presented for study? A. The "Oberon."
25. Q. In what has no German, save perhaps Heine, ever surpassed Wieland? A. In lightness, clearness, and grace in writing.
26. Q. In what calling had Herder made a brilliant fame before he was known in literature? A. That of the ministry.
27. Q. Why did Herder fall under some cloud of disfavor with Goethe and Schiller? A. His ideas of life were of too strenuous and puritanical a nature to suit them.
28. Q. What is pronounced Herder's best book? A. His "Philosophy of History."
29. Q. In what other lines of writing did Herder make himself known? A. He was a poet, a critic, and a writer of allegories and fables.
30. Q. Who formed a friendship for Herder which is likened to that of Paul for Timothy? A. Richter.
31. Q. By what name is Richter almost universally known? A. "Jean Paul."
32. Q. How is he described? A. As possessing the largest, purest, most loving heart in literature, as a sentimentalist of a most robust type.
33. Q. With the publication of what book



did Jean Paul win victory in literature?  
A. "Hesperus."

34. Q. Which of his novels ranks as his masterpiece? A. "Titan."

35. Q. What is called the most exquisitely beautiful passage in his autobiography? A. That describing his first communion Sunday.

36. Q. With whom does the sketch of German poets begin? A. Hans Sachs.

37. Q. Of whom was Hans Sachs a contemporary? A. Luther.

38. Q. In what poem did he praise Luther? A. "The Nightingale of Wittenberg."

39. Q. What is said of the prolific nature of his genius? A. He wrote poetry fifty-two years and turned out six thousand two hundred separate pieces.

40. Q. Who was the foremost hymn-writer in the German language? A. Paul Gerhardt.

41. Q. Name other German writers of sacred verse. A. Scheffler and Tersteegen.

42. Q. In what line of writing was Gellert famous? A. He was a fabulist in verse.

43. Q. Who was known as the German Horace? A. Ramler.

44. Q. Where did Bürger find the subject matter for his verse? A. In the traditional songs of the people.

45. Q. What two women are counted among the poets of Germany? A. The Electress of Brandenburg and Frederica Brun.

46. Q. Who wrote one of the most celebrated battle songs only an hour before he fell fighting for his country? A. Körner.

47. Q. What is the character of Körner's "Sword-Song"? A. A dialogue between a soldier and his sword.

48. Q. Who by a patriotic lyric poem is said to have done as much toward securing German unity as did Bismarck or Von Moltke? A. Arndt.

49. Q. With whom does this sketch of patriot lyrists close? A. Rückert.

50. Q. What greater singer did this concord of German poets herald? A. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

## THE QUESTION TABLE.

## ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

## AMERICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

1. What novelist lived in his ancestral mansion named "Otsego Hall"?

2. Who owned "Cedarmere" and where was it?

3. Who used to invite his friends to visit him by saying, "Come to 'Sunnyside' and I will give you a tree and a book"?

4. What naturalist named his place "Minnie's land"?

5. Who lived for some years in the "Old Manse," which was afterwards made famous by Hawthorne?

6. To what did the "Craigie House" owe its renown, and what poet made it doubly famous by making it his home?

7. Who named his home "The Wayside"?

8. For whom was "Elmwood" the birth-place and almost the lifelong home?

9. Whose house in Hartford, Conn., has over the fireplace this motto, "The ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it"?

10. Whose home attracted the attention of the world to its "Breakfast Table" and "Tea-Cups"?

11. What poet lived for a time in a home named "Glenmary," and later in one which he named "Idlewild"?

12. Who wrote of his home in "My Farm

at Edgewood," "Wet Days at Edgewood," and "Pictures from Edgewood"?

## BOTANY.

1. What structural relation do flowers bear to the rest of the plant?

2. How is this shown?

3. What purpose in nature do flowers serve?

4. What organs are therefore absolutely essential?

5. Of what use are the floral envelopes (sepals and petals)?

6. To what fact does Tennyson refer when he says the daisy closes "her crimson fringes to the shower"?

7. What are all the parts that belong to any flower?

8. What is meant by the "numerical plan" of a flower?

9. To what limitation of position on the plant are flower-buds restricted compared with buds from which branches grow?

10. When several flowers arising from the axils of the leaves are produced near each other what modification takes place to form a flower cluster?

## WORLD OF TO-DAY—ALASKA AND BERING SEA.

1. How many nations have owned Alaska?

2. How did Russia acquire her American possessions?
3. How wide is the entrance to Bering Sea from the south?
4. What is meant by a *mare clausum*?
5. If Bering Sea is considered a *mare clausum* over how much of it would the United States have jurisdiction?
6. What nation would have control over any part of this sea on the west?
7. How far has any nation the right of jurisdiction over the open sea?
8. What is the cause of the Bering Sea dispute between England and the United States?
9. What agreement has been reached regarding the settlement of the whole question?
10. Who are to form the members of the board of arbitration recently decided upon?
11. What is the chief point to be determined by this board?
12. What is meant by a *modus vivendi*?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN  
FOR APRIL.

AMERICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

1. The Mexican general, Santa Anna. 2. Jonathan Trumbull, the governor of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid Washington greatly relied. 3. Because they were issued in their first collected form in blue paper covers. 4. The treaty of Utrecht in 1713. 5. In 1813, Gen. Winfield Scott, failing to obtain blue cloth, ordered gray suits to be made for his soldiers, and in these gray suits they won the battle at Chipewa. In honor of Scott and his troops the gray color was adopted at this Military Academy. 6. Little John Clem, a volunteer from Ohio. 7. It was turned into a schoolship for the instruction and training of men in seamanship. 8. "The Cow Chace." Gen. Wayne was repulsed by the British in an attempt to take a block house at Bull's Ferry, on the Hudson, but returned to camp with a large number of cattle driven by his troops. 9. The son of Louis XVI. of France. 10. The *Jersey*.

BOTANY.

1. Of the seed coats of which usually there are two,—the outer serving as a shell, the inner, a delicately thin coat, serving as a lining; and the kernel composed of the embryo and albumen or of the embryo alone. 2. A substance either starchy, oily, fleshy, or hornlike, that accompanies the embryo and is destined for its first nourishment when it begins to grow. 3. It is already a tiny plant furnished with stem and

leaves (seed-leaves). 4. In the former the two seed-leaves and the little stem are distinct while in the latter no distinction of parts is apparent, the lower end being the stem from which roots grow and the rest the seed-leaf encasing the tiny bud which is seen when the seed begins to grow. Plants developed from embryos with two seed-leaves have all their wood between the pith and bark (see ans. 3 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for Jan. 1892), while those developed from seeds with one seed-leaf have the wood scattered through the stem in no particular order. 5. It is not a seed proper containing an embryo plant but a much simpler body called a spore which develops by germination into a new plant. 6. To enable them to retain moisture and a more uniform temperature as well as to hide them from birds, etc., and to keep the wind from drifting them away before the tender roots have taken firm hold of the ground. 7. The stem would grow toward the light and the root downward even though they had to curve around the seed. 8. Some species scarcely a year, as coffee and magnolia, and others many years. Maize and rye have been known to grow after 40 years, kidney-beans after 100 years, and, according to the botanist Lindley's authority, raspberry-seeds after 1,700 years. Asa Gray quotes 100 as the known limit of years. 9. Some seeds are furnished with a pappus or coma which buoys them up so that they are blown about by the wind, as thistles; some have wings which serve the same purpose, as the maples; some have hooks, as burs; some are thrown by the sudden bursting of the pod, as the touch-me-not; etc. Streams, ocean currents, birds, and animals also help to scatter seeds. 10. "The seed of certain species of fern is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and hence was supposed to confer invisibility on those who carried it about their persons."

WORLD OF TO-DAY—GERMANY.

1. 26. 2. In 1871. 3. Over the new empire, three; William I., Frederick William, and William II. 4. As an alliance of separate independent German states and Austrian dominions, known as the Germanic Confederation. 5. He made it tributary to France and called it the Confederation of the Rhine. 6. From fear that a consolidation of the German States would make an adversary superior to it in power. 7. Alsace and a large part of Lorraine. 8. The labor question. 9. To reduce them almost to serfdom, keep them in ignorance, and to train the men for warriors. 10. That of count.

## THE C. I. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1895.

### CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.  
*First Vice President*—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.  
*Second Vice President*—Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.  
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*Secretary*—Mrs. J. Monroe Cooke, Boston, Mass.  
*Treasurer*—Mr. Lewis E. Snow, Mo.

#### CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

THE following contribution from a '92 in the far South will be an inspiration to others who are working alone: "I am later in finishing the studies this year than the two previous years, but it has been with the greatest difficulty that I have completed this work. Many a time I have felt as if I must give it up but would begin again the next day with renewed energy, determined to succeed. I live on a large cotton plantation, have two young children to educate, and I hope to accomplish a great deal in the molding of their characters from this good work of the C. I. S. C. They will remember that mother was a member of that circle, and those books were the ones she delighted to study."

ANOTHER '92: "This course has been a source of great pleasure to me to say nothing of the knowledge I have derived from it. I intend to take the English graduate course next year. I have only evenings to devote to study, so cannot do as much as others who have more leisure."

"I WANT to tell you how much I appreciate the course. It was just what I needed with my growing boys. I think every mother owes it to her family as well as to herself to keep in touch with them in their school life."—'92.

AN interesting work in Constantinople is described in a recent letter from a member of '92: "I have read the course and many things besides the books recommended and hope nothing will prevent my making out the papers this year before graduation time comes. All the time I have had to spare from necessary duties during the two years and a half since I reached Constantinople has been devoted to extending the knowledge of the Chautauqua idea, and organizing an adaptation of it to Constantinople. The peculiar conditions of life here render an adoption of the Chautauqua course as it stands,

an impossibility. The intellectual life here is at the lowest possible ebb and we have very few students ready to take up any study or reading, but some of these have done excellent work. Our plan is to combine home reading with lectures from specialists on the subjects for reading. In one class which I have led through the winter have been many cultivated Greeks, and several English and American ladies; another class was composed mainly of governesses, and a third of native girls. My work has thus been very interesting, but the close study necessary to lead all these circles has quite interfered with any other study. I hope, however, this year to combine them into one circle, which will give me more time. I took up the Chautauqua course for the sake of others, as for years daily study and reading have been my great enjoyment and I scarcely needed the help of such a course. But I believe in it and shall be much disappointed if I fail to get my diploma with my class."

### CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
*Vice Presidents*—George W. Driscoll, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Fort Calborne, Province Ontario, Canada; the Rev. M. D. Lichliter, McKeesport, Pa.; the Rev. A. F. Ashton, Ohio; the Rev. D. F. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; Mrs. Helen M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. A. W. Merwin, Wilton, Conn.  
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*Treasurer*—Prof. W. H. Scott, Syracuse, N. Y.  
*Class Trustee*—George E. Vincent.  
*Executive Committee*—Miss Kate Little, Preston, Minn.; Prof. W. H. Scott; Mrs. Anthony.  
*Building Committee*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

#### EMBLEM.—THE ACORN.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '93:—One thousand cards have been sent out asking contributions to the Class Building Fund; two hundred and fifteen responses have been received. For a class numbering thousands it seems as though this was not a hearty response. Is there not class pride enough in the Athenians to take this matter in hand and raise the amount

necessary? One thousand more cards will be sent out, and let me earnestly urge every faithful Chautauquan of '93 who receives one, together with those who received of the first thousand sent out, to respond at once. If you should not receive one and read this call in the "News from Classes" do not be backward but send any amount you choose. None is too large or small to be credited. It would do my heart good to receive a few \$5.00 or \$10.00 or even larger contributions. Fellow classmates, take hold of this matter, do not let it drag any longer. W. H. SCOTT, Treas.

NOTES from '93: "The writer left a New York district school in '56, was five years a merchant's clerk, four years a soldier, and has been twenty-seven years in business. The effort at reading and study for thirty-six years convinces me that I have but just begun to learn. The C. L. S. C. makes a new life. It is perfect enjoyment to meet with our Chautauqua circle."

"It is my recreation to turn to Chautauqua work and find reading ready for me without hunting for something interesting. A mother's many cares for five children and a long illness delayed my work last year, but I feel that with so many growing up around me eager to learn, that I must try to keep pace with them, and the C. L. S. C. is just the thing."

#### CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

##### OFFICERS.

*President*—John Habberton, New York City.  
*Vice Presidents*—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N.Y.; the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; the Rev. L. A. Banks, Boston, Mass.; the Rev. J. A. Cosby, Benkelman, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.  
*Secretary*—Miss Grace D. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.  
*Treasurer*—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.  
*Class Trustees*—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace D. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASS FLOWER—CLOVER.

A '94 presents a strong argument in favor of a definite plan of study. She writes: "I had tried long before I began the course to devote a portion of each day to solid reading but was continually interrupted. But after joining the circle and buying the books, the study hour assumed a new dignity and was a thing to be respected by the family and no interruptions came from them."

'94 as well as other classes will be glad to know that the coming Chautauqua season will find the Union Class Building an actual fact. The classes which have experienced the dis-

comforts of having no local habitation during the Assembly season will appreciate the advantages of the Union Building.

#### CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

"*The truth shall make you free.*"

*President*—Dr. H. B. Adams, Baltimore, Md.  
*Vice Presidents*—The Rev. Dr. Wilbur Crafts, New York; Miss Grace Dodge, New York; Mrs. Olive A. James, Rimersburg, Pa.; Miss Mary Davenport, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Frank O. Flynn, Belleville, Ont.; the Rev. William M. Hayes, Oxford, Ga.; the Rev. Hervey Wood, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. E. H. Durgin, Portland, Ore.; Miss Carrie L. Turrentine, Gadsden, Ala.; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. R. E. I. Goddard, Providence, R. I.; Prof. J. A. Woodburn, Indiana University.  
*Corresponding Secretary*—Miss Jane Mead Welch, Buffalo, N. Y.  
*Recording Secretary*—Miss Mary E. Miller, Akron, O.  
*Treasurer*—Mrs. E. C. Thompson, Litchfield, Ill.  
*Trustee of the Building Fund*—The Rev. Fred. L. Thompson, Litchfield, Ill.

THE statement was recently made at a western gathering of ministers that although members of the C. L. S. C. were urged to fill out memoranda, no attention was given to these papers at the Chautauqua office. On what foundation such a report could have been based it is difficult to say, as the graduates of every C. L. S. C. from '82 to '90 have received statements of their standing upon the papers of the four years. An important part of the work of the Central Office is the recording and grading of these papers and, in order to increase the value of this work to the student, provision has recently been made whereby upon the payment of an additional fee of fifty cents, the student may have his paper corrected and returned to him. The C. L. S. C. has throughout its thirteen years of work, emphasized the importance of the review which the memoranda are designed to give.

A MOTHER thirty-eight years old asks if she is "too old to begin the C. L. S. C. course." A single visit to Chautauqua on Recognition Day and a glimpse of the graduating class is an object lesson which those who have once seen it never forget. A mother of thirty-eight is a young Chautauquan indeed, or as a teacher recently put it, "Had Ponce de Leon visited a Chautauqua Assembly he need not have died broken-hearted."

A CANADIAN '95 reports progress as follows: "I have been reading the prescribed course since October, and find it very enjoyable. I find that when I have a set task to accomplish I am not so liable to allow other work to crowd out my reading hour."

#### GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE interest in the special graduate course in English history and literature continues to be



very gratifying, many hundreds of graduates having entered upon the third year's work while others are engaged upon the first or second year's courses. The new two years' graduate course in American history has also attracted much attention and has proved to be an important addition to the series of courses offered to graduates.

THE long delayed "House and Home" course which has been under revision for some time will be ready by the middle of April. It is hoped that the many mothers who are interested in this course will feel repaid for the delay by the excellence of the material offered.

FOR the benefit of recent graduates it may be well to repeat the announcement that the special courses of the C. L. S. C. have no time limit. Each course is planned with the idea of offering a year's work to the average student who can give forty minutes a day to the study of the books, but those who wish to devote more than a year to one course are entirely at liberty to do so and the seal will be awarded.

A PRINTED notice was sent in the fall to every member of the Class of '82 asking for any facts which would be of service to the class historian in preparing the history for the decennial celebration. Many replies have been received but there are still a large number of "Pioneers" who have not responded. It is hoped that this notice will come to the attention of some who have failed to receive notice and that all such will communicate at once with Miss Kimball at Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

SEVERAL important additions to C. L. S. C. special courses will be announced during the coming summer and fall months, one of the most attractive of which will be the new course on the history of art which is to be prepared by Mr. William Henry Goodyear, of New York, lecturer by appointment to the Cooper Institute and recent curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A GRADUATE of the Class of '91 who is pursuing the special course in English history and literature feels unable to purchase all the books. She has Green's "Short History of the English People" but would like to purchase the remaining books at second hand, or if possible secure a loan of these books at a reasonable rate. Any graduate who would like to be placed in communication with this student can secure the address from the Central Office, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

ONE of the most earnest and active officers of the Class of '88, Mr. Wm. McKay of Long Island, was called away from his earthly work last October. Mr. McKay had been present at Chautauqua during many seasons and in all the exercises of his class rendered most valuable service. His hearty interest in Chautauqua and his genial and kindly disposition won many friends for the cause and although his home was in a small community his influence was widespread.

#### ADDITIONAL GRADUATES OF THE CLASS OF '91.

The following names are added to the list of graduates of the Class of '91, making a total of 3,553:

Adda Frances Crew, Mrs. Sarah L. Hammond, Mrs. Marie H. Ristman Young, California; Ada Isadora Richardson, Connecticut; Janie M. Smith, Delaware; Mrs. J. W. Boggess, Mrs. Alice M. Bowen, Naomi Eberhart Porter, Cordelia Dauchy, Elsie Graham, Elijah M. Jeffers, Lizzie C. Koedsiemon, Illinois; Mrs. O. S. Douglass, Mrs. Lida J. King, Mrs. W. W. Smith, Mary Curtis Townsley, Susan McL. Vinton, Bertha Ritter, Nellie A. Ritter, Indiana; Martha G. Davenport, Mrs. Kittie B. Spreng, Clara H. Culbertson, Elmer Headley Sylvester, Iowa; Annie Margaret Stevens, Kentucky; Barbara Ellen Leighton, Ruth B. Weston, Etta Sawyer Strout, Maine; Sophia M. Dalenz, Ella Maria Hinckley, Emma C. Stockwell, Massachusetts; Minna R. Guernsey, Minnesota; Anna Post Brinkerhoff, Adam Kern, Missouri; Harriet Ferguson, Michigan; Mrs. J. B. Doty, Mrs. Mary C. Hitchcock, James B. Ragan, May E. Ragan, Miss Emma E. Wainwright, Nebraska; Mary W. Osborn, Harriette K. Patterson, Mary S. Post, Lillian Welch, New Jersey; Clarinda W. Butler, Ella L. M. Crocker, Helen A. Moore, Frederick Rippel, Emma Birch Shafer, Ella Frances Tichenor, Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Electa M. Felt, New York; Carrie Severs Palmer, Miss Effie May Root, Mrs. Callie Schoonover, Estella Bates, Ohio; W. A. Kuhn, Mrs. W. A. Kuhn, Calvin Stahl, Henry Talbot, Minnie E. Wilson, Mrs. Cornelia J. Longaker, Elizabeth V. Moore, Pennsylvania; Albert W. Morse, South Dakota; Mary G. Allen, Virginia; Mrs. Helen M. Burdick, Martha Stewart Foote, Mary L. Oaks, Mary L. Pinch, E. Leta Williams, Mrs. Ruby A. Crane, Wisconsin; Charles John Sim, Canada; Mrs. Eliza Metcalfe, Australia; Maggie J. Bengel, Foreign.

## LOCAL CIRCLES.

### C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

### C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

LESSING DAY—May 10.

GORTHE DAY—June 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN has lately been furnishing its readers portraits of the six Chautauqua Counselors. There may be a number unacquainted with the offices and importance of these gentlemen regarding Chautauqua study and for the benefit of those, this sketch is given. Early in its history the Chautauqua movement took such a deep and popular hold it became necessary in order to give the course of study a broad and sure foundation to secure a number of counselors in planning the courses. These men must be chosen not only for their eminence in learning, culture, and educational influence, but since Chautauqua appealed alike to believers of all Christian doctrines, counselors must represent the various denominational constituencies. On the basis of these requirements the gentlemen whose names appear on the first page of the magazine, each of whom is identified as a specialist in some branch of learning, were chosen, and have served long and faithfully in consulting with the Chancellor for the good of Chautauquans, repaid only, but amply, by the knowledge of having done valuable service in that way to their fellow-beings.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, is so well known through a long life of labor for higher morality, a sketch of him would appear unnecessary. The most distinguished, perhaps, of a famous family he has for years been engaged as editor of *The Christian Union*, as successor of Beecher in Plymouth Church, latterly as president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime in New York City, and long a student and writer upon religious and social subjects. His recent bombardment of a corrupt municipality has proved as masterly in its method as in purpose. Its fearless justice has brought him mailbags of thankful praise not only from New Yorkers but from people all over the country who feel the far-reaching harm of the highhanded corruption he

has attacked. He has not only given freely of his counsel and encouragement to Chautauqua, but has been a frequent contributor to THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Bishop H. W. Warren, Methodist, is a New Englander by birth and education, but broad as the prairies in tastes and abilities. His election as bishop by the General Conference in 1881 was the testimonial of his Church to a life of earnest, fruitful, and eloquent work for religion. He is at present located at Denver, his labors however taking him over the whole country. While thus bent, he has found time to wrest other truths from the heavens, leading to the publication of books on astronomy, one of which has been used in the Chautauqua Course.

In her catholic way, Chautauqua must needs have a representative in England, whereupon the right man appeared in Dr. J. M. Gibson of London. Dr. Gibson is a firm Presbyterian of Scotch blood, vigorous and orthodox, long a pastor in Chicago and Montreal before going to London. He is an author of ability, especially in lines relating to the Mosaic account of creation, and has edited and compiled the little book of Browning's poems, "Pomegranates from an English Garden," which has been used in the C. L. S. C. Course.

Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, Baptist, is especially familiar to Chautauquans as the author of many books on languages, used by them. His scholarship is extensive, having been Professor in Modern Languages after a residence abroad, and for many years holding the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Rochester Theological Seminary. Since 1881 he has been engaged entirely in literary work, author of a number of books, and a constant contributor to periodicals, THE CHAUTAUQUAN included.

Among the multitudinous works of Dr. E. E. Hale, the Unitarian Counselor, those connected

with Lend a Hand Clubs, of which he was the founder, will probably cling to him longest. These clubs originating from his book, "Ten Times One is Ten," are devoted to charity and now reach almost over the world, having exerted a most beneficent influence in Sunday school and young people's societies. Dr. Hale has been a writer of such volume, a score of years have each marked the issue of at least one book, often more. His historical writings have included many contributions to THE CHAUTAUQUAN, his services to the C. L. S. C. having been faithful and enthusiastic. "In His Name" has been used in the C. L. S. C. Course.

In the South, Chautauqua interests are ably espoused by Dr. J. H. Carlisle, Methodist, whose life work has been connected with Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., of which he has been for the past seventeen years president. Dr. Carlisle's literary labors have been of a varied character. He is author of a recent scientific work, "The Young Astronomer," and has served Chautauqua students by editing for the course, memoirs of Ascham and Arnold.

#### NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—The York Circle, of Toronto, numbering ten enjoys excellent meetings. Members bring to the class at least six written questions which form a basis for discussions for the two hours.

MAINE.—A circle of eight members has been formed at Thomaston.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The thirteen members of West Stockbridge Circle who are pursuing the course rather independently, would find their gain more than doubled if closely organized and holding frequent meetings.—Aretasport Circle of Nantucket promises to graduate its ten members in '95.—The new circle at Goshen is taking a firm hold on the work, gathering fresh converts as it progresses.

CONNECTICUT.—Early Dawn Circle of Durham reports a small but fine working set of members.—Hill Division Circle of South Norwalk has limited its membership for the present to eight studious '95's.

NEW YORK.—Buffalo has now completed a union of ten of its circles, the occasion marking this event being honored by an address from the Chancellor, on "Education out of School." Union sentiment is becoming very prevalent in all large cities.—The new Longfellow Circle of Brooklyn recently gave a social, each of its twenty members inviting a guest. The occasion being the joint celebration of Lowell and Longfellow Days, a bright program was rendered. Supplementary to the scientific work Hawthorne

Circle, also of Brooklyn, has secured lectures on "Man's Place in Nature" and "How we Move and Live."—New readers report profitable work in Waterloo and Seneca Falls.

NEW JERSEY.—A new circle limited to a small and active number is at work, "reading and discussing Chautauqua subjects," at Mont Clair.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Vernon Circle under the auspices of Wharton Street Epworth League of Philadelphia numbers about a dozen members most of whom are enrolled at the central office.

—A "duet" of readers at Girard has involved another two forming an interested "quartet."

—Bellevue Circle of Stanton is reported as doing effective work at its weekly meetings.—Kalmia Klub of Johnstown whose name is traceable to the abundance of mountain laurel in its vicinity, and whose barbaric spelling of club is a survival of the "Flood," has obtained its majority in point of numbers, having reached twenty-one. "History bees," "Quiz bees," and other interesting features mark its meetings.

DELAWARE.—A half dozen new Chautauquans at Swarthmore have enrolled.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Fremont Circle of Washington indulges in political debates, a recent question being, "Does the history of Political Parties in America prove that a political career is debasing?" Warm interest is felt, the circle being ably officered. Wesley Home Circle of the same city has also entered upon a useful field.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Moundsville's new circle reports its members to be heartily devoted readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, whose coming is looked for from month to month.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Sugar Creek Circle of Derita prepares its lessons "as well as students in college, the whole course being now anticipated."

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Eight Chautauquans at Spartanburg are knocking for admittance and inquiring the best means to success.—Round Table Circle of Chester numbering seventeen, sends its first greeting, modestly disclaiming greatness in infancy, but protesting a strong hold on life.

GEORGIA.—The A. R. Holderboy, a large new circle at Atlanta, finds its course productive of elevating study, claiming also the largest membership of any circle in the city.

OHIO.—Grace Aguilar Circle of a half score members and a smaller home circle are both new offshoots of Chautauqua in Cleveland, hitherto unreported.—An earnest reader of Wilmington who graduated in '91 has organized a home circle consisting of her family, who now ask to be enrolled as '95's.—Updegraff and

Smithfield each adds a number of new students.

**MICHIGAN.**—Marquette confidently promises itself the success of accomplishing the year's work in six months. With twenty-eight members it has undertaken large things.—Between twenty and thirty members are equipped for a prosperous course at Sault Ste. Marie, being now hard at work.—Truth seekers at West Branch meet weekly in the village council chamber, each member acting in turn as teacher for the evening.—One enthusiastic reader at Owasso is using the weight of her influence to hold her circle to its original design, sickness having interfered with its work.—Sappho Circle at Dexter adheres closely to the outlined work, wishing to prove its wings before soaring over fields unknown.—Greenville Circle is well founded and promising.

**INDIANA.**—The circle lately organized at Farmland hopes by next year to be a large and permanent one.—Seventeen Richmond Pathfinders who were somewhat late to organize now hold well attended meetings and are "catching up."

**WISCONSIN.**—Music, lessons with discussions, readings, and table talk profitably fill the meeting hours of Vincent Circle at Wauwatosa.—A circle was recently organized at Campbellsport.

**ILLINOIS.**—One result of the Southern Illinois Assembly held at Chautauqua Heights last summer was the forming of a large circle at Chester, which has found the American year "a most valuable preparation for the World's Fair." Two "open meetings" have recently been held, enjoyed, but not more so than regular "study meetings."—Chicago Berwyn Circle sends twenty-two filled blanks as an index of its work. Igdrasil Circle of the same city has also been at work since November.—About eighteen young people have formed an active circle, the Alpha Zeta, at Rogers Park.—Watseka's new circle numbers sixteen members.—Nunda readers enjoyed an interesting celebration of Lowell Day.

**KENTUCKY.**—Nine Chautauquans have become sufficiently interested at Princeton to set their goal at '95.

**TENNESSEE.**—A small but vigorous circle sends greetings from Tullahoma.

**ALABAMA.**—From Greensboro comes news that the Chautauqua banyan tree has sent down a branch to take root in that town in shape of a finely organized circle of eighteen all of whom hope to be presented in '95.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—Holly Springs Circle organized early in the year sends in a report of progress.

**IOWA.**—The flourishing Lotos Circle at Sigourney asserts that each of its meetings is declared

the best. It spares no endeavor to enrich its programs.—At Sheldon, thirteen members of a new circle "manifest an increasing interest at each meeting," writes the scribe of the circle.—Seymour also boasts of a new band of sixteen readers.

**MISSOURI.**—Pluck is all that is necessary to assist the new circle at Lawson over the discouragements in the work following much sickness.

**LOUISIANA.**—Baldwin Circle, which organized in October, is keeping the faith and doing good work.—A letter from Amite contains tidings of a new enlistment of members in that place.

**SOUTH DAKOTA.**—Bath Home Circle deserves sympathy for bereavement suffered, but should let nothing permanently interfere with its efforts.

**NEBRASKA.**—Newman Circle of Omaha named in honor of Bishop Newman and under the auspices of the First M. E. Church, numbers fourteen members, and expects to take a firm hold upon the literary element in its reach.

**KANSAS.**—The new circle at Hoisington numbers half a score, well imbued with the spirit of progress.

**TEXAS.**—Earnest purpose is characteristic of the newly formed circle at Greenville.—Chautauqua fires have smoldered at Pecos City since last fall in shape of individual readings. Recently they broke out in form of a well developed circle promising to be ready for examinations before next year.—Kerrville boasts of a new circle.

**COLORADO.**—South Denver Agate Circle, a new one of thirteen members, has an experienced Chautauquan as president, an omen of success.

**WASHINGTON.**—'95's of Walla Walla report a tardiness of two months which they propose speedily to atone for.

**CALIFORNIA.**—Twenty-one attendants of Plymouth Church, San Francisco, bound themselves recently to pursue the four years' study together.—A still larger number of new readers at Fresno "keep up the work as laid down in THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

#### OLD CIRCLES.

**HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.**—Lei Aloha of Hilo, recently mentioned in these columns, maintains as good a membership as ever, numbering fifteen.—Maile Circle of Honolulu meets every Thursday, and without lectures or memorial days supports steady interest through its two-hour discussion of lesson topics.

**CANADA.**—Nowhere in Canada is there a more commendable and hearty Chautauqua spirit at work than at far-away St. Johns, N. B., where



three circles are flourishing, maintaining at the same time a Union of about fifty members. Circles in that place have been existing ten years and the Union is in its third year. The latter is praying just now for some Chautauqua veteran to pay it a visit, claiming that a lecture would be no more than is due it for lasting fidelity.—Hamilton Home Circle pronounces Chautauqua work an oasis in the desert of a work-a-day world, "every member enjoying the course most thoroughly."—The three circles of Galt—Alpha, Central, and Delta—have formed a Chautauqua Union, at the first meeting of which interesting papers on C. L. S. C. work of the year were read.—Delta Circle enters the year with a request for thirteen examination blanks.

MAINE.—Mooseabec Circle of Jonesport begins meetings with quotations, corrected expressions, etc., a different teacher having charge each week of topics for study.—Beauchamp Circle of Rockport, which organized in '87 with two members, has not for three years fallen below fifteen, and is reported this year as extending its efforts in many ways for the betterment of its community.—Livermore Circle of South Union is taking the special American course this year.—The Romans of Bingham in spite of the staying hand of death touching a valued member, are nobly holding to their aim, "Strong to do good."

MASSACHUSETTS.—The large local membership of Sherwin Circle of Dorchester, which has reason to be proud of its "united feeling," should extend that fraternal spirit to the central office. In union there is strength.—Adams Circle of post-graduates at East Boston is studying English poetry. The local circle at the same place is enjoying the course, though not perfectly organized.—Philomath Circle of Chelsea has three graduates among its eleven members.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Circle by the Sea at Newport holds its graduates, as well as enlists new members this year, including five '91's and seven '95's. Its work is said to be "better than ever."—Alpha Circle of South Scituate contains six members this year.

CONNECTICUT.—Readers at West Granby are live. There should be more of them.

NEW YORK.—Altus Circle of Brooklyn gives note of a healthful condition.—Another brief account reports Vincent of Buffalo strong in more than a score of members.—Word of reorganization has been received from Laurel, Irving, Emerson, Endeavor, Unique, and West Harlem Circles, all of New York City.

NEW JERSEY.—Alpha Circle of Vineland is pursuing a post-graduate English history course

this year.—Round Table Circle of Jersey City is holding meetings as of yore.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Harrisomally reports an absorbing diversion in shape of grip at present, proposing as soon as possible to resume its more enjoyable study.—Stouchsbrough Drummond Circle "rules out all subjects not strictly Chautauquan," but is not satisfied with the number belonging. Possibly the addition of some topics of the day inviting outsiders to be present would increase interest.—Corry Columbus Circle, including a marble dealer, milkman, dressmaker, milliner, farmer, six housewives, and three school teachers, affirms it is "not doing the very best work, but far better than none." That is a far from bad report.

DELAWARE.—Minervans of Wilmington have had discouragements—which should be stepping stones to success.

OHIO.—Quite a number of graduates and a large force of new recruits make a paying circle at Port Clinton.—Circles at Savannah, Tippecanoe City, Geneva, Berlin Heights, and Hayesville are doing good work.

MICHIGAN.—Ruby Circle of Tecumseh now numbers twenty-six members, having increased steadily. Programs include character sketches and historic games.—Midland Circle also enjoys well attended meetings possessing graduates and seal readers.—"Each year Lee Circle of Hastings appreciates more and more the study mapped out," writes a member.—Accounts of instructive meetings come also from circles at Otsego and Grand Rapids.

INDIANA.—Edison Circle of South Bend is not so strong as formerly. It does not adhere to formal programs but reviews lessons at meetings. Possibly more form would be beneficial.—Spencer Circle holds up its record with frequent meetings and rotation of leadership.—Martinsville Circle is steady and sure.

WISCONSIN.—Aurora Circle at Superior is fortunate in a large membership. Varied topics should be presented.

ILLINOIS.—Readers began work in Union Park Church in '89. Many changes have occurred in the circle since then, the spirit descending to new ones as vacancies occur, keeping the circle alive.—Dianthus Circle of Stillman Valley will graduate six '92's, who expect to keep up with subsequent courses.—Gladstonian Circle of Rochelle, true to the associations of its name, is stronger this year than last. Forty-five minutes are given to each subject upon which papers are read.—Chenoa Circle is "prosperous, and has weekly meetings of great benefit."

—Pocahontas Circle has three '95's.

MINNESOTA.—Irving Circle of Anoka, which

began the year with fifteen members, maintains an average attendance of twelve and feels sure of great rewards.—Dayton Avenue Circle of St. Paul numbering eight spends Monday afternoons thoroughly digesting lessons prepared. Excellent papers are read on memorial day topics.—Other bright reports come from the Pleiades of Elmore and from Lake Crystal and Plainview Circles.

IOWA.—A small set of students report themselves en route Chautauquaward at Northwood.

MISSOURI.—An excellent report from Minerva Circle at Richmond states its membership to be twenty-four, programs including recitations and sketches and historic-card playing, which tests the knowledge of members in history. Visitors are welcomed, usually becoming Chautauquans.

—Twelve members at Cole Camp and Delmar Circle at St. Louis are well accounted for.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Madisonian Circle of Madison and Columbia Circle declare themselves "larger and more earnest."

NEBRASKA.—O'Neill readers began work on time, though certain members seem diffident about claiming credit at the central office.

KANSAS.—Circles at Baldwin, Centralia, and Enterprise announce that they are in good condition, confidently asking recognition for the same.

TEXAS.—Davis Circle of thirteen has found memorial day celebrations and public lectures the best means of introducing its work to the public.—Honey Grove's sixteen readers, in spite of winter maladies are generally up with the work.—Pilot Point presents its record without boast but with assurance.

COLORADO.—Addison Circle of Golden uses "Sunday Readings, American history with closed books, and questions on The World of To-day" in its programs.—The Round Table of Cañon City several years old is still strong and energetic.

NEW MEXICO.—The successful circle of twenty-five members at Socorro recently gave an open meeting.

WASHINGTON.—A commendable kind of program is also furnished by Alma Circle of Vancouver, which is both larger and more uniformly active this year than hitherto.

CALIFORNIA.—Programs sent in by Eureka Circle of Los Angeles are in the highest degree creditable. No minutes are allowed to go to waste. At a recent Union entertainment given by that circle a feature was the impersonation by circle members of Anne Hutchinson, King Philip's wife, and Evangeline.—Arcadian Circle of San Francisco writes anxiously for data—a commendable impatience.—Houghton Cir-

cle of thirty-one members at Oakland has had to expand its meeting time an hour. Recently a member gave a lecture upon Alaska. Calisthenics form a novel feature of the meetings.—Vincent Circle of Garden Grove writes appreciatively of the great benefit of its work. Lincoln Day exercises were attended by many visitors.—Home Circle of Colton, though smaller than formerly, shows activity by open meetings and teas for all Chautauquans.—The Lincoln camp-fire recently held by Martinez Circle proved a novelty. A roaring backlog fire furnished an inspiration to sketches and papers followed by stories of the war president, and refreshments suited to the occasion.—Alpha Circle of Evergreen and Alpine Circle of Stockton are encouragingly reported.

#### SOCIETY OF THE HALL IN THE GROVE.

Lincoln, Nebraska, S. H. G. numbers more members than ever this year. This society is now making a study of English history and literature.

#### THE UNIONS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

The fourth annual moonlight excursion of the Chautauqua Circles of New York and Brooklyn will take place on Saturday, June 11, 1892.

Three of the largest of the Iron Steamboat Co.'s fleet of boats have been engaged, having a combined capacity of nearly six thousand passengers.

Laurelton Grove, situated on Long Island Sound, about forty miles from New York, is the objective point, and a very enjoyable outing is anticipated.

These excursions have become exceedingly popular, so much so that last year many were unable to procure tickets at any price, though large premiums were offered.

The tickets are sold at the uniform price of fifty cents each, and by subscription only, so that the company is strictly select.

A most cordial invitation is extended to all Chautauquans in the vicinity of New York and Brooklyn to participate in this excursion. Address all communications to Frank M. Curtis, 2107 Seventh Avenue, New York, or to N. H. Gillette, 322 Quincey St., Brooklyn, L. I.

#### THE CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

For more than six years the C. L. S. C. has been flourishing in the towns and villages and scattered homesteads of South Africa. The work first inaugurated by Miss Theresa M. Campbell, a member of the Class of '84 and a teacher in the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape of Good Hope, has been followed up

by her associate, Miss M. E. Landfear, who for many years has as secretary for South Africa served the cause with most untiring devotion.

In the summer of '91 Miss Landfear, after a year's sojourn in the United States, returned to her post. Her first letter is dated July 29, '91, and from this we select the following: "I began regular Chautauqua correspondence three days ago. It is a great luxury to have time for the work, and my afternoons belong sacredly to Chautauqua." Three weeks later she reports the sending out of nearly two hundred letters to former Chautauquans, and an appeal made by letter to a long list of teachers at the Cape, sending to each circulars of the C. L. S. C. and of the C. Y. F. R. U. Thirty members of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union had been secured in Wellington and five of the graduating class of girls in the Huguenot Seminary enlisted in the work of the C. L. S. C. In September Miss Landfear reported the names of seventy-six members of the Young Folks' Reading Union enrolled from various parts of Cape Colony.

She writes, "Since I last wrote I have visited four schools and talked about the C. Y. F. R. U. From one there has as yet been no result in the way of members, but I have not given up the hope that some of those pupils will join. In the last three schools I enrolled from ten to thirty members in each. Two of these schools are in the out-districts of Wellington, one in a valley under the shadow of overhanging mountains which rise to the height of 6,000 feet, a lonely valley where only a few families live on scattered farms and yet there are twenty day-pupils and forty-seven boarders at the school. I spoke to the boys in the evening, and only the boarders were there. They were enthusiastic over the Chautauqua idea, and when I asked the boys to give me their names for membership, thirty of them stood to have their names taken.

"The Huguenot Seminary has a branch school at Paarl and I found it easy to start Chautauqua there. A local circle of C. L. S. C. members is also beginning there.

"Then I went to Stettenbosch and enrolled ten members of the C. Y. F. R. U. in the Bloembos School and prepared the way to address another school there."

Miss Landfear writes of a Chautauquan in the Diamond Fields, who promises to make Chautauqua known through the local press, and who says, "I myself intend to go through the course and win a diploma. I trust that the members may so increase that in a short time we may have an assembly and all the important events of the Chautauqua movement."

Different from this has been Miss Landfear's experience in organizing the work in Cape Town. Strong objections were urged against a society that was American. One of the local papers expressed itself as follows:

"*Chautauqua*.—This outlandish word expresses one of the queerest of the many queer notions which are the spume of western civilization as developed in the Great Republic of the West. We suppose we should not make fun of anything designed for the improvement of the human race, but it is quite impossible to be wholly serious in the presence of Chautauqua. Cannot a body read a good book without being branded with so unearthly a designation?"

Another paper adds, "We are about to have a new horror introduced into the vocal gymnastics of society in the word Chautauqua."

To Miss Landfear's undaunted spirit however these days of persecution simply denote progress for Chautauqua and while waiting for the "idea" to take root in Cape Town she sets forth in the long holiday vacation for a tour among the Eastern provinces. At Grahamstown, at Port Elizabeth, and at Paarl, circles were organized and where the C. L. S. C. could not be made to take hold she started the Young Folks' Reading Union as an entering wedge. A recent letter written in January sums up a large part of this trip to the Eastern provinces which included the formation of a circle of ten at Graaf Reinet—the "Voortrekkers" (Pathfinders) officered by the principal of a boys' college and an English woman, a university graduate—sundry long trips by cart over rough roads at all hours of the day or night and often through desert regions where not a habitation was to be seen for miles. At one village the Chautauqua meeting was advertised by a bell, a boy and a placard circulating among the inhabitants bringing together the intelligent and interested people.

In closing this last report from the field Miss Landfear writes: "The difficulties and expense of my journey are increased by a prevailing epizootic. Horses that start on a journey may drop dead on the way. Returning from A—I traveled in great anxiety, fully expecting to be left on the roadside in some desolate region, but we pulled through. The next day we had a still more anxious journey with a driver who drank, a scorching sun, only two horses, and a cloud of dust, but the driver kept his senses, the horses held out, and I arrived at C—before dark, thankful for the mercies of the way but too tired to sleep much before another start at 4:30 a. m. I find it a great disadvantage to take this tour in holidays when so many are from home; it makes starting circles difficult."

## THE LIBRARY TABLE.

### THE STORY OF THE THREE RINGS.

SULTAN SALADIN is in need of money. He sends for a rich Jew, and, in order to entrap him, puts the question to him, which of the three religions he holds to be the true one—the Jewish, the Mohammedan, or the Christian. The Jew, who is prudent as well as rich, asks leave to relate a story, and tells of a ring which was in the possession of a noble family, and was handed down from father to son, always exalting the son who had it above the other sons; this ring came at last into the hands of a father who had three sons, all of whom he loved equally well, so that he did not wish one to be better off than the other two. He therefore had two other rings made, which he himself could hardly distinguish from the original one, and gave a ring to each of his sons. After his death they all raised the same claims, which no one could settle, since no one could find out the true ring. The Jew applies the story to the case of the three different religions; Saladin recognizes the truth of the parable, acknowledges his need, receives what he wants, and treats the Jew henceforth as his friend.

This is a short outline of Boccaccio's story, and a similar story was told of a Spanish king of the eleventh century. In Spain all three religions were represented and flourished peacefully side by side. The Greek culture which had been revived there by the Arabs had dissipated many of the religious prejudices which separate men. The story of the three rings became in Spain a customary parabolic expression of tolerant views. The story spread over Europe, and the bigots gave it a different termination, according to which the true heir is found out by reason of the true ring working miracles. Sometimes the rings are omitted, and we have only a story of three brothers. In the seventeenth century the brothers went among Lutherans by the names of Peter, Martin, and John, and Martin was of course the true heir. In the eighteenth century Swift availed himself of the story in his "Tale of a Tub," in order to mock at all three sects. The poet Gellert followed the same idea in his story of the hat, which was always assuming new shapes and yet always turned out to be the same old hat; he was not scoffing at religion, however, but at philosophy with its varying systems.

From this allegory of the three rings, Lessing, in the eighteenth century, set himself to draw

the same moral of toleration as had already been drawn in the eleventh. But he availed himself of the old tale not merely as a weapon against intolerance, but also in order to inculcate the gospel of love. He attributes a miraculous power to the ring, and makes the father declare that that power lies in the gift which the ring has of bringing favor with God and man to him who wears it in this assurance; and the judge gives the following counsel to the three brothers who crave justice at his hands: "Test the power of your rival rings by emulating one another in gentleness, concord, benevolence, and zeal in the service of God."—*From W. Scherer's "History of German Literature."*

### DIAMONDS.

A BY no means insignificant product of Brazil, which is exported from Bahia, is diamonds of the very first quality, which for purity of color exceed those of Africa and elsewhere. It appears that a syndicate in London controls the world's supply of this peculiar gem from all the mines on the globe, permitting only a certain quantity of diamonds to go on the market annually, and thus keeping up the selling price and the market value. No one is permitted to know the real product of the mines but the managers of this syndicate.

The quantity of the sparkling gems which are held back by the dealers in London, Paris, and Vienna is really enormous; were they to be placed in the retail dealers' hands as fast as they are produced from the various sources of supply, they would be ere long as cheap and as plenty as moonstones. This sounds like an extravagant assertion, but still there is far more truth in it than is generally realized. One of the public journals of London lately spoke of a proposed corporation, to be known as the "Diamond Trust," which is certainly a significant evidence that the market requires to be carefully controlled as to the quantity which is annually put upon it.

In old times a diamond was simply valued as a diamond; its cutting and polishing were of the simplest character. A series of irregular plane surfaces were thought to sufficiently bring out its reflective qualities, but the stone is now treated with far more care and intelligence. A large portion of the value of a diamond has come to consist in the artistic, and we may say



scientific, manner in which it is cut. By this means its latent qualities of reflection of light are brought to perfection, developing its real brilliancy. Accomplished workmen realize fabulous wages in this employment. A stone of comparatively little value, by being cut in the best manner, can be made to outshine a much finer stone which is cut after the old style. Amsterdam used to control the business of diamond cutting, but it is now as well done in Boston and New York as in any part of the world.

The largest diamond yet discovered came from Brazil, and is known as the Braganza. The first European expert in precious stones has valued this extraordinary gem, which is still in the rough, at three hundred million sterling. Its actual weight is something over one pound troy. In the light of such a statement, we pause to ask ourselves, What is a diamond? Simply carbon crystallized, that is, in its greatest purity, and carbon is the combustible principle of charcoal.—*From Maturin M. Ballou's "Equatorial America."*\*

#### THE GREEN THINGS GROWING.

THE green things growing, the green things growing,

The faint, sweet smell of the green things growing!

I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,  
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

O the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!

How they talk each to each when none of us are knowing;

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,  
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing!

And I think that they love me, without false showing;

For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,

With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

And in the rich store of their blossoms glowing  
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing:  
Oh, I should like to see, if God's will it may be,  
Many, many a summer of my green things growing!

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing,  
Sleep out of sight a while, like the green things growing,

Though dust to dust return, I think I'll scarcely mourn,

If I may change into green things growing.

—*Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.*

#### A DIET OF ROOKS.

I HAVE received all your letters, and understand therefrom how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby give you to know that we, namely I, Master Veit, and Cyriac, do not go to the diet at Augsburg; we are, however, here attending another diet.

For know that just beneath our window is a rookery in a small wood, and there do the rooks and the jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamor day and night without any ceasing, as they were all drunken; and old and young chatter all at once, so that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold out; and I would fain know whether, in your parts, you have any such-like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth.

Their emperor I have not yet seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are forever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one color; they are all dressed in black; all are gray-eyed, and all sing the same song, save with some petty differences of old and young, great and small. They reck not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven. The floor is the bare field, strewn with dainty green twigs, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they need steed or harness; they have feathered wheels wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies and avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords among them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much however, have I gathered from an interpreter; that they have in hand a mighty expedition and war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain, and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here assembled in diet, and hear and see with great pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the estates of the empire, so gaily sing and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how knightly an air they strut, clean their bills, and attack the defenses, and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute

\* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

them all, and wish that they were all spitted on a hedge-stake together.

I hold, however, that they are most like to sophists and papists, with their preaching and writing; for so would I fain have them all in a heap before me, that I might hear their sweet voices and preachings, and see how right useful a folk they are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering.

To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained at all, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise.

Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well.—*Martin Luther.*

#### GIRLS: FAULTS AND IDEALS.

MR. RUSKIN has this word for young women: "Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them. . . Therefore see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that find out first what you are now. If you do not dare do this, find out why you do not dare, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body. Always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress both the mind and body before them daily.

We all have our faults, which mar the beauty of our lives in the eyes of others. Every noble soul desires to grow out of all faults, to have them corrected. The smallest fault mars the beauty of the character; and one who seeks to possess only "whatsoever things are lovely" will be eager to be rid of whatever is faulty. Oftentimes, however, we do not know our own faults: we are unconscious of them. We cannot see ourselves as others see us. The friend does us a true kindness who tells us the things in our character, habits, manners, which appear as blemishes, although many people have too much vanity to be told of their faults. They resent it as a personal insult when one points out any blemish in them. But this is a most foolish shortsightedness. To learn of a fault is an opportunity to add a new line of beauty to the life. Our prayer each day should be that God would show us our secret faults whatever messenger He may send to point them out, and then give us grace to correct them.

Now I turn your thoughts away from faults to ideals.

Every young girl should set for her great, central aim in life, to be a woman, a true, noble, pure, holy woman; to seek ever the highest things; to learn from her Master her whole duty and responsibility in this world, and to do the one and fulfill the other. That should be her aim,—to realize in her character all the possibilities of her womanhood, and to do all the work for her Master which He may give her to do. Is there not some one whom you know, perhaps some lowly one, whom it always does you good to meet? Seek to have your life such a reservoir of good, of blessing, of life, of peace, of joy, that no one can meet you without taking away some blessing.

Some one may be discouraged by this setting forth of so high an ideal. "I can never reach it. I can never train my life into such beauty. I can never do the duties of a Christian in such a perfect way." No, never in your own strength. If no help came from God, if there were set for us all the lofty ideals of Scripture, and we were left alone to work them out as best we could, unhelped, we might well despair. But for every duty and requirement there is a promise of divine grace.

Ruskin also says: "He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough for what He wants us to do. If we either tire ourselves, or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault." This puts tersely, and in strong, homely phrase, the essence of such promises of the Scriptures as, "My grace is sufficient for thee"; "As thy days so shall thy strength be."—*From Dr. J. R. Miller's "Girls: Faults and Ideas."*

#### THE CID.

CASTILE was the first part of Spain that shook off the yoke of the Moors, against whom it was led by the Cid, who was a native of Burgos. Here he was born in 1026, and was married in the old castle; and though he died in Valencia, it was his wish that he should be brought back to his birthplace to be buried. At that time Castile was a separate kingdom, and so remained until it was united to Leon, and afterwards with Arragon, which was accomplished only by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

How real and true a hero the Cid was, it would be difficult to say, as his deeds have been so magnified that he appears more like a god of mythology than a man of woman born. How much of this grand figure really belonged to the

\* New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

original nobody knows. As Achilles and Agamemnon are known to us, not by authentic history, but by the Iliad of Homer, so this Spanish Achilles is known chiefly through the Poem of the Cid, published in 1200, and the Chronicle of the Cid, in the century after—a chronicle filled with traditions of his valor in songs and ballads, many of which Southey has rendered into English verse. No doubt he was a brave soldier, and fought stoutly in the war against the Moors, whom he hated with perfect hatred, if that be a virtue. But it is not necessary to believe that he rode into Burgos on his favorite horse and clad in a full suit of mail, after he was dead; nor that when a Jew approached his dead body to offer it some indignity, it lifted a mailed hand and felled him to the earth.

If all the stories they tell of him are true, they would not be much to his honor. In the Cathedral is suspended on the wall a coffer which served him as a camp-chest, and of which it is said that, when his finances were at a low ebb, he filled it with stones, representing the heavy weight as concealed treasure, and on this security borrowed money of a Jew, exacting a promise that the chest should not be opened till the debt was paid, as in due time it was, when the lid was raised and the deceit exposed. This story is gravely told by the Spanish historians, as if it were a proof of the marvelous shrewdness of their hero, seeming not to reflect that they exalt his cunning at the expense of his truth and honor.

However, we must not sit in critical judgment on a hero of romance, whose deeds have been chronicled in song, and whose valor has been a national tradition for seven centuries. Let Spain have her idols, as we keep ours.

All that Burgos now has to show of the Cid are his bones, which are kept in the Town Hall, in a chest under glass, with a partition to separate them from the bones of his wife, over which a traveler may moralize after the style of the grave-digger in Hamlet. These bones have partly crumbled into dust. The conqueror Time has ground the Cid, as he grinds ordinary human beings, very small; and he who made the infidels to tremble as he rode his war horse over the field of battle, trampling them down, is but a soft fine powder, which would be blown away if it were not kept in a bottle. Such is the end of all human glory.

"Cæsar dead and turned to clay

May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

—From Dr. H. M. Field's "*Old Spain and New Spain*."\*

\* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

#### THE PERILS OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

IF we have such a thing as humor among us, although it may cling to our garments, we are habitually as unconscious of it as are smokers of the perfume of their favorite weed. When attention is once called to it, however, we are compelled to perceive it, and may then look at it both from the desirable and undesirable sides, since both of these sides it has.

The man who has it can rarely be cast down for a great while by external events; and it is much the same with a nation. For some reason or other, in the transplantation to this continent, certain traits were heightened and certain other qualities were diminished among the English-speaking race. Thus much may be safely assumed. Among the heightened attributes was the sense of humor; and to this, no doubt, some of our seeming virtues may be attributed.

The good-nature of an American crowd, the long-suffering of American travelers under detention or even fraud, the recoil of cheerfulness after the tremendous excitement of a national election—all these things are partly due to the national habit of looking not so much at the bright side as at the amusing side of all occurrences. The day after election the most heated partisan, beaten or victorious, not only laughs at the other party, but he laughs at his own; he laughs at himself; and this attitude of mind, which carried Abraham Lincoln through the vast strain of civil war and emancipation, is an almost essential trait of life in a republic. Public men who have this quality are able to thrive on the very wear and tear of political life; public men who are without it, as the late Charles Sumner, find the path of duty hard, and are kept up by sheer conscience and will.

So in private life, the husband and wife who have no mutual enjoyment of this kind, the parents who derive no delight from the droll side of nursery life and the perpetual unconscious humor of childhood, must find daily existence monotonous and wearing. It was from this point of view that one of the cleverest and most useful women I have ever known, the late Mrs. Delano Goddard, of Boston, when asked what quality on the whole best promoted one's usefulness in life, replied, "The sense of humor."

But when this sense of humor is, as one may say, nationalized, it furnishes some occasional disadvantages to set against this merit. It may not only be turned against good causes, but against the whole attitude of earnest study or faithful action. Mr. Warner has lately pointed out how not merely the external reputation of Chicago has been injured, but its whole intel-

lectual life retarded, by the determined habit of the newspapers of that city in treating all intellectual efforts coming from that quarter as a joke. "When Chicago makes up her mind to take hold of culture," said one of the local humorists, "she will just make culture hum." Of course it might seem that every word of this vigorous sentence must serve to put culture a little farther off. But, as a matter of fact, culture is already there, in Chicago. There is probably no city in the United States which publishes books of a higher grade, in proportion to their numbers. And yet so fixed is this habit of joking in the mind of our people that it probably will last an indefinite period into the future, and keep all the intellectual impulses of that particular city in the kind of uncomfortable self-consciousness which comes from being always on the defensive. In time such an attitude is outgrown, and people are left to enjoy what they like. I can remember when the disposition of Bostonians to take pleasure in Beethoven's symphonies was almost as much of a joke to Boston editors as is the "humming" of culture in Chicago to-day; but there is fortunately a limit to human endurance in regard to certain particular witticisms, though some of them certainly die hard.

The moral of it all is that humor, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master; that it refreshes and relieves the hard work of life, and is meant to do so in the order of nature; but when it becomes an end in itself it takes the real dignity from life, and actually makes its serious work harder.—*From Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "The New World and the New Book."*\*

#### ANALECTS FROM RICHTER.

##### COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN A DARKENED CAGE.

"Ah," said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness." Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction.

\* Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Oh! man, how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days. And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

#### SATIRICAL, MOTIVE OF REVIEWERS.

In Swabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of authors' flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town. They are commonly called tasters (or *Pragustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavor be good. We authors, in spite, call them reviewers; but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones; which again is very advantageous to them; for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the *literati* for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them, viz., because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

#### FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says, "A woman that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when light is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labors; sedentary artisans,—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers,—have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work; but women often talk double their share, even because they work.



## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Since the publication of Robert Elsmere set the current of religious controversy so strongly aflow in the channel of theism, anything from the pen of its author, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is able to start agog readers, critics, and disputants. The latter will find far less a cause of wrangling than in her former work, in the latest, "The History of David Grieve,"\* which presents the extraordinary career and struggles of a worldling instead of a preacher. Upon opening the book, the reader becomes acquainted with a strange kind of folk seemingly real throughout the reading, but who fade into improbable shadows as the lids are closed. David Grieve, is brought up with his sister Louie by a brutal uncle and aunt. His childhood is unwholesome and unhappy. David runs away, succeeds in business, becomes an insatiable reader and linguist, a little later sending for his sister, whom he takes to Paris. There the light upon the two lives becomes fiercer and the shadows deeper. David enters a *lison* with a Parisienne, an artist, and Louie becomes a model for a sculptor. Both fall. Louie sinks in the ruin she has brought about her. David is rescued, marries an inferior girl who dies, then led in some mysterious way to see his duty, he turns to rescuing low-born humanity.

Not a gleam of real happiness such as one finds in George Eliot's books, shines from these pages. Misery is rampant through the whole of these unusual lives. It is unsatisfactory to find a writer of the splendid genius of Mrs. Ward turning her imagination loose upon the fantastic clothing of improbable characters, when every reader will revolt against such a work either upon the ground of realism or ennobling idealism. As a romance the work is of transcendental interest. As a truthful or probable picture of life, pleading a moral through its art, it cannot be given a place.

Culture and Social Arts.

Dr. Bissell, in a well-selected and admirably handled discussion on "Physical Development and Exercise for Women,"† calls attention to precepts

whose practice American women are accustomed sadly to neglect. Ease in life and wide separation of localities are combining to effect a deterioration in the physique of our womanhood, which unless counteracted by the influence of the new physical culture cult and of such books as the foregoing, will increase the advantage already possessed by the English woman over the American in point of ruddy health. A half dozen concise chapters on the influence of dress, school, and exercise, with clear reasons for entire bodily freedom and activity greater than is prevalent, form the pith of this sensible book.—"Physical Beauty, How to Obtain and Preserve It,"\* is a treatise widely contrasted in manner to the usual formulation of recipes for cosmetics, lotions, and other vulgar artificialities usually prescribed for the cultivation of beauty. The author believes and proves that beauty is identical with physical perfection in development, proportion, and health. The noblest aims of man find their best housing in the most perfect body; a splendid physical man should be under the control of a splendid will and noble purpose. Suggestions given upon the attainment of physical perfection are based upon hygienic principles, capable of being followed by everyone. The book is an effective plea for the beauty attained through natural means.—In a little volume on conversation,† by J. P. Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, the art now almost lost is worthily rehabilitated. No small amount of philosophy underlies the chapters dealing with the requisites both for talker and hearer. The subtle forces of sympathy and responsiveness, whose flow furnish the real source of enjoyable social intercourse, are analyzed, bringing out the elements of conversational success, which when recognized may be cultivated if not created. Society from a conversational standpoint is in need of an influence counter to the tendency of the times. This book is an effort to reclaim it from the domain of small talk to the high function of an intellectual feast costing no outlay but time, "a delight in prosperity and a solace in adversity."—It is doubtful whether in these days a little

\*Physical Beauty; How to Obtain and How to Preserve It. By Annie Jenness Miller. Illustrated. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

\*The History of David Grieve. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, \$1.00.

†Physical Development and Exercise for Women. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

†The Principles of the Art of Conversation. By J. P. Mahaffy. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Price, 50 cts.

volume like the one on correspondence\* will find a demand. Nothing is now considered more out of place than a set, stilted style applied to a letter. Spontaneity and off-handedness is demanded in letter-writing, just as brisk directness in speech. Aside from the formalities, common sense alone dictates a letter whatever its kind. The volume alluded to contains useful suggestions on these points. — "The Debater's Treasury,"† a handbook devoted to the needs of school and literary societies, contains much that may be found useful. A chapter on debating with suggestions on parliamentary management is followed by two hundred questions for debate, each skeletonized both affirmative and negative. The subjects range from those within reach of academic societies to those suitable for students.

—In line with the study of Delsartean expression is a collection of poems‡ intended for pantomimic rendition by a class. A reciter is supposed to supply the lines from which the class take the cue, assuming in concert positions illustrative of the reading. A key affords exercises preparatory to the transitions. Each stanza of the collection of poems chosen for dramatic force, is followed by directions for posing. The book is of chief value to Delsartean readers. — A little volume of impersonations of Helen Potter,|| accompanied by portraits of the author in the characters impersonated, form a pleasing study for reciters. The introduction supplies hints for the study of the personality and style of orators intended for imitation, also direction for the care and culture of the voice. — A thorough and exhaustive work upon dramatic and oratoric delivery is "The Province of Expression."‡ Public speaking as a means of education to the masses of the people is recognized as a mighty power; and the best methods of applying and testing this power have been carefully considered by the author and are well presented in this work.

**Biography.** No personage on or off a throne is just now receiving the amount of attention bestowed upon the young Hohenzollern emperor. Besides being timely, the study of his character development on the

throne,\* by Harold Frederic, is vigorously and impartially handled, every chapter increasing the reader's interest, which culminates in the last two. The author traces the progress of the Hohenzollerns, their final supremacy over other royal families of Germany, and the peculiar education of the present emperor. The sad and tragic events of William I.'s last years and the short reign of Frederic III. receive their full share of dramatic perspective. Probably through this study better than any other can those characteristics be understood which find vent in deeds showing at one time an autocratic self-will and at another an enlightened desire to serve his people well. — The biographical essay by Goldwin Smith on William Lloyd Garrison † is a remarkable specimen of condensed writing. Within the compass of a comparatively few pages are deftly packed all of the vital parts which go to make up the four-volumed life-story of the reformer as told by his children. Freely intermingled with these restatements of the facts in his career are the sturdy expressions of the independent opinion of the writer. The book is definite enough in character, were it the only one the author had written, to stamp him as a careful weigher of other men's acts and words and an impartial, capable, and upright critic. — A short sketch of Queen Elizabeth ‡ by Edward S. Beesly presents both the strong and weak sides of the Virgin Queen, brought out by the most careful and judicial scrutiny. The writer's view of Elizabeth as a woman is far from attractive, regarding her as incapable of loving and "lacking both delicacy and depth of feeling," giving illustrations of her heartlessness and fickleness. As a queen she takes a different rank, according to the author, showing more judgment and ruling ability than any of her counselors. In short compass the main points of her fruitful reign are clearly presented, the concluding verdict being that however selfish, vain, miserly, and rash Elizabeth's critics have made her, they do not explain how it was she ruled England, through, and in spite of her ministers, forty-four years with signal success. — Two biographies of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon are issued simultaneously: one || is by a former student in the Pastor's College and intimately acquainted with the great

\*Correspondence. By Agnes H. Morton, B. O. †The Debater's Treasury. Comprising 200 Questions with Notes and Arguments. By William Pittenger. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Price of each, 50 cts.

‡Delsartean Pantomimes. With Recital and Musical Accompaniment. By Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

||Helen Potter's Impersonations. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

‡The Province of Expression. By S. S. Curry, Ph.D. Boston: School of Expression.

\*The Young Emperor, William II. of Germany. By Harold Frederic. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†William Lloyd Garrison. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, \$1.00.

‡Queen Elizabeth. By Edward Spencer Beesly. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, 60 cts.

||Charles Haddon Spurgeon. By the Rev. James J. Ellis. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.00.

divine whose life he records more as a personal reminiscence than as a carefully analyzed study of a life. The biography is racily written, teeming with anecdotes and rich in the personal description which makes the reader feel better acquainted with the personality of its subject than a more labored work might do. Another *Life*\* is somewhat more lengthy than the foregoing and has the advantage of a better arrangement of topics, each one being also preceded by an extract from the voluminous writings of Spurgeon. In connection with the chapter on the Book Fund, a portrait is given of Mrs. Spurgeon, who originated that means for the free circulation of Spurgeon's sermons. In this work also, pen portraits have a life-abounding quality. Indeed to write the bare events of the great preacher's life is to relate a narrative of the most engrossing interest.

#### Miscellaneous.

Both rare and valuable is the opportunity afforded by "Darkness and Daylight,"† to study those awful phases of life seen nowhere in this continent but in the great underworld of New York City. This remarkable book, introduced by a comprehensive paper by Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has made overcrowded and criminal city life a life study, is the joint production of no less authoritative writers than Helen Campbell, for years a city missionary equally gifted in heart and brain, Thomas W. Knox, a veteran journalist, and Inspector Thomas Byrnes, head of the New York City detective force. Nothing need be said of the graphic or authentic character of a work thus produced, whose value is enhanced by two hundred and fifty cuts made from flash light photographs of actual scenes which prove true to the line, the matchless word pictures, often terrifying, sometimes grimly humorous, in which the volume of over seven hundred pages abounds. The volume is irresistible both for its vivid life pictures and its masterly compassing of a question of incalculable importance. What can be done for the teeming city poor?—An admirable brochure, published in Germany some time since and now translated, contains in a compact, crystal-clear form an account of "The Irish Element in Medieval Culture."‡

\* Charles Haddon Spurgeon. With Anecdotal Reminiscences. By G. Holden Pike. London, New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

† *Darkness and Daylight, or Lights and Shadows of New York Life*. By Mrs. Helen Campbell, Col. Thomas W. Knox, and Inspector Thomas Byrnes, with Introduction by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co.

‡ *The Irish Element in Medieval Culture*. By H. Zimmer. Translated by Jane Loring Edmonds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 75 cts.

The author proves conclusively the disputed claim of the Irish of being the asylum during the middle ages, of Christianity, arts, philosophy, and science. A peculiarity of the work is the omission of any mention of St. Patrick and of the results of Irish culture upon Ireland herself and North England; the author confining himself to the missionary work of Irish monks among Merovingians, Carlovingians, Germans, and others. Startling also is the assertion that early Irish Christianity rejected Romish direction, adopting forms and institutions from oriental sources, in light of the present subservience of Irish Catholicism to the pope.—"Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh"\* is a light touched tracery of the homes and haunts of the throng of literary men who have left such an impress upon the "Wizard City of the North" that, the author claims, no city in the world for its age and size is so rich in literary associations. Often as a harvest of literary lore has been garnered from this field, from Scott to Mrs. Oliphant, the present writer has harvested a new crop of facts, varied and abundant. The book however only touches many themes, leaving a zestful play for the imagination after the little volume is closed.—A series of clear glimpses into Canadian lands and manner of life are those given by Lady Dufferin in her *Journal*.† The same interest that attaches to bright, racy, informal letter-writing is stamped throughout the whole book. The quick womanly eyes penetrating readily into inner meanings and the stanch English heart boldly espousing the proper side in all doubtful questions are as prolific of interest in the book as is the faculty for the beautiful and truthful descriptions.—"Consumption, How to Prevent It and How to Live with It,"‡ is treated sensibly in a compact work. While sufficiently scientific to be of value to young physicians the book is intended for general reading, containing hygienic directions healthful for all and of especial value to those predisposed to consumption or inheriting weakness. There is no doubt but that faithful observance of the laws laid down regarding exercise, ventilation, climate, clothing, and diet, and of the admonition that children from ten to twenty years of age should be examined annually to detect the first signs of consumptive development, would result in a

\* *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*. By Lawrence Hutton. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

† *My Canadian Journal, 1872-1878*. By Lady Dufferin. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ *Consumption; How to Prevent and How to Live with It*. By N. S. Davis, Jr., A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis.

great diminution of the dread disease from which one out of every seven deaths of the world at large results.—A dainty little volume entitled "Women of the World"\* has been compiled by Aleth Lowber Craig, containing the sayings by well-known authors applicable to women, and occasioned by speaking of some woman of note. The sayings are epi-

\* Women of the World. With a Search Light of Epigram. Baltimore: Press of H. W. Dick & Co. Price, \$1.

grammatic, the book which is admirably indexed affording an epitome of the gallantry of the literary world.—Prang\* announces in a novel variety of ways the joyful Easter news, one design being an ivory satin cross, hand-painted with Easter lilies, and surmounted with a crown. A flood of other designs are equally suggestive and artistic.

\* Prang's Easter Publications, Cards, Art Novelties, Satin Prints, etc. Boston: L. Prang and Company.

### SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR MARCH, 1892.

HOME NEWS.—March 1. Burning of the Indiana State Female Reformatory at Indianapolis.

March 2. Dr. William J. Tucker of Andover Theological Seminary, made president of Dartmouth College.

March 3. The Virginia Legislature appropriates \$25,000 for the state's exhibit at the World's Fair.—Laying of the corner stones of the Girl's Latin School and the College Home, annexes of the Women's College, Baltimore, by Bishops Foster and Bowman respectively.

March 4. Death of Dr. Noah Porter, ex-president of Yale College.

March 6. Dedication of a memorial church at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.—Death of Edwards Pierpont, minister to England under President Grant.

March 7. Passing of the Pension Appropriation Bill.

March 10. Six suits for damages brought against New Orleans by the heirs of the Italians killed by the mob last March; damages, \$30,000 each.—Dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust.

March 11. A convention for an exchange of money-orders between Austria-Hungary and the United States, signed by the postmaster-general at Washington.—Great destruction of life and property caused by the blizzard in the West.—St. Luke's Hospital, New York, loses a bequest of \$250,000 by the decision of a Minnesota court.

March 13. Reciprocity treaty with Nicaragua completed.—Hon. Frederick Douglass accepts the position of Haytian representative at the World's Fair.

March 16. The steamer *Indiana* from Philadelphia arrives in Russia with provisions for the famine sufferers.

March 17. Secretary of the Treasury Foster returns from England.—Death of Max Strakosch.

March 18. The peach and plum crop of Texas damaged to the amount of \$750,000.

March 19. Death of Daniel Lothrop of the firm of D. Lothrop & Co.

March 25. President Eliot's alleged comparison of the Puritans and Mormons provokes much criticism in Boston.

March 26. Death of Walt Whitman.—Forming of an Anti-Saloon League in Boston by ministers of all denominations.

FOREIGN NEWS.—March 1. The Greek Cabinet dismissed by the king.

March 9. The authorities of Leipsic provide work for the unemployed of that city.

March 10. Completion of the commercial treaty between France and the United States.

March 13. Death of the Grand Duke of Hesse.

March 14. Great coal miners' strike in England, throwing about 400,000 miners and 200,000 other workmen out of employment.—Forming of a new Chilean Cabinet.

March 17. Irish members in the House of Commons make a strong effort to secure a separate exhibit at the World's Fair. England votes £10,000 for her exhibit and Denmark \$66,000.

March 20. Russian officials accept the *Indiana's* cargo with gratitude.

March 23. Count Eulenberg accepts the Prussian premiership.

March 24. Farewell dinner given to United States Minister Reid in Paris.—Dr. von Bosse succeeds Count von Zedlitz in the Prussian Cabinet.

March 25. Passage of Russian Hebrews through Germany prohibited.—The new extradition treaty between France and the United States signed in Paris.

March 28. The Prussian Primary Education Bill withdrawn by the government.



